prologue.

It's 7:49 p.m.an international port of Busan.

Preparations for departure were in full swing at the dark dock. The 5,000-ton deputy ferry showed its prowess in the flashing streetlight. The liner, which runs once a day, will arrive in Shimonoseki, Japan, tomorrow morning.

The door was closed after the early boarding deadline. The crane, which finished the last shipment, also calmly withdrew. As if waiting, all the lights in the terminal went out, and the ferry was buried in the silence of the night. Only the bound ferry floated over the black-wave sea.

There was quite a different airflow inside. The only person who entered the assigned room early and lay down was a bundle. Most of the passengers were busy looking around the ship with excited faces. They gathered in groups at a simple table in the hallway to drink, or capture every moment on camera.

Everywhere people gathered, there was a burst of laughter, and a unique atmosphere flowed on the cold-winded deck. The excitement and anticipation of the trip that is about to begin continues everywhere.

There was Kwon Taek-ju in the crowded place. The appearance of a casual suit and a suede jacket seemed far from a bundle. However, the expression of extreme weariness was no different from them. It certainly wasn't the look of the person who occupied the most expensive suite.

He sometimes checked the time by picking up his sleeve. A strange theft was felt in the eyes of the watch's second hand. Eight o'clock sharp. The throbbing of the departure cut the sea long. He went out to the balcony accordingly.

Standing on an independent balcony, he could see the lower deck clearly.

Tourists were still busy taking pictures. It would be difficult to get even one

properly when it's this dark, but they constantly press the shutter. He watched the constant movement carelessly, and suddenly there was a small mechanical sound in his left ear. He hear someone's voice one after another.

- What do you think? How does it feel to be enjoying the romance of the night sea?

"It's not bad. It's noisy, it's hectic, and yet it's boring."

A low smile broke out from the communication device in his ear. Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju's gaze was toward the deck. He carefully examined each passing person. There was no particular figure that stood out.

"Report."

- Both Kim Young-hee and Lee Chul-jin, senior members of the security department, both confirmed their boarding. Lee Chul-jin is disguised as a Chinese national. I think he will leave for China as soon as he arrives in Japan.

Kim Young-hee has reserved a ferry departing from Shimonoseki tomorrow evening.

"Then we'll be in touch before we arrive."

He muttered to himself and slipped off the balcony. He is going to move on the other side of the communication device now. Kwon Taek-ju came out of the room as it was and answered while walking down the empty passage.

"Those who are good at hide-and-seek are bold."

If the targets were to contact each other, the chaotic time would have been the best time. It will be more noticeable to use it when there are few people.

He jumped down a couple of spiral stairs. A group of people gathered in front of the restaurant on the second floor. He checked each side as he passed by side.This time, no one stood out much. Kwon Taek-ju went down

the stairs leading directly to the lobby on the first floor and gave a brief order.

"Call me."

The cell phone rang right away. It was left unattended so that the vibration would continue a couple of times.Then, he didn't answer until halfway through the middle of the stairs. While saying hello, he continued a serious conversation with the silent opponent. No one looked suspicious of him, wandering aimlessly on the phone.

For some time, a woman passed behind her back. The collar of the cradled coat was very awkward. Kwon Taek-ju's deep eyes chased the woman silently.

The woman who crossed the information desk approached the vending machine next to the elevator. She stayed in front of him for a long time as if she were choosing something to drink. When another person came along the way, they gave up their turn.

The woman took out a 1,000-yen bill only after it became quiet again. Despite her long worries, all she chose was green tea. The change poured out, and the drink fell with a dull sound. Pick up the drink quite naturally. Then, he took the change carefully and came up to the second floor again. Kwon Taek-ju pretended not to see the woman, and the woman was not particularly conscious of him.

- Target, approaching.

After the woman disappeared upstairs, the voice of the communicator called attention.

"Okay. See you later."

He pressed the end of the call button with an ordinary greeting. Around that time, a man walked out of a multi-person room behind the lobby. Wearing a navy-blue beanie, he strode to the vending machine.

He searches his pocket and takes out a coin, but he only looks through it, not a drink. It was an overly cautious attitude. After a long time, the man took a 100-yen coin to the slot.

Then, an arm burst out from over the man's shoulder. Then there was a cheerful click. It was a familiar noise.as raw as coins roll through narrow grooves.

However, in the hands of the navy-blue beanie, there was still a hundred yen coin. Him, who suddenly cut in line, even selected and pressed natural doxre drinks.

"...what."

It was next that the navy-blue beanie recognized the situation. The heavy canned drink rattled off. The navy-blue beanie usually grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's hand heading to the product exit in a hurry. He seemed embarrassed by the unexpected situation and made a screeching cry.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I don't think you can make up your mind because you're indecisive. If I wait endlessly, I'll stay up all day."

He responds brazenly with his hands held together. There was a deep sense of incompatibility in the fishy warped tone. There was no sign of apology anywhere in the face with a thin smile. He thinks he has been looking forward to this quarrel. Something, it wasn't good, a feeling of reluctance. Instincts sense danger one step ahead of their head.

The dark blue beanie's eyebrows twitched. The anger of the moment is pushed out of the stiff face, and the nervousness. His breath grew even rougher. He even got a cold sweat on his forehead.

"Hey!"

The next moment, the navy-blue beanie reaches out to the vending machine. He was trying to secure the goods first. Pull back the exit cover at once and

pick up

something that was lying inside. Kwon Taek-ju stepped on the cover without hesitation.

"Argh!"

A scream broke out from the man with his hand on the cover. Kwon Taek-ju looked relaxed as if there was a problem.

"You crazy punk!"

The man grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the collar due to a series of provocations. His glaring eyes were quite sharp.However, Kwon didn't lift an eye. He just looked at his clothes and the man's face alternately. The man's brows are frowned upon by his strangely relaxed attitude.

He grabbed the man by the wrist who grabbed his collar. The relaxed movement seemed to imprint each of my actions on the other person. The flesh under the man's eyes wriggled. The eyes staring at Kwon Taek-ju were already looking down at his wrist. Even if he tried to ignore it, he felt a ruthless force that he couldn't. At the same time, he felt certain.by no means hopeful.

Kwon Taek-ju murmured sarcastically as he looked back at the onlookers who had gathered.

"Oh, my. I hate getting attention. You understand, right, Lee Chul-jin? That's what everyone does in this line."

As soon as his real name was called, he could see through Kwon Taek-ju's identity. The man's face, stained with irritation, turned rapidly pale.

Passengers continued to flock and surrounded the two before they knew it. The best of the spectators were the fight spectators, so there was a strange expectation for the faces who chased the disturbance. There was nothing better than to drag on more time. The mouse in the corner bites the cat. He

didn't know what kind of sudden action Lee Chul-jin would take if he pressed more. If

civilian damage occurred, it would not be covered up with one or two written apologies.

He pulled Lee Chul-jin's arm close. At that moment, he burst into a pic-self-helpful laugh.

"...Girae, Gilcuman."

He's no longer trying to pretend to be himself, the identity is revealed, the agents have only two options. Suicide by taking the drugs he had prepared in advance, or escape even by force. It would not be possible to throw away the hard-won item, so it would be the latter this time.

Lee Chul-jin put his hand into his coat on the shovel. He snatched up his arm and grabbed him by the neck as he faltered. Then he put the back of his head on the vending machine.

The vending machine rattled with a thud. Lee Chul-jin also stumbled because of the shock. At that moment, he broke his arm and easily took away his gun. When a gun suddenly appeared, the onlookers who were gathered withdrew with a brief scream.

Regardless, he kicked Lee Chul-jin's hip as hard as hard as he could. Naturally, his body sank to the floor from his face. He can't come to his senses for a while, holding his head back one after another.

Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju pulled back the cover of the vending machine and took out the USB. The woman had left it behind. According to the intelligence, it would have contained high-quality information equivalent to state secrets.

"Please step aside for a moment! Wait a minute."

Then, a flight attendant came up through the sea. He seemed to have received a report. As he stared there casually, he suddenly heard a dreary

self-talk.

"There is no law to search."

He turned his head to a foreboding. Immediately, his eyes met with Lee Chul-jin.

His eyes were shining strangely. He was surprised. He didn't miss the rope that was lowered in front of him. "What's the matter with you at once", he jump at the flight attendant who asks.

"...Hehe!"

It happened in a flash. Lee Chul-jin wounded the crew's neck and pulled it. In the other hand, there was a sharp weapon.

"Ahhhhaha

"Argh!"

Passengers are scattered in confusion on a flashing day. Kwon Taek-ju was the only one who stood there.

Kwon Taek-ju chewed his lower lip like a habit. When things went smoothly, he used to feel rather uncomfortable. This is because Chojangkkeutbal is called Gaekeutbal, and there are many cases where the aftertaste is not good. There was no room this time either.

Lee Cheol-jin carried the weapon with his hand wrapped around the hostage's neck. A violent scream broke out from the hostage. Kwon Taek-ju scratched his head as if he were in trouble.

"Pay it here."

Lee Chul-jin reached out his hand and demanded. A sad day clings closer to the hostage's neck. Kwon Taek-ju only watched the scene and did not respond at all. Lee Chul-jin waved his stretched hand with a nervous look. "Fly," he even screams. He's sick and tired of his every move and only the face of the hostage.

A sobbing breath rattled.

Kwon looked at the USB in his hand and threw it without hesitation. The small USB fell to the floor after hitting the hostage's body. Lee Chul-jin, who was

trying to bend reflexively, quickly changed his mind. He let the hostage pick up the fallen object instead.

The hostage picked up the USB with his trembling hand. In a desperate crisis, his pants were soaked helplessly. Lee Chul-jin forced him to stand up and catch him, who could not even stand properly, as his legs were relaxed, and began to take a step back little by little.

Then Kwon Taek-ju slowly moved his body.It was tightening the distance as Lee Chul-jin stepped down. It was a relentless move as if it did not care about the safety of the hostages. When he takes a step back, he comes up again. Lee Chul-jin's voice cracked badly in embarrassment.

"Don't follow me!"

But the threat didn't work at all. When he took a step back, he followed him one step without fail. A certain distance was maintained between the two, but the anxiety of the chase was indescribable.

"Stop it!"

"G, help me!"

The hostage rubbed his hands for mercy. The urine that had soaked his pants was now dripping to the floor. As if time had stopped for a while, both movement and noise had stopped.

Lee Chul-jin took one foot back as if confirming it. Kwon Taek-ju followed him again. It was crazy. His eyes did not seem to see the blood of the hostages.

"You little punk, can't you hear me say to stop?"

It was no use getting angry. There was no room for compromise in Taek-ju's face. Even if the hostage's life was at stake, he was not likely to step down. What was clear was that as soon as the hostage died, Lee Chul-jin himself would not be safe. All of that was implied in the gaze that was quietly pressing.

"Hey..."!!"

Lee Chul-jin quickly gave up the confrontation and pushed the hostage. Then he strode up the stairs behind him.Kwon left the fallen hostage on one side and chased him.

Just as he climbed to the second floor, people rushed in from the deck door. He turned around and headed straight for it. Lee Chul-jin, who ran away quickly, came into view. Kwon Taek-ju didn't run. The stride was a little wider, and there was only a little acceleration. There was no reason to be hasty. After all, the ship was on its way to the open sea. Lee Chul-jin was like a rat in a jar.

He followed Lee Chul-jin, who was running away in a hurry. Kwon Taek-ju's hair fluttered black in the strong sea breeze. The appearance gave rise to a strange sense of pressure.

- Senior, the deputy ferry just reported to the Coast Guard that there was an armed gunman on board. Is there something wrong?

Suddenly, the voice of the other day came from the communication device in his ear.

"I'll talk to you later. I think I'll be a little busy."

Kwon Taek-ju finally faced Lee Chul-jin, who reached the railing. Soon there was a sound of dissuasion from the communication device, but the power was turned off without hesitation. As a result, only Lee Chul-jin and Kwon Taek-ju remained on the windy deck.

Lee Chul-jin looked down at the distant sea.His hands are tight, whether attached to the railing. Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju steadily narrowed his

distance. Lee Chul-jin, who was driven to the center, swung a weapon in the air.

It was a gesture to escape somehow, but it was meaningless. The moment he fears his opponent, the threat loses its power.

"Don't come!"

He approached Lee Chul-jin, who was struggling. Lee Chul-jin, who was looking at Kwon Taek-ju, who was getting closer quickly, and the sea that was winding black, repeatedly cracked the air with a weapon.

"I told you not to come!"

He shouted furiously in a bewilderment. Kwon Taek-ju took out Je colt in a strange way. It was the moment when Lee Chul-jin's knife was reduced to a lump of scrap metal.

Lee Chul-jin's eyes, which had been restless, suddenly left Kwon Taek-ju. His eyes groped somewhere behind Kwon Taek-ju.

The next moment, with the sound of a bath, a flame broke out from Kwon Taekju's gun. The flying bullet hit the target accurately. However, it was not Lee Chul-jin who collapsed screaming. It was Kim Young-hee, who was approaching Kwon Taek-ju in silence.

Kim Young-hee's ivory coat is colored with red blood. She sat down, holding her right hand, which had flown in tatters. Her colt fell together, grinding bullets into the air. It was unknown whether the target was Kwon Taek-ju or Lee Chul-jin, who was caught with the gun.

Kwon Taek-ju turned his head to the front again. Lee Chul-jin threw out his knife and stood with his back showing. Hold the railing and take a deep breath.

Naturally, his shoulders rose and his back swelled. As soon as a bad hunch crossed his mind, Lee Chul-jin's body, which was narrowly attached to the railing, slipped over to the outside.

"......!"

Kwon Taek-ju ran to the railing like a bouncer. But before he could get there, the sound of a splash rang in his ears. Looking down, one side of the black sea water was broken white.

He looked for Lee Chul-jin while moving his eyes everywhere, but he was nowhere to be seen. Hewaited a long time. Then, Lee Chul-jin's head rises in the white wave. Jumping from that height was nothing short of suicide.

However, as if to laugh at the idea, a ship suddenly appeared from somewhere.The approaching vessel, with all the lights shut off, was an old fishing wooden boat. Rather, it may have avoided the surveillance of investigative agencies.

The wooden boat buried in the dark slowly got closer to Lee Chul-jin. He felt like he had been hit in the back of the head. Maybe it was the real escape route. He may have planned to turn his pursuers' eyes to the return ticket and evaporate on the sea as soon as he was handed the item.

He fired at once. However, it was not easy to shoot at an invisible ship. Although it is said to be a target, the problem becomes complicated if it is sent to the goal. If he had permission to kill him in the first place, he wouldn't have come this far.

The operation was aimed at rooting for South Korean agents who settled in South Korea for a long time, took important social positions, and stole state secrets. There would have been more than one or two greetings who colluded with them and looked after them. He couldn't cut off the stem before digging for its roots.

Meanwhile, the ferry continued to move, widening its distance from the fishing boat. The man from the steering room of the fishing boat pulled Lee Chul-jin onto the ship. Lee Chul-jin took off his wet coat first. Indeed. Various buoyancy devices were surrounded all over the body. On the distant ship, Lee Chul-jin raised his arm as if booinged. He looks certain of victory.

He laughed out loud. Then he soon wiped his smile from his face. Kwon Taek-ju, who turned around quickly, approached Kim Young-hee, who was lying down.

Kim Young-hee trembled with a sharp pain in which her hand flew away. At the same time, he pulled something out with all his might. It was extreme. The woman hit herself on the neck trying to kill herself. Kim Young-hee let go of the sad consciousness. He pushed a handkerchief full of her mouth so that she could not hurt herself even if she came to her senses later. Then he grabbed her left hand and twisted it behind his back.

There was a ring on the ring finger that he looked down inadvertently. The one with few scratches, he thinks she bought it recently.

"You're wearing a pretty ring, aren't you? It even matches your bracelets."

He drew out his handcuffs and sarcasm. The handcuffs are tightened with a clatter. The other side was fixed to the railing.

By the time everything was done, the communicator was turned on again.

"You, bounce this way in eight seconds."

He said, "What?" as if the opponent had heard it wrong, but he ignored it. His consciousness had already moved to his watch. When he pressed the reset button on the side of the clock, the number plate that notified the time disappeared and a directional table appeared. When he was briefly tangled with Lee Chul-jin, he attached a tracker to his waist. A red dot indicating the target's position was gradually fleeing the defense table. There was no further delay. He took a small deep breath and ran toward the rear of the ferry.

After reaching the end of the deck, he stepped on the railing without hesitation and jumped. The view was completely reversed at the shovel. The wind from all sides seemed to pierce through his body. The crash was longer than expected.

Poongdeong. The water rose sharply with a huge rupture.A violent shock was also applied to the whole body that collided with the black sea water. The muscles of the whole body seemed to be torn. As seawater fills all holes in the body at once, bubbles burst. He floated in the sea for a while to ease the impact.

He slowly stirred his limbs to support his body being swept away by the current.

He opened his eyes and looked around, but the water without a single light was just a dark heaven.

He dashed up to the surface with all his might. It was also burdensome to remain in place due to a series of high waves.

He managed to raise my wrist and manipulate the clock's reset button one more time. Then the bearing table of the example disappeared, and the entire number plate was dazzling. The light shot into the air. It's been 2 or 3 seconds.

Not far away came a familiar mechanical sound. It was the sound of the motorboat's engine. The noise, which was growing louder, soon died down.Shortly thereafter, a white broken wave hit the skin of the propeller.

There's a series of nagging overheads.

"Oh, my. I'll be a ghost at this rate."

Yoon Jong-woo, who would have been running hard, reached out his hand. He grabbed the hand and jumped onto the boat. His whole body was wet and unpleasant.Despite the fierce cold, he unpacked his watch and threw it to Yoon Jong-woo. Yoon Jong-woo drove the boat after the red dot on the defense chart without asking. Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju took off his wet coat and took a breath.

The motorboat raced through the black waves. The entire boat bounces off in the winding waves. The red dot, which was almost out of the defense table, got closer little by little by little.

Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep.

As the wooden boat came into view, the unique mechanical sound became even more intense. He must have noticed him, who was running away leisurely, was also chasing.

Soon a man came out of the steering room and sharpened his rifle. Yoon Jong-woo clenched his teeth and turned the steering wheel. The hull turns sharply, causing a strong current. Most of the bullets that were flying in missed, but one of them crawled into the corner of the boat. However, it did not fit the engine or the fuel tank, so it avoided the midnight fireworks.

There was still no light around the neckline. In that state, it was impossible to suppress the opponent in moderation without killing him. Just a little closer, the bullets poured out. Installation with a gun knife is a ridiculous order to capture the man alive.

For a while, when attacked, a series of situations were repeated in which they avoided turning around, approached again, and then shot again and paused.

Yoon Jong-woo hit the steering wheel irritably. Even with the target just around the corner, he couldn't touch a fingertip, so his outfit burst.

"Come out."

He pulled Yoon Jong-woo back. Then he sat in the driver's seat and rushed to the fishing boat. Yoon Jong-woo collapsed helplessly due to the rebound of the boat.

"Argh! Sir, we'll bump into each other! we'll bump into him!"

He barely straightened himself up and screamed in terror.However, Kwon Taekju only accelerated the pace.

Shooting from the neckline also became more intense.Kwon Taek-ju tilted the boat and poured a huge splash on the deck of the wooden boat.Only then did the opponent's attack subside. He went way ahead of the fishing

boat. Then he turned the steering wheel unexpectedly and took a big detour. The unbearable engine screamed. What a sharp turn, the whole boat almost turned upside down. Yoon Jong-woo, who was sick and tired of white, was in a position to fall again when the hull turned and started running back.

Turn back the whole way at best and increase the speed of the boat to its maximum. When the boat, which had disappeared into the darkness, reappeared, the wooden boat seemed quite embarrassed. Anxiety was evident from the relentless pouring of bullets.

He didn't even dream of shooting cover because of the constant grinding of the barrel. Yoon Jong-woo was busy protecting his head by wrapping his arms around it.

"I'm really going to die like this! I'm dying! Ugh, I'm dying, I'm dying! Do you hear me, you madman!"

Frightened, Yoon Jong-woo hurled abuse at his boss, Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taekju kept running regardless. At that rate, it would have collided head-on with the wooden boat. Yoon Jong-woo's eyes are closing tightly. He suddenly remembered his parents in the countryside. His eyes got wet by themselves.

Two months ago, he couldn't even pay for the kimchi his mother sent him. The mother's message, "The rotten one," which he checked just before the operation was put in, was on his mind. Oh, mother.

It was the same for the man that predicted the end. They scrambled to see the motorboat rushing to die together and jumped into the water almost at the same time. Now the collision with the wooden boat is less than five meters away. The gears crashed into each other. Resignation and despair made it seem like a bolt out of the blue.

It was then. Kwon Taek-ju once again turned the steering wheel hard.The boat, which couldn't handle the speed it was running at due to the sudden braking, shook greatly. The hull that slipped breaking the water drew a long arc. Even so, the conflict would eventually be inevitable. It was theoretically so.

Now, it is worth giving up and saving himself, but Kwon Taek-ju kept holding the steering wheel. Soon the right side of the wooden boat and the rear of the boat

met with a thud. The impact rocked the two hulls. There was a clear spark in the friction. For a moment, the entire yacht seemed to soar into the air.

"What?"

After the tumult died down, he opened his eyes. It was quiet. Yoon Jong-woo was on a boat, not under the cold sea, and Kwon Taek-ju also kept the driver's seat intact. Smoke bloomed behind the boat, and a large hole was drilled on the right side of the wooden boat, but that was it. The tension that tightened the whole body was relieved. At the same time, he couldn't control himself at all because of the pulse.

The engine soon went out. The wave led the stopped boat towards the wooden boat. The two hulls, approaching the saps, struck intermittently with a thud.

Kwon Taek-ju rose from his seat and crossed over to the wooden boat. Only then did Yoon Jong-woo, who came to his senses, grope the floor and pick up his colt. It's not over yet.

Kwon Taek-ju, who got on the fishing boat, lit up his surroundings with a flashlight. He could see who was swimming hard in the deep sea where there was nowhere to run. Watching the desperate movement, he picked up a fishing net that lay on one side. He held it tightly so that it wouldn't get tangled and threw it at the fugitives. The fishing net spread wide in the air and flew away.

The two men, who were rushing away, tangled in a net that suddenly flew in.

The more he struggled to escape, the harder the restraint became.

Kwon Taek-ju watched the desperate struggle for some time and turned the winder connected to the fishing net. There was a rusty iron sound from the

manual winder that fit the level of the neckline. It wasn't as hard as it looked.

"....."

He suddenly looks back. Yoon Jong-woo, who was looking far in the name of cover, sneaked over. Maybe he was embarrassed, but he turned the winder

more passionately than Kwon Taek-ju. Soon with the fishing net, Lee Chul-jin and his accomplice came up to the hull.

"Sigh, what shall we do now?"

Yoon Jong-woo asked while wiping his sweat. There was no significant response from Kwon Taek-ju. To his surprise, he had moved towards the motorboat before he knew he was busy looking for something.

"What are you doing?"

"What did I tell you to prepare?"

"Oh, that's under the driver's seat."

He turned his back on the driver's back right away. As Yoon Jong-woo said, a suitcase was seen under it. Kwon Taek-ju, who opened the zipper and checked the contents, immediately instructed Yoon Jong-woo.

"Contact the headquarters and tell them that Lee Chul-jin, accomplices, and USB have all been secured. Kim Young-hee, the liaison, was tied to the deputy's ferry, so the maritime police must have found it by now. Call him and tell him to take over."

"What? Se, senior. No wonder it sounds like I should do it all by myself...."

"Why not?"

"What about you?"

"This madman is busy. I have a family event. Good work, then."

He seems to reflect on what he said after losing his reason at the crossroads of life and death. Yoon Jong-woo repeatedly said, "What?" and denied the reality.

The motorboat started as if turning an ominous hunch into conviction. Yoon Jong-woo was still left on the wooden boat with the two men caught in the net.

Kwon Taek-ju started the boat without looking back.

The boat made its way with a strong engine.It happened so quickly that he couldn't even dare to move. Yoon Jong-woo's shoes, which he had been looking at vaguely, became wet. It was because of the seawater that permeated the hull.

It was a wooden boat with a hole, even if it didn't sink at the moment. Is it possible to abandon a subordinate without any guilt or hesitation in such a place?

Yoon Jong-woo screamed behind his back that he was dying. However, Kwon Taek-ju only dismissed the sound of wind or waves as misheard them. Today, the sound of the wind felt like a scream, "No way!" He said that the more precious children are, the more strict they should be raised. So it must have been an illusion.

A boat pulled up at the corner of the pier. Unauthorized grounding did not prevent it.It was because the registration was completed in advance for official use. There was no need for a separate report.

Take a suitcase and go into a nearby warehouse. After a while, he had changed into a neat suit when he left the place.

It passed through the darkened terminal. As he walked to the main road, he saw a taxi he had called in advance. He got in the car and headed for Busan Station.

When he arrived at the station, an announcement was being made to announce the departure of KTX bound for Seoul. Chasing not a few people down to the platform.The train came early and was on standby. Enter the nearest door, check the seat number, and sit down. It was late at night, so the interior of the room was just still.

Drrrrr... Drrrrrrrrrrrr.

As soon as he sat down, his cell phone rang from the inside of his jacket .It was used for private purposes other than work. As expected, the sender was the mother. After clearing his voice once, he answers the phone as usual.

"Yes, mother. I just got on the train. The cleaning up was later than I thought, so there was only the last train left. Even if I go without a delay, I won't arrive until dawn, so get some sleep."

He recite an obvious repertoire. The mother's barrage of questions began. What time does it leave, when exactly does it arrive, how will it get home from the station, etc. He is a son who she see once or twice a year, so the day he stops by the house becomes more remarkable. He was able to finish the call only after he promised to go straight without leaking anywhere else.

When he hung up the phone, the fatigue that he had forgotten came in. He sighed on his own. Around that time, the train closed and left for Seoul. As he leaned back with his wet hair, he could feel the vibration of the train.

An announcement was made to announce the stopover in the quiet room. There was no movement in the space where even the deputy director's voice died down after "Seoul."The lights seemed darker, too.

The heat of the heater soon made him feel drowsy. The eyelids soaked with water were also blurred. His eyelashes seemed to be exceptionally heavy because of the saltiness. He had nearly three hours to get to our destination. He thinks it's better to sleep a little. He was about to close his eyes, compromising with himself.

Drrrrr... Drrrrrrrrrrrr.

Suddenly, a vibration was detected in the pocket. The cell phone he used to talk to his mother was still in his hand. So it must have been for work that is ringing now. He tried to ignore it and go to sleep, but his cell phone kept shaking without getting tired. It was clear that it intended to ring until he received it.

Other passengers are complaining at the subtle nerve-racking noise.

"Sigh..."

Eventually, he stood up and pressed the call button.

- Where are you?

It was Lim who asked so out of the blue. It never deviates from my expectations.

If Yoon Jong-woo was not buried in the sea, he would have been directly briefed on the results of the operation. But why is it a phone call? Manager Lim's contact has never been pleasant.

"Where am I going to be?"

- I'd like to see your face for a second.

As expected, it's a call. What could it be?

The only guess was the operation to wipe out the agents that had just finished.

It should have been handled quietly, but it has produced a large number of witnesses. An innocent citizen was also taken hostage. It was worth jumping up and down at the top of the report. In addition, a report was filed with the maritime police. It was going to be a tough fix. Journalists may have already smelled it. The nagging that the secret organization is a secret organization for no reason remains to be guessed.

He tried to make an excuse even though he knew it would be useless.

"That was the best part of this operation. You know."

- Yeah, so let's come and talk.

If he doesn't come out like that, he's not the world's manager.

He nailed him again and again before he was put into action. Tomorrow is his mother's birthday when she can't sleep because she's worried about his only son. So he has to go home no matter what. What did Manager Lim say? Didn't he say he would definitely send him back to his mother's arms even if the Second Korean War broke out.

Kwon Taek-ju recalled the conversation at the time, asking if he had forgotten it.

"Give me a break, sir. Tomorrow is my mom's birthday."

- It won't last long.

It couldn't have worked. Lim was both brazen and persistent. He messed up his wet hair with annoyance.Then, he made a final defense while looking at the scenery outside the car window that passed quickly.

"I've already left, so how am I supposed to go?"

It was around that time. KTX, which had been running well, stopped suddenly.Passengers who were listening to music or focusing on cell phone games looked around in surprise.

For a while, the KTX stopped inside the tunnel. No announcement was made in the car, and no crew passed by. It was common for KTX to cause minor breakdowns. Because of that, no passengers were very embarrassed. With their heads out of the aisle, people who do something quickly become interested and go to sleep.

Yeah, it wouldn't be a big deal. He wanted to believe so. But the foreboding always fits like a ghost.

- Get off, come on.

Manager Lim slyly ordered. What is this? It was the moment he tried to argue. An announcement came out of the speaker.

It stopped for a while due to an abnormality in the track, and asked for their understanding as they will depart as soon as the problem is resolved. As soon as the problem is solved. It meant that if Kwon Taek-ju did not obey the call, the train would not move as it was.

- Aren't you going to get off?

There was a heavy press.The softness of the voice seemed to enjoy the current situation. When it came out like that, he didn't want to follow it anymore. He didn't care about the circumstances of the other passengers.

However, unless the train moved, Kwon Taek-ju himself had no way to go home.

He tilted his head nervously. He hung up the phone in a minute. The phone didn't ring again. Of course, KTX also showed no sign of departing.

After holding out for a long time, he took a long sigh and stood up. As he strode out of the aisle, the door opened as if he had been waiting. He went down the stairs shaking his head. The gravel on the track was stepped on the sole of the shoe.

Walking to the rear of the train, he called somewhere. Just as he came out of the tunnel, the stationary KTX began to move again. At that time, he heard a reply from the other side of the cell phone saying hello. It was a mother. Her voice was quieter than before. She was worried that his son, who said he would go, would ask for an appointment under the pretext of an urgent matter.

"Mother, it's me. I think I'll be a little late because there's a problem with the train. No, I will definitely go this time. It's just a little late."

He made a request, taking the steps that had stopped.

"So don't light the cake and wait."

It was the NIS that arrived in the prepared helicopter. An employee waiting at the heliport guided Kwon Taek-ju to the first garage room. He tilted his head as he followed silently. It was the Manager Lim who wanted to see him for a moment, but he didn't know why the place was the first garage room, not the manager's office.

The three deputy chiefs, who are the top officials of the National Intelligence Service, are in charge of independent affairs. Each deputy director is not involved in matters beyond his authority. It was an unwritten rule for subordinate departments, which were divided into dozens, to follow the direct deputy director. Therefore, Kwon Taek-ju and Lim, who conduct counterintelligence and intelligence activities under the third deputy director, did not have to meet in the first chief's office.

Did something go wrong? While questioning repeatedly, the employee of Ye-ye knocked on the door of the conductor's office. Soon, permission was given to come inside. It was not Lim's voice.The employee opened the door and let Kwon Taek-ju in.

Kwon Taek-ju forgot to say hello and looked at the first deputy manager across from him. Is there another natural sight as the first deputy director occupies the first parking lot. Nevertheless, the current situation facing him was ironic.

Manager Lim, who brought in Kwon Taek-ju, was sitting next to him. He stared at him as if to ask for an explanation. Lim only smiled strangely.

The atmosphere was unusual. He looked at the first deputy manager and the manager Lim by rolling his eyes silently. As if to soften his guard, the first deputy director started to rhyme with a gentle face.

"I heard that you just finished your mission in Busan."

"Yes. I did my best."

As soon as the first deputy director's words were finished, he protested. It may have been a bit of a disturbance, but it was a serious abuse of authority for him to reprimand Kwon Taek-ju, the first chairman. Looking at Kwon

Taek-ju, who was very defensive, the first deputy manager and the manager Lim smiled strangely. He didn't feel very happy.

"That's not why I called you this far. So you don't have to be mad at yourself.

Although there was more disturbance than necessary during the operation, it is a weak point compared to the leakage of state secrets. Don't you think so, Manager Lim?"

His sarcastic remarks seemed like a thick-skinned executive. Kwon Taek-ju kept an eye on Lim without resolving his doubts. Manager Lim only shook his head with a smile. As Kwon Taek-ju, it was bound to be more confusing. If it's not because of the incident in Busan, why did he call him at this late hour. He has been thinking about it all along, but he hasn't come to any conclusions.

Manager Lim did not worry Kwon Taek-ju more. Put down the tablet you were holding on the table.

"What is it?"

"Let's see."

He shrugged his shoulders and gently picked up the tablet. Turn over the first page with a bored face. The gaze of looking through the lines in a languid manner gradually accelerated. Scroll down. He read the text silently, but breathlessly, and quickly checked the next page. Manager Lim, who was watching the scene, spoke.

"It's a special intelligence recently obtained. Related rumors have been circulating for a long time, but this is the first time that evidence has been obtained to find out the truth. As you can see now, the main content is that North Korea and Russia have joined hands to develop new weapons since three years ago. The weapon boasts a firepower that has never been shown in any other country in the world?He said that if completed, the game of global hegemony will change the so-called Anastasia. It is not known exactly whether it refers to the name of the weapon, to the secret agreement

between North Korea and Russia to make the weapon, or to the design or designer of the weapon. I don't know if the weapon is completed at the moment."

It was only at first that he knew what the combination of the first deputy manager and the manager Lim meant. Who would be in trouble if North Korea and Russia had joined hands to make the unprecedented weapons of destruction. It would have been South Korea and the U.S. without much consideration.

"We need to know what the weapon is. Lack of information leads to an imbalance of power. If Anastasia isn't finished yet, and if possible, we should stop it from coming to the fore."

"What can you do for the peace of the world and mankind? Stealing is not a bad thing if it is a small evil to prevent a great evil."

Therefore, he asked him to find out the identity of the weapon that North Korea and Russia collaborated on. This means that if he can't do so, he should take out the design or related secrets, and if he can't, destroy them so that he can't see the light forever. Who? Kwon Taek-ju himself.

Since he started his career as an agent with enemies in the National Intelligence Service, overseas dispatch work has been common. Rather, there were more days when he went abroad than when he stayed in Korea. For that reason, the business trip order was not new. However, it was caught that Russia was the area where the mission was carried out. During the operation, it was a land that had no history of stepping on it personally.

Of course, the conditions were not a big problem. Kwon Taek-ju has been receiving Chinese, Persian, and Russian education since he joined the company.

Even if he fell to Moscow right away, he would not have difficulty speaking the language.

But that was it. Kwon Taek-ju had no local experience, the most important thing. What else is more important to the agent than the actual battle. In this

mission, Kwon Taek-ju was not told to jump into the middle of the battlefield without a gun. In the first place, he also wondered why this mission was assigned to him.

He stared at Lim with a discontented look. He nodded as if he understood everything.

"Technically, you are not qualified for this operation."

"Then you have to find the right person."

"Of course, I found it. I sent it."

"But?"

"....."

He scratches his eyebrows without saying a word. The first deputy director also smiled awkwardly. He couldn't help but know what the answer they swallowed without spitting out.

"I guess it didn't work out."

Manager Lim nodded again and spread three pictures on the table. The first photo showed someone's hand with ten fingers clumped off. The bloodless skin had swollen in the water.

Another photo showed the forehead of the body covered in white cloth. An unidentified pattern was engraved in the center. Soon he could see that it was a tattoo. Judging from the skin condition of the body, it did not seem to have been engraved for a long time.

The last one was a neat proof shot. Presumably from a series of circumstances, it was the original appearance of the mutilated body. He knew the person in the picture.

"Dominic Morgan. It's an elite agent who was dispatched to Russia by the U.S.

intelligence agency. Four days ago, he was found dead near Nara. At that time, he was in charge of identifying Anastasia. He was a friend who was good at collecting Russian intelligence, but it was unfortunate. Russia treated him as an unidentified person. Plus, it's a natural move since he went in disguised himself.

It is doubtful whether he really saw him as a simple unidentified person."

"Is that what you're telling us to do, because Russia's surveillance has become strict?"

"You understand the nuance of words very well. But let's not call it a day-to-Let's not say that. Since North Korea is involved, Korea can also be said to be a party. You can't just watch with your hands behind your back. Yeah, you've known the dead agent Morgan since the last South Korea-U.S. joint drill, right?"

"To be exact, we only knew each other then.It's about a month at the most. I happened to be assigned a room."

The line was clearly drawn. Manager Lim smiled. He skillfully attacked Kwon Taek-ju, who did not want to show any gaps.

"That's why I chose you. Emotions that obscure reason make things worse."

He is nothing but a sly fellow. As soon as he tried to protest in a fit of rage, a vibration. It was the cell phone of the first deputy director. He asked for understanding and passed Kwon Taek-ju outside.The door that opened closed again. Manager Lim ordered as if he had been waiting.

"Find 'Anastasia' on agent Morgan's behalf."

The lightness until earlier was out of nowhere, in a very serious tone.Kwon Taekju stared at him without replying. Is this really the best? There may be someone more suitable for this operation than Kwon Taek-ju himself. He's sure there's one such agent somewhere on the floor... Even if there's only one... None. He tried to squeeze his head as it was, but there was no one that came to mind.

Manager Lim looked calm as if it was something to be so embarrassed about.

Yeah, it won't be a big deal. It's only that dangerous enough for an elite agent to be found dead overnight. He wanted to be sarcastic, but he would rather shut up.

He learned how to work under Manager Lim right after he joined the company.

Now they're close enough to exchange jokes, but by all means he was a superior. When he is on duty, Kwon Taek-ju must obey. It was not a subject to protest.

Manager Lim smiled satisfactorily at the appearance of resignation.

"I promise full support. The team members will also take care of it as you want."

"It's convenient to do it alone in many ways."

"It won't be easy this time? It's going to be pretty rough."

"You don't have to drive more people to buy and buy, knowing that clearly."

He retorted indifferently. Manager Lim thought he would say that while smirking, he did. They present thick paper envelopes one after another. He snatched it up. Inside the unsealed envelope were various documents and forged passports. When he opened his passport, he saw a strange face.

"Hiro Sakamoto?"

"I heard that an LNG facility construction contract has been signed between a Japanese energy company and Gazprom, a Russian state-run gas company. The expected revenue alone amounts to tens of trillion won. It seems that Russia invited officials from large banks and international companies who were in charge of cooperative loans with the energy companies to celebrate the signing of the bilateral contract and to visit the planned construction site. Major officials under the prime ministers of both

countries and business leaders will all attend the event. It is heard that an international trading firm called 'Itochu' played a big role in getting the deal done. Furthermore, Hiro Sakamoto is an employee of the European region there."I'm proudly on the list of plans to visit Russia."

He infiltrates Russia under the guise of Hiro Sakamoto. It wasn't a bad plan.If it is true that North Korea and Russia developed weapons, very few would have been involved in it or known related secrets, those in one of Russia's leading positions.It's not that easy to approach them. However, Hiro Sakamoto had a different story. They'll meet on their own even if they don't try.

Of course, it was a case where the identity was not revealed. In addition to Hiro Sakamoto, numerous other officials were invited. If any of them noticed that Hiro Sakamoto was different from usual, the whole plan would have gone down the drain. Agent Morgan's end crossed my mind even though he imagined it for a moment.

Manager Lim soothed Kwon Taek-ju, who was in a state of disarray.

"Relax. Unless another Hiro Sakamoto appears, your identity will not be revealed. Hiro Sakamoto is scheduled to leave the country a day before the visiting group. Of course, a Tokyo agent will help him not to leave the country."

Our camouflage is good enough to deceive his mother, he does. There was no need to worry that the Japanese were relatively short. Hiro Sakamoto is 180

centimetres tall. Kwon Taek-ju was two or three centimetres taller than him, but the general public would not have realized the difference. When someone suspected, it was enough to surround themselves with insoles.

Normally, he wouldn't have thought about it for a long time. He had no right to refuse orders from his superiors, unless he took off his clothes. Nevertheless, there was no word of willingness to know. For some reason, he kept feeling reluctant.

Agent Morgan, who was on the first mission, died? It would be a lie if it wasn't affected at all, but it wasn't just for that. Instinct was feeling vague anxiety about something that had not yet happened.

"It's about re-establishing the landscape of global hegemony. If this happens safely, your position will change a lot."

Manager Lim secretly encouraged the decision. Kwon Taek-ju looked at him in silence. His eyes were straight and upright. Manager Lim faced him with a distinctive smile. There was no word between the two for a while.

Kwon Taek-ju soon crumpled the prepared paper envelope into his jacket. He also said something as if he was trying to make it clear.

"I'm not interested in it because it's a position, power. There are unnecessarily fierce points, they are."

"But why are you accepting this operation because you are not interested in it?"

"It's a high-ranking manager's order, but does a subordinate have the right to refuse?"

"There are other reasons, right?"

"If I reject this case, my career, which has achieved 100% unconditionally, will collapse."

"Of course, it is."

"May I go now?"

"Oh, before that, I have one thing to keep in mind."

What is it? with a vexing look, he asked. Lim's face was stiff. The eyes staring at Kwon Taek-ju seemed quite cautious. The voice that followed soon seemed to have subsided a little.

"Psikh Bogdanov."

"Psikh Bogdanov? I don't think it's a person's name."

He frowned and tilted. "Bogdanov" would be a Russian surname, but "Psikh"

was not a person's name in any way. What kind of parents would name their children “crazy " or “naughty ".

Lim added as if he had not misheard it.

"In general, it's called that rather than a name."

A name is used more often by others than by that party. Therefore, the name or nickname that replaced it served as the basis for reputation. The fact that the Russian mentioned by Lim was referred to as "crazy" Bogdanov instead of my real name meant that he was such a great man. He doesn't know what kind of person it is even mentioned in this faraway country.

"In Russia, he's like a hack."

"If it's a nucleus, is it the nucleus that means center?"

He asked without conviction. It was due to the ambiguity of the language. In addition to the definition of core and center, there was one more meaning that

was completely different. Don't compare a person to such a lethal weapon. He smiled again when he saw Manager Lim with a hasty conclusion.

"Yes, that's what it means."

It seemed closer to the "nuclear" referring to nuclear weapons. He twisted his face without realizing it. What kind of man is he more often referred to as a

"crazy" than my name, and even symbolized as a "nuclear bomb".

The idea of "Psikh Bogdanov" raised another question.Why is he mentioned in this operation, which aims to find "Anastasia".

"Does he have anything to do with Morgan's death?"

"I'm not sure. I don't have physical evidence, I'm just sharing my feelings. If you want to approach the Russian giants, you'll have to face him. There's a reason why "hack" is "hack". So possible damage. Don't try to confront each other even if you run into each other."

There was a burst of laughter. The more he received the warning, the more he became curious about the crazy person.

Then he heard a knock outside the door. When manager Lim said yes, the employee who guided Kwon Taek-ju to this place came inside. He had a large bouquet of flowers and a trunk in each of his hands. As if to pass them on to Kwon Taek-ju, he quietly saluted and went outside.

"I've got everything I need. It saves time, and you don't have to worry about packing. Good is good, right?Especially, I bought the underwear two months ago and haven't bought it since, so I've put it all in new ones considering your taste. You don't have to thank me."

"You know more about my underwear than I do"

"That's not so much. And take the flowers home. You said it was your mother's birthday, right?"

I'm telling you, you are a rascal.

He answered bluntly, swallowing what he couldn't say.

"I won't tell her that it's a gift from the manager. She'll only feel bad on a good day if she knows it's a man who's taking his son to her birthday."

"Thank you for thinking about it."

Manager Lim smiled brazenly.

"Don't die."

He's going to turn around and go out, but he said out of the blue. Kwon Taek-ju paused and nodded half-heartedly.

When he came out, the hallway was empty. He trudged toward the door.

Sensors came in everywhere Kwon Taek-ju's steps reached, and then turned off one after another from far behind. As the lights dissipated, the darkness that had fallen gradually approached him, as if to devour him.

"....."

He stopped suddenly and turned around. While not moving, Kwon Taek-ju's appearance disappeared in deep darkness as even the last ceiling went out.

new mission.

Is there anything more useless than asking a child about his future hope? This is because he changed numerous times overnight, crossing majors and occupations into lawyers, doctors, astronauts, and entertainers.

The same was true of Kwon Taek-ju when he was young. He didn't expect to become an NIS agent until he entered the college entrance examination center.

The older brother was different. His dream had been consistent since he started talking in earnest. Being a soldier like his father. His mother, who said she was relieved to pick up a book on his first birthday, used to lament, "Who knew it would be a military theory book?"

The mother hoped that the two sons would not be soldiers or anything like that.

His maternal grandfather, who put the country's affairs before the housework, and his military husband, whom he got early through his introduction. Thanks to that, his mother said she had no memory of sleeping with her feet stretched out for nearly 60 years. On the day his father went out on a mission, his mother hugged his bloodthirsty brother and worried all night. He would not have wanted to pass on such hardships to his children.

But no child can go the way their parents want him to. His brother finally turned a blind eye to his mother's expectations. He volunteered to join the navy, and died during the operation. It was already more than 10 years ago. It was from then on that mother became obsessed with Kwon Taek-ju, who became like an only son. As soon as she performed her brother's funeral, she held onto Kwon Taek-ju and nailed him several times, saying, "You can't." However, Kwon Taekju also failed to comply with her wishes.

Under the NIS's job regulations, the status of employees is kept secret. The same was true of immediate family members, including parents. Even if it wasn't for that reason, he couldn't honestly tell his mother. He was a woman

who lost his father, husband, and first son to the country. If his mother knew that even the remaining skin was carrying more guns than chopsticks, she would not have been able to endure it any longer. She thinks Kwon Taek-ju is a low-level government official in a small local town. He wouldn't even dream that he was heading to Moscow disguised as a Japanese.

He closed his eyes and looked back on the past and suddenly took out his cell phone. As expected, his mother's message arrived.

[Son, enjoy your lunch. Fighting!]

It was a greeting that arrived around noon every day. If there was no reply, he got a call right after work. There were times when he got a call. He thought he should reply as soon as he landed. It was Monday, so he was distracted by a lot of complaints. That should be enough. Now he has a history of strengthening his mother's faith.

He checked the time while putting his cell phone back. It's been nine hours since he got on the plane. Looking at the remaining distance on the monitor, it seemed to take about an hour to arrive. He thought it would be good to check the mask at this point. He got up straight from his seat.

Just in time, the bathroom was empty. As he opened the door and tried to enter, he heard a sudden hum. It was on the economy side. A new open curtain examined the situation. A passenger and the crew were in a scuffle. Someone seemed to have drunk a lot of alcohol, saying it was free again.

He quickly became interested and went into the bathroom. When he locked the door, the overhead light came on.

He looked into an unfamiliar face in the mirror. The current Kwon Taek-ju was obviously Hiro Sakamoto. His ears were modeled after him. Kwon Taek-ju's only eyes were black.

He turned his head around and swept his skin. The texture of the artificial leather that touched his hands was just like his skin. While he was at it, he

smoothed his pressed hair and washed his hands. He was just about to go out after wiping the water on a paper towel. Suddenly something hit the back of the door.

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How hard the collision occurred, and the ceiling was all flashing. Soon after, it became more noisy outside. "It's all right", the voice of the asking flight attendant, the sound of footsteps rushing in, and the shouting of a man who couldn't understand what he was talking about were mixed up.

He unlocked the lock and pulled the door open. Then the man leaning on the outside jumped inside and fell.

"Ha... what the heck!"

The crumpled man was faintly intoxicated. It was typical Russian. There was a bottle of vodka in his hand. It seemed that he opened the alcohol he bought at duty-free on board. He wondered who was the most shameless person who drank until he got free alcohol, but it was a bit more serious than that.

He looked down silently at the man who was struggling for a long time. Only the crew was embarrassed for nothing.

"Sir, get up. I'll hold you."

"How dare you touch me? Let go! Let go!"

"Argh!"

The man pushed the flight attendant who was trying to get him up. All the other crew members, as well as the crew who fell out, looked embarrassed. There seemed to be no one to overpower this big Russian right away. Even a righteous passenger to help the crew. It's annoying to go out in person. While contemplating, a flight attendant hurriedly put the intercom into the control room.

Usually, when this kind of disturbance occurs on board, the aircraft makes a temporary landing at a nearby airport. In that case, all passengers, as well as the drunk in question, must get off the plane. In addition, from baggage inspection to boarding procedures, it will be conducted again from the beginning. It was basic to wait for hours until the aircraft was reorganized or alternative flights were arranged.

It's a matter of discretion to meddle in others' affairs. He didn't even want to do anything worth the attention. However, it was only annoying that the original plan was broken because of a person who did not know the shame, and that he had to deal with the complicated trouble.

He snatched the back of the drunk who was still leaning on his leg.

"Wake up for a moment."

"...Uh!"

The forced man was dragged into the bathroom. The man was pushed as it was, hit his hip on the toilet, and fell forward. When the fallen man's arm poked out of the door, a low scream broke out from the passengers. Those sitting in the front seats hurriedly raised themselves. The crew repeatedly asked me to sit down, but no one complied. Eventually, calls began pouring in from here and there.

The man's face, stumbling up, was poisoned. The man grinned with a ripe face.

Wipe the saliva around his mouth roughly with the back of his hand.

"Oh, let's do this, right?"

The grumpy man only raised his finger. The man who was splitting his face suddenly solidified his impression and rushed in. It was like an excited bison.

Kwon Taek-ju instantly wrapped his neck around him and put it on his side. The man clasped his neck, tightened Kwon Taek-ju's legs with both arms and lifted him up at once. He was trying to stick it into the ceiling.

The crew members who were watching closed their eyes tightly. The saps calm the surroundings. But after a while, the predicted crash was not heard.

Passengers who were far away blinked. It was after a little more time that the expected sound came out.

It was not Kwon Taek-ju who collapsed, but the big one. The large man, who was unexpectedly attacked at the vital point, was still drooping with his neck held up. Kwon Taek-ju completely overpowered him and released his tightening arm. Then he kicked the fainted bulk in the shoulder and pushed it out of the bathroom. There was another suppressed scream from the passengers. Whether or not, he walked leisurely, shaking off his wrinkled jacket.

"What's the matter?"

At that time, a bookkeeper who was briefed on the situation appeared. He alternately looked at the sprawling size and Kwon Taek-ju and turned to the crew. Kwon Taek-ju returned to his place as if he had no idea. Click. The sound of belt-closing declared an end to the disturbance.

The crew, who had been distracted by dealing with the drunk, were now busy appeasing other passengers who complained and disputed.The position of the bookkeeper was no different.

'I'm sorry, sir.'

'Were you very surprised? I'll bring you a cup of warm water.'

'It's safe now. Don't worry.'

'I'm sorry. I'm sorry.'

He could hear such words one after another from beyond the closed curtain.

There was also an apology broadcast for a series of disturbances.

He ignored it and tried to catch his eyes, but the bookkeeper and the office manager approached him. He seemed to express his gratitude for his help. He hit a player with a snap.

"Can I get off on time?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, but it's already been reported to the control center. You have to wait in the air until the airport authorizes you to land. The estimated arrival time will also be delayed by about an hour from the original."

That's what happened to the gear. He wrinkled his brows and nodded half-heartedly. Then he put on his headset right away. Despite the euphemistic refusal to talk, the two returned to their respective seats only after expressing their sincere gratitude.

Passengers, who had been complaining until then, became silent as promised when the aircraft shook in the turbulence. Even if the flight attendant doesn't ask for it, he fills the belt on his own and holds his breath straight to his waist.

Someone even murmured a prayer.

Thanks to that, he could spend an hour quietly. His ears were so deaf that he could hardly keep his eyes open. It kills time, but a pleasant in-flight broadcast came out.

[Our plane will arrive at Moscow's Domodedovo Airport soon. The local time is now past 16:11. The weather is cloudy with a lot of clouds, and the temperature is -13 degrees Celsius. We sincerely apologize for the inconvenience caused by an unexpected disturbance during the flight.

Thank you for using our Japanese airline today, and I look forward to having you again soon.Take care of your final destination.Thank you.]

However, even after the broadcast, the aircraft wandered more over the air for a while. It was past 5 p.m. when he got off the ground.

Followed the crowd to the immigration checkpoint. He wasn't too nervous.

Crossing the border disguised as another person was boring enough.

The examination ended in a flash. The employee only glanced at Kwon Taek-ju and asked no questions. Everything was smooth until he went out to the arrival hall to find his baggage.

Outside the exit, people who came to meet customers, family members, and relatives were camped. He visited at the invitation of the Russian a day earlier than the main camp. Therefore, it was planned to move to the hotel without a separate delivery.

But out of the blue, a piece of paper with "Hiro Sakamoto" written on it caught his eye. Even if he took off his sunglasses and looked again, the name that was written once in Chinese and once again in English was correct. The company name "Itochu Corporation" was also listed under it.

When he stopped, the man with the paper rejoiced greatly.

"Mr. Sakamoto?"

"Yes."

He replied rather grimly. A cheerful smile spreads over the man's face.

"Good morning! My name is Vasily Alexandrovich, and I work in the Gazprom Public Relations Office. I heard that you are entering the country first today, and I came out to greet you."

He asks for a quick handshake. Kwon Taek-ju tilted his head as he looked at the hand sticking out in front of him.

"I didn't get that call...."

"You didn't hear from me? No way? We definitely showed you around this morning.Your company also said it would tell Mr. Sakamoto the news."

Vasily was confident that he was sure. He asked for his understanding by saying,

"Wait a minute. Hurry up and check my work phone. I thought it would be a roaming or a message from the consulate and the consulate because the text

kept coming in, but Lim's message was mixed. As Vasily claimed, Gazprom will greet him.

"Oh... that's right."

"There must have been some mistake? Anyway, thank you for coming all the way. But you're way behind schedule, aren't you?"

"There was a little commotion on board."

"Did any other drunk go on a rampage?"

"...how, that?"

"That's because it's common for hot Russian men to like vodka. You must have been very surprised. Is that all you have? I'll listen."

"That's all right. I'll hold it."

"Oh, yes, then this way."

He is not ashamed of being refused a favor. Rather, he took the lead cheerfully as if something good had happened. He followed it slowly. He didn't know what got twisted and where and how, but when he thought about it, it was natural.

Whether with the main camp or separately, the fact that Hiro Sakamoto is a VIP

does not change. Thanks to this, only Kwon Taek-ju has become a headache. He had to play Hiro Sakamoto until he arrived at the hotel.

There was a black sedan waiting at the arrival along Vasily. A man knocks out of the driver's seat. Then he took Kwon's bag and loaded it into the trunk. Vasily personally opened the rear door. He crumpled up awkwardly in the hearty hospitality. When Vasily, who was in the passenger seat, closed the door, the sedan left the airport as if waiting.

His whole body felt stuffy because of the long flight. He was bitten in the back deep in the seat and closed his eyes for a while. It was a silent sign not to talk unnecessarily. But Vasily sat down with a half turn.

"Are you tired?"

"Because of the time difference, a little."

When he reluctantly replied, he asked how the in-flight meal was, whether the seats were comfortable, and whether the flight attendants were worth watching. He even poured out anecdotes he had experienced on the aircraft.

Kwon Taek-ju turned his head out of the window and listened to them all roughly.

There was already deep darkness on the road. However, it was not unreasonable to enjoy the atmosphere of Moscow. Wherever he looked, he could see a Lada vehicle. Indeed, it deserved to be called Russia's new national car. The combination of Starbucks' emblem and Cyrillic characters, located in the middle of the city, drew attention. Pedestrians were wearing long or short sharp cars. The necks were all curled up, and the big nose that came out was red. Perhaps because of the cold weather, the faces hardened, giving off a stingy impression.

"Is it that cold these days?"

Vasily, who was arranging a Japanese cruise, stops talking when asked out of the blue. He grinned, not disappointed that his story had been cut off.

"It's pretty good these days. It's around minus 15 degrees even though it's winter. It's really worth living."

The shoulders are curled up.I hate the cold. Whether or not Vasily was excited about the changed subject.

"Sometimes there are people who can't stand Moscow because it's too cold, and that's what I'm saying because I haven't been to a really cold place. Irkutsk and Verkhoyansk go up and down between minus 20 and 45 degrees. By comparison, Moscow has no other paradise on earth. Of course, it's not going to be Tokyo. I heard that the temperature is maintained throughout the year,

right? If it falls below zero, people freeze to death, right? If that happens in Russia, my neighbor's dog will laugh."

It's freezing to minus 40 degrees. The mere mention of it made him shudder.

After that, Vasily was constantly babbling, but there was no talk of coming in properly.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was only looking out the window, suddenly looked around.

It was because the car stopped at all, even though the speed seemed to slow down. Then he went for some time and repeated his position.

He pulled his head out and looked ahead. Cars were lined up. It was such a long procession that he couldn't even tell where the end was. It seemed to be caught in the rush hour.

It wouldn't have happened if the aircraft had arrived on time. It was all because of the damn drunk. He should've done better. Vasily exchanged a few words with the man in the driver's seat, while clenching his fists and defusing the late man. He then looked back at Kwon Taek-ju and asked for permission.

"I don't think we'll be able to move for a while at this rate, so why don't we take a shortcut? I know everything about Moscow. Since it's dinner time, Sakamoto will be hungry. But don't you just want to rest after a long flight?"

It was a good thing to hear. He wanted to lie down on the bed right away, regardless of the meal. Kwon Taek-ju nodded to Vasily several times, saying, "Is it okay?"

As soon as permission is given, he leaves the ranks and enters a nearby side road. It was a narrow road with no distinction between a roadway and a sidewalk. It was hard to find a proper street lamp. Relying on the headlights, he broke out of the darkness. The street cat, which was searching the trash can, ran away in surprise at the light.

The driver said he knows the way well, but he goes around the alley where a car barely passes without resting. The straight distance would have been much shorter on the road a while ago, but this would have been faster if he didn't get lost.

It was the moment when he was so optimistic, and he was bitten deep in the back seat.

"......!"

He turned his head out of the window. It was because a strange object seemed to be caught at the corner of the field of view. He looked back on the road he hurried by, but nothing stood out. He thinks he saw something similar to a human figure. Is it an illusion? It was hard to be sure because it was so dark around. Nevertheless, he felt so reluctant that he couldn't shake it off right away. He tilted his head and sat down slowly. When Vasily asked what was going on, he said it was nothing.

He suddenly realized it as he looked outside conscious of nothing. The vehicle was running again on the road it had already passed. The buildings were all similar, and the alleys were so dark that he couldn't tell an inch ahead, but there was no doubt. He mumbled, staring at the trash can that had just passed by.

"I think we're lost."

"No way. It's going right."

"No. That's definitely the road before. The trash can you see on the left. It's where the dirt is, the overflowing garbage, and the lid is about to close, the same as we saw a while ago. What about the building behind it? Cracks on the outer walls, the color of the bricks and the shape of the window frame, and even the laundry and pots hanging there. It's no different from what I've seen before."

He argued by contrasting the scenery outside the window with past memories.

Vasily, who was listening quietly, smiled.

"...You have a good eye."

The tone was as sarcastic as if it were being sarcastic. The overexposed likability and boorishness were also completely. This radical development is usually not good.

Kwon Taek-ju, who sensed a strange smell, took out the colt without hesitation.

With a thud, the bullet was loaded and the trigger was half pulled. He made eye contact with the man in the driver's seat through the room mirror.

"Stop."

The commanding voice fell low. The man in the driver's seat obediently obeyed the instructions. The running sedan stops in the middle of a narrow alley. Vasily raised his hands without resistance.

"You have quite a dangerous toy, Mr. Sakamoto."

"Who are you?"

"I think I told you. This is Vasily Alexandrovich, who has come to serve you."

"That Alexandrovich would have nothing to do with Gazprom?"

"There is only a little."

It was then.

"......?"

Suddenly, the rear door opened, and a man pushed Kwon Taek-ju in. In his hand was a Russian revolver, Tokarev. Immediately, the gun man came into contact with Kwon Taek-ju. In addition, a red dot that flew from somewhere hovered around the left chest. It was completely surrounded. Kwon Taek-ju's lower jaw was tightened.

"Wouldn't you rather be modest? Mr. Sakamoto."

Vasily cracked and hummed as if singing each and every word of his name.

There was no clue to identify him. And what he's after. What was clear was that he had to get out of this poor situation right away.

But how? In any case, holes were about to be drilled in the head and chest. He rolled his eyes and looked around. The only thing that illuminated the lightless alley was the headlights of the vehicle. No, even the interior lamp that reflects Vasily's quivering face, two.

"Don't be silly.The number of heads flying...."

It was before Vasily's warning was over. He bent over for a moment.One shot after another. The inside of the car, which was lit up by unannounced bullets, went out.

Shortly thereafter, another sniper bullet flew from a nearby rooftop. A series of clear shots and sharp bursts broke out. It was the sound of the rear window falling apart.

Shortly after the temporary disturbance, a deep silence fell. No movement was detected near the vehicle. The sniper slowly moved his gun and remained vigilant.

The next moment, the stopped vehicle suddenly started. He ran through a narrow alley without the headlight on.He ran dangerously, hitting trash cans or building walls from time to time.

The sniper fired late. However, only the innocent bumper and side mirror were smashed.

"If you don't want to be the same, you'd better be obedient."

Kwon Taek-ju threatened the driver by wiping blood from his face. It belonged to the guy who pushed into the back seat a while ago. The man who became Kwon Taek-ju's shield and was shot by a sniper was hanging down with his head

bent back. Vasily's situation is no different. He had been sunk in the middle of his face by a bullet and had fallen over the dashboard.

The driver, soaked in other people's blood, drove without protest. Kwon Taek-ju ordered the direction of movement one by one, winding his neck from behind.

The problem was that no matter how much he ran, the boulevard did not come out. It was difficult to tell whether it was a dead end or not because we turned off the headlights and moved in consideration of the sniper who was ambushing.

Then again.

"......!"

Something passes between buildings quickly. It was a creature that he had just glanced at. Cat? No, it's much bigger and heavier than that. At the same time, the movement was faster than that.Kwon Taek-ju hurriedly shifted his

gaze and found the existence that disappeared into the darkness. But nowhere could the figure be seen again.

It may have been an illusion once, but not twice. It was the moment when he looked around again in a strange mood. Suddenly, a sedan popped out of the alley next door.

With a bang, the car body tilted sharply forward. At the same time, the back seat where Kwon Taek-ju was sitting floated into the air. The brief vacuum felt like eternity.

As if the stopped time passed again, the view suddenly turned upside down at Sapsi. One after another, his whole body hit the body violently. Fragments of broken glass splashed everywhere. In a blink of an eye, the four wheels of the overturned vehicle rolled in vain.

Once again the whole area was quiet. There was no movement on either side of the vehicle that crashed. All he can hear is a groan of engines.

How long has it been? The sudden noise breaks the silence for a long time.

There was a person who kicked the completely crushed door several times to escape. It was Kwon Taek-ju. He crawled out of the gap where the door was torn.

"...oh."

He tried to get up on the ground, but he sat down again. Suddenly, his head was to blame. When the accident occurred, it seemed to have hit a safety bar and had a mild concussion.

Shake his head and barely pull himself together. Then he managed to stand up, relying on the fallen body. He looked at the driver's seat first. It was quiet.

Seeing the broken window covered in blood, he wouldn't be safe. It was the same for the other vehicle that no significant movement was detected.

He doesn't know what the hell's going on. What is the identity of those who suddenly appeared and tried to kidnap Kwon Taek-ju himself, strictly Hiro Sakamoto.What was the purpose of this. It would not be an ordinary crime group in that it knew Hiro Sakamoto's arrival schedule and background. It seemed more reasonable to have something to do with the Russian authorities or Gazprom as a hostage rather than having any regrets about the Japanese company. However, Kwon Taek-ju himself is not really Sakamoto Hiro, but it was ridiculous to be treated instead. As soon as he stepped on Russian land, what kind of hardship was this.

He shook his head and headed to the back of the car. It was from the determination to pack.Struggling to open the trunk, he suddenly heard an unwelcome sound behind his back.

"Put your hands up."

He flinched reflexively. At that moment, the sound of the bullets being loaded hit his ears. If he moved one more time, the man would pull the trigger.

He raised his arms with a grim look.He obeyed the order to turn around. Finally, the person who aimed the gun was seen in front of him. It was a strange impression. His head burst and he was bleeding, and he seemed to have been in the other vehicle. The man's gun was familiar. He must have been with Vasily.

Somehow. While he was trying to figure out a solution, he saw a familiar colt rolling around at the man's feet.

"Slowly walk this way. Take care of yourself if you're going to make a fool of yourself."

It was ridiculous to put such a threat on the face of a man. Nevertheless, he obeyed his instructions. The man could not have killed Kwon Taek-ju himself anyway. If he could, he would have done so.

As expected, the man who got closer could not get a glimpse of his will to kill.

Rather, he seemed to be afraid of a situation in which he would pull the trigger irresistibly. It is him who has a gun and has an armed advantage, but he becomes restless as the distance narrows.

Maybe it'll be easier than he thought. It was just when he was so optimistic. He caught him by the back of his hand.

"Let's take off your coats. I don't know what's hidden inside."

There was one more guy. He glanced back, but he didn't know. He could only guess from the rifle in hand that he was the sniper a while ago. He shrugged his shoulders and gently took off his coat. Leaving only the right sleeve.

Pretending to pull the right arm out of the sleeve, he suddenly pulled the entire coat with force.The sniper, who was holding his clothes with only one hand because of the rifle, loses his balance for a while. Kwon Taek-ju threw the snatched coat at the man who was aiming at him. When the sight is blocked by the flying clothes, the nervous man flinches and pulls the trigger. He grabbed

the sniper's rifle that was stumbling in the gap. A sniper who was holding out not to be robbed of his gun came along.

"Gasp!"

The snipers groaned with a bang. When the man shook off the coat covering his face, Kwon Taek-ju was already running away. Red blood flowed out of the sniper's body, who fell by a blind bullet. The man, who had been raging, quickly became furious and began to shoot recklessly.

But none of them hit the mark. Soon, the magazine comes after with a dead sniper's rifle.

He just ran forward.The advantage of running away was that it was dark, and that was also the disadvantage.There was hardly a place to hide. It becomes dangerous when he comes to a dead end.

The pursuer's firing continued while he ran away. Most of the bullets that flew in barely passed Kwon Taek-ju, leaving a bullet mark on the innocent building.

Every time an alley came out, it was bent without hesitation. Tang. Something smashed overhead with another shot. The wreckage poured down to see if the flying bullet broke the flowerpot put out by the window. He shook his head to shake off the dirt and debris. Then he entered a side road that had just appeared. At that moment, a van popped out of it.

"......!"

The impact was minimized by rolling over the bonnet. The four doors of the stopped car opened in unison.From there, armed men emerged. Soon, even a man who was chasing Kwon Taek-ju joined. The group, who were exchanging a few words, suddenly pushed the gun first.

"...nonsense."

If he deals with one guy, another guy appears, and if he removes him, another guy jumps in. "How long do I have to repeat this?" Kwon Taek-ju, who had been

slowly backing away, began to run again. A lot of swear words came out throughout the run.

After running away for a long time, the view suddenly opened and a large vacant lot appeared. There stood an abandoned building that was under construction.

The building was open front and rear without walls, maintaining only the frame.

Materials such as cement and steel frames were scattered all over the place.

There was no time to measure. The only place to avoid the body right away was there.As soon as he stepped on it, he followed the dusty steps into the building.

"Ha, ha...."

As he climbed to the fourth floor at once, he couldn't breathe. He even got cursed at because of my heart pounding enough to hurt. All he wore was a thin, thin shirt, but he couldn't even feel the cold.

The group that was chasing Kwon Taek-ju also gradually arrived under the building. When he counted the number of people, there were four in total. What about the other one?

He went up to the wall just next to the simple steps.listen with one's back close to one's back. He could sense someone creeping up. He slipped his belt loose and held it in both hands.

Soon after, the gun, which came up one step at a time, poked out in front of the wall. Not missing that moment, he threw the buckle side horizontally. The unfolded belt wrapped around the gun once with a bounced rebound and returned to Kwon Taek-ju's hand. He snatched it for a moment.

Sweet. Sweet. Sweet. Sweet.

The rifle, which was raised, fired incessantly. Kwon Taek-ju unexpectedly released one of the belts that was being pulled closely and swung it as hard as he could at the same time, he swung it as hard as hard as he could. Then the belt grazed the back of the man's hand like a whip. The man roared down the gun.

The rifle that had fallen on the floor was kicked forward, and the man's neck was belted up to pick it up. The man struggled with his legs, tearing off his compressed neck.

"...Argh!"

He twisted the belt harder without letting it slide. The man's body, which had been shaking for some time, slowly receded. When he relaxed his hands accordingly, the man fell down on his knees. Kick a man over and take a breather. Now he has got one.

In the meantime, the downstairs became noisy. The man's gang seemed to have rushed after hearing the gunfire a while ago. The rifle had fallen into the opposite position of the stairs. If he didn't pick it up in time, he wouldn't be able to shoot back and become a beehive. However, it was not possible to subdue the armed group with bare hands.

He took a deep breath again and rolled his body quickly. When the rifle fell on the floor, the gang was almost up the stairs. When they faced Kwon Taek-ju from the front, they aimed at the gun without much effort.

However, Kwon Taek-ju pulled the trigger first. Gunfire went off one after another, and the two men rolled down screaming. The bullets fired from their guns stuck in the innocent ceiling.

The magazine threw away the empty rifle without hesitation and stepped forward. Two in the future. Count the remaining numbers and look at the movement below.

"......?"

He suddenly raised his head. That's why something caught his eye. But there was no one who looked through it belatedly. Why does he keep looking at things? His breathing sounded more lengthy than usual because he was nervous.

It was enough to think that he saw it wrong. There was no time to be swayed by such vague intuition. Obviously, but he couldn't shake his bitter sixth sense.

"......!"

Also, Kwon Taek-ju stood up and looked up at the building opposite. The statue was not clearly formed because of the distance. He squinted his eyes and watched, but the figure that was crawling on the rooftop quickly disappeared.

He doesn't believe in ghosts or ghosts. However, it was difficult to say that the figure he witnessed a while ago was not such a thing. No man can move

like that.

While facing untimely questions, a fierce attack was applied from the bottom.

The bullet, which flew nonstop, powdered the floor that Kwon Taek-ju had been holding until a while ago. He barely escaped and watched the enemy.

The remaining two men plotted the operation. One jumped into the building, and the other fixed the gun upward. He looked around hurriedly. He had to find a way to counter the man who was about to crash. However, there was no place to hide and no suitable weapon.

Around that time, a sudden shot rang out from below. Kwon Taek-ju paused and listened in the direction of the gunfire. For a moment, he heard a tearful scream.

"Argh! Argh

No, it was more like some kind of roar. It wasn't far away. Somewhere down there. He waited a little, but he couldn't feel it anymore. He looked outside the building to figure out the situation. The man waiting outside also looked around with a bewildered face as if he was surprised by a series of shots and screams.

Then he found Kwon and pulled the trigger.

He quickly turned around and avoided the flying bullets. He doesn't know what the hell's going on. He got a hell of a hit. Soon, even the man who remained

outside entered the building. Tap, tap, tap. He heard a steady step up the stairs.

Closer and louder. They'll be on the fourth floor in a little while.

At this rate, we have no choice but to come to an end. Kwon Taek-ju grabbed a button from his right sleeve and snapped it off. With a small

mechanical sound, a long, thin wire came out of the button that fell. It's a small bomb. He was going to throw it away if he had to.

He cut off the wire and rolled up the bomb and waited for the man to show up.

"......?"

However, the man did not appear for a long time after that. As if only Kwon Taek-ju was in the building, the surroundings were just quiet. Not to mention the sound of footsteps coming up, the sound of breathing was not detected.

"What happened? Are you hiding somewhere and waiting for me to move first?"

Kwon Taek-ju looked again at the vacant lot. There was not a shadow of a man in sight.What's the best way. It was when the question was maximized.

"......!"

Suddenly, something came out from the side of his face. Kwon Taek-ju, who inadvertently looked there, hardened and couldn't move. It was a man's arm that stretched straight. And hanging at the end of it was the same man who last jumped into the building. He could barely identify the man by his appearance.

Because a big hand was covering his face. To be exact, the man's two eyes were pierced with long, straight fingers. The man, who was completely pushed out of the building, was as if he had come through his eyes and was floating because of a finger stuck in his eye. His legs twitched in the air.

"He... creeps... The play...."

A groan came out of the man's mouth. Kwon Taek-ju's forehead is distorted. His back was freezing. He didn't dare to turn his head and check the owner of the

monster hand. It was not a matter of courage, but a rejection of instinct. He couldn't even breathe to his heart's content.

The owner of the arm stretched out like a crane and did not drag the situation long. He shook off the man hanging from his finger like a hair on his body. There was no hesitation.The man crashed as he was. Under the building, there was a thud of friction.

All that was left was Kwon Taek-ju. .No, two unidentified killers. He knew without looking back that he was confident that he could grab with just his arms stretched out. A damp look swept through his spine, as if a hungry beast were searching for prey. He was convinced that the strange creature he had witnessed in his spare time since he was kidnapped would be him.

Kwon Taek-ju closed his eyes and opened them slowly. "Try to pull yourself together". The temporarily frozen sensation woke up one by one. At the same time, the existence that had not been caught began to be recognized.a shadow well over one's height, a strong, dry smell that paralyzes the tip of the nose.

Even the unique cool energy that kills all the air currents.

He clasped the buttons in his hand. No one could be safe from a bomb that exploded. Because of the close distance from him, he didn't know that his limbs would fly away without luck. However, it was not something to worry about because his throat was about to run away. If they attack unexpectedly and put a bomb, it's enough. With such determination, he turned around.

But before he could do anything, he held the hand holding the bomb first. One after another, his vision suddenly turned upside down. It was before his head realized what had happened.The bomb slipped out of his hand. He closed his eyes tightly, foreshadowing terrible pain, but the explosion came from the bottom of the building. The heat also soared. It was the moment when the last bastion disappeared in vain.

Kwon Taek-ju's head was in contact with the rough cement floor. The only thing that came into the upside-down view was two straight legs. Crocodile

leather shoes with an exceptionally sharp front nose. He saw it in a magazine one day.

The smooth body was more memorable because it reminded me of that of an alligator. He thought the price was around 4000 dollars. It was an ill-suited luxury for a murderer.

"There's something dirty on it. Will you take it off for me?"

That was his first word. His voice wasn't as thick as he thought, and he seemed quite young.

"But what does he want me to take off?" It must be the hand that pierced people's eyes. He had a vague idea and wanted to ignore it. If he had taken away even the shirt he had left, he would freeze to death before he could get hit.

But he didn't seem to have such a relaxed disposition. As he pretended not to know, an object of familiar texture came over his weighed down head. It was a colt.

"...sick."

He unbuttoned his shirt with a low voice. He had to use only his left hand because he held his right arm to him. Because it was a new shirt, it was stiff to the platform, so it was not too much. As soon as he finally unlocked the second button, he grabbed the back of his shirt.

The shirt was ripped off immediately.The button, which bounced off with enormous force, hit the jaw and around the ball. One after another, something cold wrapped around his bent wrist instead of his hand. When he pulled his arm, he heard a thud. It was handcuffs. The other handcuffs were secured to a nearby iron structure. The head was still stuck on the floor.

His shadow slipped slowly, relaxing. By the time the movement stopped, the shirt, stained with blood and bodily fluids, fell to the floor.

Then he took a deep breath and exhaled a longer breath. He felt like he was smoking. In line with the slow breathing, the smell of courtesy from him became more intense.

It wasn't the usual smell of nicotine. It was thicker and deeper than that, and bitter. The unique scent also felt a thick moisture. What is it? Soon, something blunt fell on the upside-down view. It was handmade cigars left after smoking.

The man who finished smoking turned around immediately. The two straight legs drifted apart. He's going down the stairs as if he's not thinking of retrieving his handcuffs. He was quite tall. It took him a long time to see the back of his head. That was the last time.

It was only when his presence completely died down that he breathed out. His whole body was drained. The body, which had been holding firm, also fell down.

The coldness, which was close to fantasy, subsided and the coldness of reality was recognized only when the murderous ears disappeared. He couldn't even dare to get goosebumps because of the biting. It felt like the whole skin was freezing and cracking. Damn it. Swallowing the curse and hitting the floor irritably.

Before long there was quite a familiar noise in his ears. From far away to near gradually.

It was the siren of a police car.

***

He has been stuck at the police station for quite a while. A passing policeman handed him a thick blanket. When it was washed, it smelled stale. However, he had to wear it right away because it was like a ghost even when he heated it.

Kwon Taek-ju wrapped a blanket and looked down at his throbbing wrist. The bandage was wrapped. Inside it, the handprints of the killer's ears

remained intact. Maybe it was because he was surprised. He didn't feel any pain even

during the first aid. He didn't even know that the paramedic lost his wrist, but only when he did, he realized why he didn't have strength. He moved his finger out of the bandage and smiled.

He can't believe it. He was kidnapped out of nowhere, but the killer who saved Kwon Taek-ju himself disappeared suddenly. No, can he say he saved it. His clothes were taken away, and his wrist was intact. If the police showed up a little late, it would have been a live invoice.

Was he a human being? The adult man's wrist was torn just by being held by him. If it was a body that could easily break or break, he would understand it.

One of the most recognized hawks is the best. On second thought, his strength was beyond common sense.

Around that time, the officer in charge reappeared. As soon as he sat down, the worn-out chair screamed.

"It seems to have been done by those who are dissatisfied with this contract.

Since it's so large, there are people who are jealous. I heard that only the stakes are worth trillions."

He is a public official in name, and he treats contracts between countries as fighting. When referring to expected profits, he even glistened his eyes. He made no reply. He only looked at the clock on the wall with a dull face. He wanted to go to the hotel as soon as possible.

However, the officer in charge has been clamoring for a long time since then, hoping that this incident will not create prejudice against Russia, and that he will find out the background no matter what. His superior, who had gone to eat in the middle, returned and did not send it yet, only when he was allowed to go back.

"My luggage is..."

"Oh, you mean the bag in the car, right? I've put that over there. I've also made sure there's no bomb or location tracker installed. It's my little consideration, so you don't have to be grateful."

"It seems like I have to thank him." He woke up with a nod. As the policeman said, he saw a bag at the door. He hurried out of the office with his things. He was going down the stairs looking for a way to get to the hotel, and the policeman followed him a while ago. He tried to ignore it because he thought he would go out separately, but he kept following him at a certain distance.

Eventually, he stopped and looked back.

"What brings you..."

"You aimed once, but is there a law not to aim twice? Now that your colleague is dead, he may want to retaliate more. So I'll take you safely to the hotel."

Then he adds a word like a habit.

"Oh, you never have to thank me."

He's telling him to be thankful. The police took the lead without confirming Kwon Taek-ju's intention, saying, "This way." Unnecessary kindness was tantamount to a nuisance. However, Kwon Taek-ju was now Hiro Sakamoto.

There was no reason for a civilian who was kidnapped and threatened with his life to defeat the protection of public power. He reluctantly accepted the favor of the officer.

On one side of the parking lot stood a volga with peeling paint and crumpled in places. It seemed to be at least 15 years old. The police loaded Kwon Taek-ju's bag on the trunk that was crushed and could not be opened well. Kwon Taek-ju took out the appropriate clothes and put them on.

Meanwhile, the officer entered the driver's seat and started the engine. The old body trembled.

He thought about sitting in the back seat for a while. It wasn't like he was going to die for being so rude. However, the Japanese tended to avoid disrespect and

inconvenience. Eventually, he opened the auxiliary seat door with a sigh close to a sigh.

He inadvertently sat down and put his hand under his butt. Something seemed to be on the floor and the stockings came out. The policeman snatched it and threw it backwards. Crabs of bread, paper cups, and adult magazines rolling on the dashboard were stuffed everywhere.

"I thought you were only close to paper, but I guess you like sports, too?"

He was embarrassed, so he hurried to talk to him. He seemed to have noticed Kwon Taek-ju's body a while ago. The muscles naturally strengthened while working were different from artificially inflated. It didn't suit a man who spent all day at his desk. He shrugged his shoulders and said that physical strength is also important to sit for a long time. His ears were itchy even after he said it.

The car couldn't get out of the police station for a long time. This is because there was a problem with the rear wheels and they had to be replaced with a new one before departure. At that time, he tried to take a taxi, but the police insisted on taking him home in the name of protecting the victim and witness. In the end, he had to change the tires to leave the police station.

"When you go to the accommodation, don't think about anything and rest well.

Drinking a glass of vodka is also a good way to sleep. We will punish the group that put you in trouble one by one. But what did you say earlier?...."

The policeman who was talking to himself tilted his head. He looked at him without an answer because it was an extensive question.

"Why, didn't you say there was one more person besides the ones who died at the scene. He's wearing high-end cowhide shoes. Did you say he smelled something rotten? He poked another guy's eyeball and dropped it under the building, right?"

Throughout his stay at the police station, he repeatedly stated what he witnessed at the scene. Nevertheless, the officer in charge did not remember any of them properly. It means he's not interested. It seems that everything that was said was empty because it was a hit and a punishment. He didn't expect it in the first place.

He gave a low sigh and corrected him.

"It's not cowhide shoes, it's crocodile skin."

"That's right. It could be just the shape. Cowhide shoes in crocodile-skin style."

"Crocodile skin, obviously, that's right. I don't remember the brand exactly, but the price should be at least 250,000 rubles. The color was dark brown and the size was between US13 and 14, and the condition was as good as it had just been taken out of the box. That means there was no time for shoes to wear or, I guess it's just been bought. Either of them would be a fairly wealthy man."

He was so angry that he had to refute it. Before he knew it, the policeman had surprised eyes. It's a product that he has been paying attention to while looking away. It wasn't without a word at all. Nevertheless, the policeman did not easily catch his eye. He glances at me as if he has any doubts, and suddenly laughs.

"Yes. Let's say it's crocodile leather shoes."

He was willing to compromise with kindness. It wasn't very pleasant to see him split. He feels like he has become a fastidious person for nothing. Even if he tried not to show his face, he couldn't be seen and became dissatisfied. He feels like he's going to die because he keeps suppressing his temper.

The running car stopped at a stop signal. Kwon Taek-ju, who had remained calm until then, couldn't resist and opened his mouth.

"And it wasn't the smell of rotting, it was the smell of burning. It's not a regular cigarette, it's like a homemade cigar."

"Yes, I will refer to that as well."

He replied half-heartedly. Anyway, the police officer did not seem interested in the killer who appeared in the middle of the city. Rather, he expressed a great interest in Japanese women. While going, he kept asking if they really supported their husbands like Sangjeon, whether the waistband of the kimono was for rugs to lie down anywhere. He felt like he could be sure. This damn Russian police never caught the killer.

After a hell of patience, the car arrived in front of a luxury hotel.

"Well, we have arrived. We don't know when they will target you again, so you'd better change your accommodation if possible. If you need a personal bodyguard, please contact me separately. I'll help you with all my heart. Oh, I don't need any examples.I'll buy you a drink later, you can think of it."

Now he can't even laugh bitterly. He forced up his stiff mouth.

"Let's think about it. Thank you for everything today."

"The new world is just Russia's loyalty. You don't have to thank me."

He wondered why he couldn't say that again. He bowed his head and turned quickly. The policeman said a terrible goodbye, saying, "Call a drinking friend if you need it."

Entering the lobby, the potter took his bag. The hotel was less than an hour away from the airport. Nevertheless, he arrived in half a day due to delays, kidnappings, and even investigations. Completely exhausted, the walk to the desk was limp.

"Welcome, sir."

Despite the polite greeting, he only presented his passport and credit card without saying anything. The employee also silently rushed to check in because he looked exhausted. He was able to get a room key before long.

He hesitated as he tried to go straight up to the room he was assigned to. Kwon Taek-ju, who was thinking about something, soon turned around and asked.

"Is there a homemade cigar store near here?"

"Homemade cigars are also sold in our hotel's stores. We have a variety of products, so you can find a cigar that suits your taste. You can go back to the back of the lobby. Here, I'll give you a facility map."

The staff handed over the catalog. He walked in the direction he showed him at once. He was desperate to take a rest, but it was also true that he felt uncomfortable, so he thought it would be better to check. When the mission began in earnest, it would have been difficult to make time separately.

Handmade cigar boutiques were quickly found. The colorful exterior and high-end products displayed in the show window caught his eye at once. He went inside without thinking. A handsome clerk who was organizing the store welcomed him pleasantly, asking him to come.

"Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"I don't know the brand. I smelled it by chance."

He looked around in a vague way. The clerk raised his dark eyebrows slightly, and came out to the display.

"Cuba handmade cigars are one of the best in the world. Most of the cigars here are from Cuba. It's just a different brand. Handmade does not mean that it is 100% made on a small scale. The market price you're looking at right now is Macanudo, the number one seller in the U.S. Selling a lot means that it's popular. It's perfect for beginners. The soft taste is excellent."

It seemed that Kwon Taek-ju was seen as a beginner in handmade cigars. He looked around at the "Macanudo" handed over by the clerk.

"What's the price range for this?"

"It's around $7 per unit. It's substantial."

"Then it won't be."

He returned the cigar. The clerk put it down on the road rack and checked and asked.

"Are you looking for the cigar you came across by chance?"

"Yes. I really want to know what it is."

"Hmm. Then give me a hint."

The clerk gave a strange smile. Among the dozens and hundreds of kinds of cigars, the recklessness of finding a specific product only by accident seemed to be the unique interest of the business operator. It was like a mystery with professional pride.

"It was smoked by a shoe wearer worth $4,000."

"He must be quite rich in that shoes are consumables. They're looking for the best of everything. All of the products here are good, but there are more special ones. This right over here is a poem called Romeo this Julietta. It has a matte and rich spicy taste. You can also feel the smell of wet soil, mushrooms, and sweet honey."

"It smelled wet, but it didn't smell like soil or mushrooms. It smelled a little sweet, and you were far from honey, too."

"If it didn't smell like soil, it wouldn't be Eli Del Mundo. Did you smell the wood burning? What's the smell of leather?"

"Yes. I think it was close to the smell of wood burning. It didn't smell like leather."

"Was the smell very spicy?"

"Well... it wasn't hot."

"Then it wouldn't be Monte Cristo. How was the body? Was it a long cylinder overall? Or the side where the head and foot are sharply finished?"

"All I saw was the part left after smoking. It wasn't sharp. I could feel the aroma-like scent, too."

"Oh, then is it this way?"

The clerk smiled brightly and took out a cigar. Even though he didn't ask for it, he explains it in detail.

"Its name is Cohiba Behike. It's characterized by a deep and delicate scent. It has a heavy yet sweet aroma scent, and it has a subtle degree of flavor overall.

Would you like to try smoking it?"

He nodded silently. The clerk lit up the "Cohiba Behike" using a cigar-only torch.

Unlike common cigarettes, the tip of the cigar burned slowly as if the leaves were on fire. The ashes remained attached, maintaining their shape without falling to the floor.

He savored the scent of cigars that filled his mouth. He also plays the role while watching the burning cigar. But in the end, he shook his head.

"It's similar, but a little different."

"How is it different?"

"The overall feeling is quite similar. But the smell of the cigar I smelled at that time was a little deeper, and the aroma scent seemed to be richer. Besides, this cigar doesn't smell wet."

"If you smelled something wet, it may be because they put a little cognac on the end before burning the cigar. That way, the unique flavor of cognac blends with the scent of cigars."

The clerk gestured for a moment and went inside. After a while, he returned with a glass of alcohol in his hand. It seemed to be cognac. Cut off the burning cigar with a cutter and coat it with cognac. Then he lit the fire again and handed it to Kwon Taek-ju.

"How about this time?"

"It's become more similar. But it's still not the same."

The clerk is deeply troubled by the disappointing answer. He mumbled to himself, fiddling with his wrinkled brows like a habit.

"Similar in scent means the same kind of cigar, which was much darker and richer...Then one thing comes to mind."

"What's that?"

He asked back quickly. The clerk swept his chin and pondered more before opening his mouth.

"Normally, Cohiba products are made by ripening Tobacco leaves, the main ingredient, twice. However, a few years ago, there was a limited production and sale of 'Cohiba Behike' to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the birth of the city of Cohiba. It is made by ripening the finest tobacco leaves three timesIt's even more. It keeps the right humidity and temperature for the best taste, and it's been stored in a cigar box for six years after completion to enhance the scent. The unfortunate thing is that the cigar was sold only in Spain for 4,000

packs. Many cigar enthusiasts tried to get the product. I was one of them. The characteristic of the limited product is that it smells heavier than regular Cohiba products.It also has a lot of aroma scent. Since it is a limited product, the price is 400 dollars. Of course it's for one."

Four hundred dollars a piece, a heavy, deep and rich aroma scent. The reason why it smells wet is that it is soaked with cognac at the end of the poem. $4,000

shoes, $400 every time. It was clear that the inhumanely affluent environment turned humans into monsters.

"Do you have that limited product?"

"I'd like to take a look at it in person."

The clerk smiled vainly. Anyway, thanks to him, his curiosity was solved. As a reward, he took out some bills and handed them over. Three hundred-dollar bills were worth the estimate.

"You don't have to do this. You couldn't even find the product you wanted."

"Then just take this. I must have been annoying, but thank you in many ways."

He picked up a $20 handmade cigar that was nearby. Then he got out of the boutique on the way.It's a Cohiba Behike that has only 4,000 packs in the world, and has a taste for the subject of murder.

As he entered the room, he saw a bag that arrived first. Without time to unpack, he took off his clothes and headed to the bathroom. Pull the lever as soon as he enters the shower booth. Hot water gushed down from his head. He had been hit by water for a while, holding his upper body against the wall. He needed time to organize his thoughts.

He agreed with the police that the kidnapping on arrival in Russia was the work of forces hostile to the energy facility contract. There was no other doubt.

However, what he couldn't understand was the identity of the crocodile leather shoes that appeared at the scene. Who the hell is he, and for what reason did he appear there. Ultimately, he got his help, but it was hard to guarantee that it was an ally. Did he not intend to harm Kwon Taek-ju

himself from the beginning, or did he not do anything because of the police who were dispatched quickly.

Just the fact that he was behind him took his breath away. He could hardly move.There was a breathless crocodile next to him, and the moment he flinched, he felt like he was going to be torn to pieces by him. Feeling thrown into a complete world of barbarism without a thread on. It was the first time he didn't even dare to fight back. He tried to fight with the will to live, but it was ridiculously easy to give in. What would have happened if he was determined to hurt him?

Shoes with a pointed nose, the smell of burning cigars, a calm voice, and relentless violence. His violence did not stop at simply overpowering his opponent. It was close to the process of slowly imprinting fear and destroying it in detail.

He shook his head, biting his molars. It is tough enough to shake off the afterimage that follows. If it was a bad memory to keep holding, it was right to shake it off as soon as possible.

He was in a hurry to finish his shower, but the bandage wrapped around his arm was permanent. Without much consideration, he removed the damp bandage.

The wrist was stiff, but it wasn't unbearable.

The artificial skin that had been covering the face was also removed at once.

Kwon Taek-ju's cool mask was located where his dim features fell off. He quickly finished washing his face and shampooing and put on a robe.

As soon as he came out, he opened his bag. As much as Kwon Taek-ju, the belongings in the bag were mixed and messed up. As he sweep through the top clothes, he can see razors, game consoles, watches, tablets, and cameras.

Arrange them in a row and pull out a small screwdriver from a portable toolbox.

Then, at a glance, he began to disassemble the objects that were clearly new.

Take out only the necessary parts from each and reassemble them. So he connected a small device that was completed to a work cell phone. It was a high-tech device that periodically changes IP while using the hotel's communication network and blocks eavesdropping or hacking attempts. He finally plugged it into his laptop and booted it.

Enter the password and wait for a while. Soon a plain desktop appears. Among the countless icons, he clicked on and ran a commonly used SNS messenger.

When he logged in, the National Intelligence Service emblem appeared and was immediately connected to the headquarters. He was late right after that, and he appeared on the screen criticizing him. Kwon Taek-ju is full of complaints.

"If I'm were going to disguise your identity, why didn't you choose a safer guy?"

- It's worth being kidnapped to meet high-ranking people.

"You sound like you almost knew it would be like this?"

- Don't tell me you should have. I thought it could be. You're an excellent agent, and I believed you'd come back alive no matter what the crisis was.

Whatever he says, he's a smooth talker. He asked even with a complacent face.

"What the hell happened? You said you would definitely come to meet me from Gazprom."

- I did. They contacted me to send someone to the airport.

"Are you sure you're in touch with Gazprom?"

- That's what I almost found out. No matter how much I wait over there, you won't come out and I'm calling Sergeant Itochu. I managed to turn the line around and finally block it. I heard your plane didn't arrive on time because of the internal disturbance? It seems that the staff from Gazprom who came to the airport for the service were mixed. I heard that an Asian who entered the country before you impersonated Hiro Sakamoto. It wasn't until later that I realized that he wasn't Hiro Sakamoto. In the meantime, you've been happily kidnapped by a sham employee.

Yeah, it was from the aircraft that the sun began to twist, in the wake of a drunken Russian's rampage. He left the gate late and met Vasily, who pretended to be a Gazprom employee.

'But you're way behind schedule?'

'There was a little commotion on board.'

'Any other drunkard has gone on a rampage?'

'...how?'

How did he know? He knew because he's one of them. Vasily, he killed him too easily. He knitted his forehead while clenching his fist at the soaring man. It was because my wrists were sore.

He stared down at his right arm. There was congestion in the area that was caught by the killer in the shape of a finger. The embarrassment of the moment he encountered him, which he had tried hard to suppress, revived. He felt like he had to find out who he was. If he didn't, he felt like he would reflect on the beggar's submission throughout.

Kwon Taek-ju confided in Lim about the murder. He was going to borrow the intelligence of the headquarters. Lim, however, responded with a lackluster response.

- Well, if you haven't even seen his face, there's no way you can confirm who he is. I heard that 4,000 packs of cigars were sold that you looked into separately. It means that there are up to 4000 buyers, but if you track them all, you'll stay up all day. Besides, the shoes he wore weren't limited.

Kwon Taek-ju opened his mouth and closed it again. It wasn't wrong either.

- You've been working so hard since the first day?

Even with Lim's comfort, he only held his head in a sour way. Manager Lim, who was watching for a while, tilted his upper body forward.

- No matter how much you prefer to work alone, you can't relax from afar because you're in such a hurry from the beginning. There's no other child left by the water.

He makes a sudden tickle. So one after another, he started to rhyme. It didn't smell good.

- I've got someone to help you.

"You didn't say that, did you?"

He frowned. This was Kwon Taek-ju's own solo mission. He didn't hear that he would have a partner until just before the departure.

But now, it's not until he gets here that he secretly tells the truth. He's such a nerd. He glared at the monitor. Manager Lim made a fuss without paying attention.

- My friend who knows the movement path of power and money as well as the geography of the place. It'll be a great help. I'll look at the situation and try to contact them the day after tomorrow. I'll send you his picture when the time comes, so check it out properly.

He spews out what he has to say to the point of shamelessness. Then he thought of something and said, "Oh, I did."

- You will meet the contractors in person from tomorrow, so please be aware of the construction of the LNG facility.

The communication was cut off even before Kwon Taek-ju responded. A file arrived one after another.It was from Lim. He opened the attached file with a complacent expression. Soon, the details of the contract between Russia and Japan and data related to the construction of LNG facilities appeared in a 527p PDF file.

"....."

Kwon Taek-ju, who was staring at a document full of small letters, suddenly turned his head. A comfortable bed without a wrinkle was enticing him. But there was no choice.

He raised himself with a long sigh that stretched his shoulders. Open the minibar and take out the beer. After emptying about half of the steaming beer on the surface at once, he returned to the table. Take a deep breath while sitting down. After a long time, his luck went off properly.

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Kwon Taek-ju was sitting in the main restaurant with an extremely bored look.

Key figures from both Russia and Japan were scheduled to enjoy a luncheon there. Fortunately, Japanese officials did not raise any doubts.In fact, there was no need to pay attention to a boss employee. After finishing today's luncheon safely, he can only attend the celebration that will be held in a few days. As soon as Russian political and business tycoons entered the venue, the play as Hiro Sakamoto was over.

He suddenly looked into his watch. The appointed luncheon time was noon.

However, the minute hand was already well past '12' and was heading for '6'.

Those who arrived on time stayed awkwardly for nearly 30 minutes. It was because Gazprom's representative did not arrive. The Gazprom worker called the company several times to confirm. It was pathetic to see him struggling without sitting properly.

"...Mr. Sakamoto?"

The distracting scene took his eyes off, and he missed the question of the Russian official.

"What? Oh, I'm sorry. What did you say...."

"I heard that you had a terrible incident on the day you entered the country. Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes. The Russian police came in time, so I was safe. He kindly escorted me to the accommodation."

"I don't know how to apologize for this... I'm sorry to let you go through that."

"No, it's not something to apologize for. Rather, I should have been careful, but I am ashamed."

He replied abominably, but he didn't look sorry at all. It's okay, but the opponent didn't stop apologizing. Then, even the Japanese delegation began to bow together. "I'm sorry to have troubled you, it's our fault, so there's nothing to worry about, you're sorry, I'm sorry, it's a mess."

He felt sick and tired. As he rose from his seat, delegates from both sides drew their attention. Kwon Taek-ju, who tried to sneak out, smiled awkwardly and asked for understanding.

"Excuse me for a moment."

He even pretended to wash his hands and went outside. He sighed as soon as he closed the door. He paused while loosening his tight tie. A working-level official of Gazprom, who was still on a call to urge, stood in the aisle.

He pecked at the other end of the line in a rather furious tone, but with his voice to the full.

"Where is the CEO? Did he leave? Who are you going to stop?"

It slipped past him. Soon after, the working-level official burst into anger that he had suppressed.

"A representative? What do you mean? I can't believe an agent is coming!"

It was a moment when patience was in vain. Kwon Taek-ju kicked his tongue low and headed leisurely to the bathroom.

The toilet was found only when he went down an independent corridor. He opened a door as long as a ceiling of about 5 meters and entered. Just like a habit, he looks at the inside first.There was no sign of popularity. He takes a breath and stands in front of the sink.

He looked back on his behavior while wiping his hands that were not stained.

The day before yesterday, he fell asleep while looking at the PDF file that Lim sent him. It wasn't a bad night, except that the dream was a little unsettled. He may have fainted for a while because both his mind and body were exhausted.

Yesterday, he finished looking at the PDF files left in the morning and went to the airport to meet the main camp of the Japanese delegation in the afternoon.

Even if he checked the situation one by one from then to a while ago, there seemed to be no major mistake. Studying was also cramming, and thanks to the contract data that he read in two days, he was able to understand the conversations that came and went without difficulty.

Around that time, he heard some words outside the door. The voice belonged to one person. He seemed to be on the phone unless he was talking to himself at length. He wonders if he's working at Gazprom. As the

door opened, the voice reached more clearly. His body stiffened for a moment.

"...No. I did come, but I thought it would be boring."

He felt as if he had encountered it somewhere. Where was it?

It wasn't a very old memory. But he hasn't heard it so often that he's used to it.

Nevertheless, one day when it was so intense that it was clearly imprinted in his mind.

While struggling to bring up memories that seemed to come to mind, the voice rang again earlier. It was exactly at the back.

"Let's be clear about what we say. If it's a mess, that's..."

It's him. He could be sure without looking back. Two days ago, it was clear that the killer was encountered in the makeshift building. As soon as he realized the fact, his whole body became keen. The first thing he woke up was his sense of smell.

He could feel the deep scent of the wet leaves burning. There was no doubt a subtle cognac and rich aroma scent. Cohiba Behike. A stimulus that could not be ignored seemed to weigh on the shoulder. Even though the opponent didn't bite a cigar.

His voice still lingered behind his back. This is because he stopped walking at the door and continued the call.

Meanwhile, he suddenly felt a gaze. He still didn't look back or stare in the mirror, but he was sure. He's looking at Kwon Taek-ju himself. His spine has cooled off.

"First of all...okay."

Whether it was an illusion, first of all, the tone seemed to have decreased a little.

The call is cut off one after another. The eyes searching from behind became clearer. Him and Kwon Taek-ju are now completely alone in the bathroom, where even the sound of the phone call has stopped.

He kept washing his hands and checking his movements. He kept his eyes on his hands, and didn't show that he recognized him. The air becomes heavy rapidly.

Time went by slowly.

How long has it been? The stopped man's steps fell again. He settled in the sink right next to Kwon Taek-ju. Soon the water poured with a chuckle. He began to rub his hands lightly. Even with that small movement, the scent of Cohiba Behike thickens. At the same time, the memory of the first day he smelled the scent came back.

Kwon Taek-ju acted as nonchalantly as possible. He closed the water as if he was not aware of him, and removed moisture from his hands with a towel that was prepared.

He doesn't know why the killer appeared here at this time. What a bloody coincidence if it was. Considering the economic situation alone, he did not appear where he could not come. The only problem was that he was locked up in a closed space with him.

He should avoid it. He should not stay in the same space with him dominating his whole body. He felt his brain pressure rise in tension.

He threw the wet towel into the collection box and tried to get out straight away. In the meantime, a word thrown at him catches his step.

"He doesn't even say hello? I think I've met him before."

In addition, the Japanese were so rude. He didn't look back. He couldn't even pull back the door handle he was holding. He didn't know what would happen if he moved in vain. Even if there was a mishap in here right away, no one would have known if he broke Kwon Taek-ju himself and killed him. It will be discovered late only after changing the order.

While hesitating, he sarcastically said, "That's all the courtesy of a samurai". It's a laid-back tone, but it didn't just sound comfortable.

He has been quieter since. Kwon Taek-ju, who was concentrating all his senses on the back, finally came out without saying anything. As soon as the door was closed and separated from him, a sigh of relief leaked out. His heart thumped wildly. Maybe he just didn't recognize it, it's been like that for quite a while. He didn't remember when he was so nervous.

'I'll have to go far away first'. So, he was about to follow his instinct. Out of the blue, a vibration rang from the inside of the jacket. Hiro Sakamoto's cell phone was in the outer pocket, so the current vibration must have originated from a cell phone for communication with the headquarters.

He remembered that he would send him a picture of his partner who will join soon. He reached into his jacket and took out his cell phone. Indeed, a photo was sent from the manager Lim.

He checked the picture without hesitation. It took about two to three seconds for the device to fully display the picture on the screen. One second, two seconds, and three seconds. He tapped the message that says 'down complete'.

The long-awaited picture filled the screen.

"...Hmm? It's you."

He almost dropped his cell phone. It was because someone's voice suddenly intervened.

He just rolled his eyes silently and looked at the floor. He saw a shadow that swallowed him. It was coming over from behind. He could tell who it was without looking back. Because of the thick woody smell, which would paralyze the olfactory cells.

Gazprom's representative never showed up.In the end, the waiting party had a meal, had a chat for a while, and broke up. The Japanese delegation, exhausted from the long flight, also scattered to their respective rooms.

Thanks to him, he was able to finish my routine earlier than expected. The real problem is from now on.

Kwon Taek-ju couldn't even enter his room and wandered around the door all the time. It's been a while since he took a deep breath and opened the door.

"....."

His eyes went straight to the table by the window. The killer left a decent chair and sat on it looking out the window. Perhaps because of his long legs, he seemed more comfortable. A high-pressure energy flowed from his wide shoulders and firmly entangled back. He quietly turned his head, perhaps recognizing the gaze he was looking at.

The hair with backlight shone in the middle of white and gold. The light but unstoppable eyebrows made him guess the sensitive nature. The eyes covered by the long eyelashes formed a mysterious ensemble with secret barbarism, and the translucent nasal eyes with cold reason. The sharp and smooth nose bridge naturally drew attention to the lips. The tension didn't ease even though he had a clear smile. Human eyes can't lie, so the person who pretends will always be the lips that draw the line.

It's a pretty face overall, but he didn't like it very much. When his eyes met, the air particles around him seemed to freeze. His eyes, which seemed to be quietly wriggling and searching for food, did not look like a human eye light at all.

He readily recommended Kwon Taek-ju, who stood firm at the door.

"Don't hesitate to come in."

It's completely out of the question. He shook his head and took off his jacket.

The sudden turn of the head was because the scent of a dense cigar came out.

He was deeply offended even though it wasn't very disgusting. He didn't know it was because of the afterimage at the time of the first meeting.

Maybe he didn't know Kwon Taek-ju's face-filled antipathy, but he stretched out his arms and asked for a handshake.

"It's Zenya."

Kwon Taek-ju stared at Zenya's hand sticking out in front of him. Was it this side that penetrated a person's eyeballs? He thought so casually, but suddenly the hand reached out. Unconsciously, he flinched and bit his upper body.

The white fingertips stopped right in front of Kwon Taek-ju's left chest. He couldn't breathe properly because of the lungs that were tightened at the moment. The fingers that had stopped as they were, soon moved gently as if they were teasing Kwon Taek-ju. He was so nervous that he let go of it. Kwon Taek-ju's face is full of displeasure. Zenya twitched as he bit his hand.

"You don't look so happy?"

"Why not? But it might get better if I keep you short-handed "

He bit his molars. The lower jaw was tightened automatically. Maybe he heard it as a joke, but he just smiled and spilled it.

"So, what's your name?"

"You know that."

"It was hard to pronounce. Is there anything easier?"

"If it's hard, shouldn't you say it?"

"....."

Zenya threw a sharp look at his blunt reply. The lips are still in long curves, and the eyes shone brilliantly. There was silence for a moment. Being

observed without countermeasures by him quickly made him feel uncomfortable.

After a while, he broke a long silence, saying, "You've been to the police station, right?" He seems to have a brazen smile as if he forgot everything about what happened before. He stared at him without replying. No, it was nothing short of a boundary. He didn't think he should show him any slack.

Zenya didn't mind getting off the table and headed to the minibar. He scoured the small bottles on display there and took out whiskey. It quenches his neck and shrugs his shoulders.

"You don't have to be so vigilant, do you? I just helped a colleague in danger."

He makes a fuss about unusual things. He kept a close eye on Zenya.

"Since when have you been watching?"

"Since then. From the beginning."

He was at the airport from the beginning? Did he follow him when he was kidnapped and saved him? Then why didn't he reveal his identity at the time.

Zenya grinned suddenly.cIt seemed to have seen through Kwon Taek-ju's questions.

"The headquarters told me to wait calmly until today. Even if you weren't being treated ugly that day, there was no reason for me to step up."

His whisky-soaked lips twitched to the brim. The shame he had been trying to suppress raised his head. He thought it would be a second class that was not human at all, but it was a colleague. His pride has been hurt.

"The first impression is dirty. Just show me a sore eye."

He responded with a kick. There was no reason to save himself unless he knew that Zenya was a partner. He and Kwon Taek-ju are one of them. Just

that one fact blew away the first fear he had in his life. Zenya gagged and booed at the sudden bruise.

"Why are you such a poor pacifist?"

"I like the neat side."

"It's neat, so it's a gun.If it's wrong, it's a bomb? That's it, it's heartless."

Shake his head with a hateful expression.Then he tapped his temples with his fingers.

"Think about it. You want everyone to be special, don't you? You want to be holy even when you're out of breath. But how futile and boring would it be if your death was lumped in the corner of a newspaper article with "death from a shooting"? If you pierce both eyes, you can take up one more line. Good is good, right?"

It was sophistry. A psychopath's sophistry to justify his wrongdoing. Kwon Taekju was sarcastic as if he was not praying.

"When the day comes for me to go into your hands, I beg you, so just kill me in a lame way."

"Well. It's going to be difficult, but I'll think about it."

He's hesitating that it's something to worry about. "Don't worry", he added.

"If you don't harm me, that won't happen. Even so, they only deal with self-defense."

"He's a poor pacifist."

He returned the words he had been sarcastic about a while ago. He smiled and threw the whiskey he was drinking. It was already half empty because it was a small bottle. Without hesitation, he put his mouth on his mouth and shook off the leftover alcohol. His tongue tingled as he felt his esophagus burning.

Then, the cell phone rang from the inside of the jacket he took off. He put down an empty bottle and took out his cell phone. A photo was sent from the headquarters again this time. "Let's wait a moment", a Russian with a stingy impression fills the screen. Is this the "Psyche Bogdanov" that he said to be careful about. He guessed vaguely, but Zenya, who approached me, snatched his cell phone.

"I was told to be careful of him, do you know him?"

Zenya, who was checking the picture with his eyes narrowed, nodded.

"Sure. I know it well, very well."

"What do you think?"

"You'd better not touch it. I didn't see him look good because I touched him."

"Is Morgan's death also related to this man?"

"Morgan is the American you were talking about the other day? Well, maybe it's crazy, but maybe it's not. Never mind. You're not here to get back at me, are you? Let's let him play like him, and let's do our work."

"All the crazy sounds come out of your mouth. You're a great man I can't imagine."

He shook his head. Zenya had nothing but a smirk. Even if he was that crazy Bogdanov right now, he would be able to believe it. He couldn't imagine that even such a person would say that he was crazy.

Anyway, if it's tangled and there's nothing good, it is best not to bump into it. He didn't even have to care about the person he hadn't met yet. For the moment, he had to concentrate on the task given.

"I heard that you are familiar with the political structure and the flow of money here?"

"Of course. I can line you either way if you want."

He didn't look like he had any sense of bluff. Since he had to take on a partner he didn't want, he thought it would be better to pull it out enough to eat it. It seemed that the first day, which had been twisted since the first day, was finally going smoothly.

Kwon Taek-ju became a light-hearted stranger for the first time in a long time and ordered.

"First of all, I want you to select a person who is familiar with behind-the-scenes arms transactions. Whether it's a funded person, a real developer, or a business that buys and sells it, it's everything. If you want to meet Anastasia, you have to go to the entrance first."

When "Anastasia" was mentioned, Zenya's eyebrows wiggle slightly. It was not a clear change that was noticed at once.

However, he nodded gently for a moment, saying, "He knew.Get up with your coat right away."

"Tomorrow, then, I'll get ready and talk to you again He followed Zenya to his feet. Why does it sound so pleasant to say he's going to go. Kwon Taek-ju closely followed him with the energy to drive out Zenya as well as its unique scent. First, extend his arm and open the door by hand.

Zenya went out obediently. He said, "See you tomorrow," instead of saying, "Go away." Then, as he pulled the door, it closed. When he looked down curiously, he could see a new pointed shoe nose between the doors. He looked up at

Zenya with a complacent face. Then he cut it thin and slightly bent his upper body. At last, his eyes were set.

"Let's slowly rip off the real face inside the porridge."

A voice with laughter sounded dreary. He frowned and glared at Zenya. He smiled again and walked over the hall with his upper body straightened. He watched it through and closed the door.

As soon as he got to the elevator, the door opened. Eyes met with the man who was riding inside in advance. Zenya stood with his back turned in front of it. In the elevator going down quickly to the first floor, the man behind his back suddenly spoke.

"What shall we do?"

Zenya glanced at the dwindling number of floors. His mouth, which was calm in some way, is slightly twisted. One after another he murmured in a languid tone.

"Fly it. Don't leave a cave or something to run away from."

***

"......?"

The bell rang from the morning. He checked the time without attaching an artificial skin. The desk clock pointed to 8 a.m. There is a long way to go before the scheduled housekeeping. There is no official schedule for the visiting group today. Is it Zenya? Then it seems to be diligent unlike what it looks like.

He finished organizing and headed to the door. He was going to ask who it was, but it revealed it's identity first outside.

"It's a room service."

He opened the door with a questioning look on his face. Perhaps he heard it wrong, a dedicated cart was parked in the hallway in front of the room. The server dressed in the hotel uniform greeted me politely.

He pulled his head out and looked out into the hallway. It was early, so the surrounding area was just calm. In the meantime, he blocked the server saying,

"Can I go in?"

"I think you came to the wrong room"

"Nine eleven, sir."

"I never ordered room service."

"Oh, it's from someone else."

Someone else? Is that him?

"Mr. Gazprom."

Alas, he laughed absurdly. Even a colleague was like a killer. What kind of recognition did he expect from him?

If Gazprom's representative sent it, would it be an apology for what happened yesterday. Not only couldn't attend the luncheon he arranged, but he didn't even show up. He would have contacted him again if he refused. There is no need to draw unnecessary attention by making unnecessary discourtesy.

He shook his head inside the room to come in. The lightly saluted server familiarly put the cart in. The food brought to the window table was served. The server, who even put down the tableware neatly, stepped down, saying, "Please call me if you need anything else." He doesn't know what the boss is during the operation.

The bowls were all covered with silver. Nevertheless, the subtle smell showed that Russian soups such as borsy, toast, egg dishes, fruits and coffee were prepared.

As he slowly scanned the table, he noticed a card stuck in the memo rack. It would have written an obvious greeting. He checked the contents with a faint face. There was only one word written there. The four alphabets are clearly engraved on the note.

"Boom."

Immediately threw the card and ran for the door. There was no room to judge the situation. It was the moment when Kwon Taek-ju, who took off with his teeth clenched, touched the door handle.

The air instantly expanded with a tremendous roar. Regardless of his will, Kwon Taek-ju's body flew to the side wall and hit it. Shortly thereafter, the floor that had been on the ground collapsed under a shovel. The explosion broke the windows in the front of the room and shattered the furniture provided. As the ceiling vibrated, sharp alarms began to ring throughout the hotel.

The people who stayed in the hotel stopped everything at once. Roll his eyes and see what happened.

"Argh!"

"Argh!"

Everyone almost simultaneously recalled 'terrorism'. Immediately after that, he runs away in a panic, regardless of who comes first. The voices of employees trying to calm their customers were completely buried by screams everywhere.

While running toward the narrow exit in unison, a large and small collision occurred. He didn't hesitate to push and knock someone down to get out first.

The person who was busy jumping down the stairs collapsed, and those who followed jumped or stepped on him.It would be there if there was an extreme fear, a living hell that paralyzed the mind.

The situation calmed down after the fire brigade was dispatched. After the extinguishing work was completed, a fully armed explosive removal team was

deployed. The reporters who came running after hearing the news delivered the atmosphere of the scene in a heightened voice. Compared to the size of the explosion, the number of injuries was high. Most of the injuries were caused during evacuation rather than direct trauma. The ambulances, which ran in a row, carried patients constantly.

In the mess, a man was confronting a paramedic. The man who was hurt the most at a glance was none other than Kwon Taek-ju.

"Now I'm so surprised that I can't feel the pain. You'll regret it later when you come to your senses. Since you hurt your head, you'd better go to the hospital right away and get a CT scan first. Please lie down."

The rescuers raised their voices, constantly glancing at the stretcher. It was no use refusing to say it was all right. Kwon Taek-ju sighed with a sign of exhaustion.

"Well, I take care of my work. Take care of other patients at times like this."

"I want to leave a stubborn man like you alone, but I can't because of principles.

Are you going to take responsibility if you go wrong and I get a pay cut?"

"It's because you're bleeding, but it's not a serious injury?"

"It's a matter for medical personnel to judge."

It's crazy. Being fine was not an empty word. His forehead was just a little torn and bleeding. This is enough to disinfect and attach a bandage. Hemostasis may require suture, but it was a few needles at best. Delaying treatment would not have caused problems. Nevertheless, the paramedic in front of me was helpless.

Who the hell wants to be stubborn.

He disheveled his hair with an expression of frustration. He had his left jaw unnaturally wrapped. It was because the artificial skin in the vicinity was peeled off by the explosive power. Paramedics didn't let the figure slide either.

"Are you hurt, too? Let's see."

He knocked out the hand of an approaching paramedic. The paramedic's eyes are wide open at the furious reaction. He didn't get angry at him for

grinding the back of his hand. It's just that the look got even more serious. Now, Kwon Taekju seemed to be convinced that there was something wrong with his mental state due to the shock of the accident. He nodded as if he understood everything and gently swept Kwon Taek-ju's back. Then he winked lightly and called his colleague. A fellow member of the team, who was watching the two's long scuffle, came running in a heartbeat. Now, both sides hold Kwon Taek-ju's arm and urge him to lie down on a stretcher. A curse word leaked out of his mouth. It's annoying to receive a bomb gift in the morning, but it's almost impossible.

If he's taken away like this, he'll be caught that he's not Hiro Sakamoto. He's sure there's already police in the hospital. If camouflage is detected in such a place. The mere imagination of it made him feel distant.You can never do that.

"I'm really fine. Look, I'm fine."

Kwon Taek-ju showed off his energetic steady pace.But paramedics didn't even pretend to hear it. He just smiled and said, "Okay, let's walk like that in front of the doctor." He's going crazy. They have a lot of eyes, but he can't knock them all down.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was being dragged without countermeasures, stared at the bystanders suddenly. He seemed to see a familiar face at first glance in the midst of gathering like a swarm of clouds. As Kwon Taek-ju's eyes suddenly caught, the person watching this side hurriedly hid his appearance. It was a very suspicious gesture.

Kwon Taek-ju changed his mind and obeyed the demands of the paramedics. He was heading to the ambulance on his own feet, and he could sense a glare again. He turned around unexpectedly. Then again, the man of the ceremony disappeared behind the people. His heart jumped with a thud and a thud on his face.

It was him. Psyche Bogdanov. He is well-known as the nation's craziest man and the man who was repeatedly warned not to encounter him as much as possible.

For a moment, he was surprised, and a deep question arose in his head. Why is he here? Why, at this time? Was it just a coincidence that he was passing by around here? No, that's too far-fetched. Rather, it was more convincing that the criminal must appear at the scene of the incident. It's no wonder he did this. He just wondered why. Has he already been discovered?

After continuing this and that reasoning, he decided that he should leave his seat for now. All of the colt and other belongings had been blown away by the explosion. Even if he bumped into Psyche, it was not now that he was bare-handed. No matter how crazy he is, he wouldn't work in broad daylight, so he thought it would be better to move calmly to the hospital and escape at the right time. After paying, he was just getting in the ambulance.

Psyche Bogdanov immediately approached Kwon Taek-ju. The man who flexibly squeezed out of the crowd was unexpectedly wearing a white gown. It was the same as the paramedics' attire. He puts a white mask on his nose and heads to the driver's seat of the ambulance without hesitation. It was obvious that he would be in the same car with him if it remained the same. It's dangerous.

Instincts honked in his head constantly.

He accidentally pushed the paramedics and jumped out of the car.

"Hey!"

The fallen paramedics shouted loudly. The disturbance prompted Psyche Bogdanov to step out of the driver's seat. Kwon Taek-ju slowly stepped back with his eyes fixed on him. He also strode up with a grim face. The eyes on the mask shone brightly.

He clenched his molars and ran in the direction of the crowd. As he scrambled through the crowd, he heard voices of mumbling here and there.It was what he wanted. In this situation, it was much safer to be watched by the audience.

Perhaps because he was conscious of the attention around him, Psyche Bogdanov could not chase him quickly. He hesitated for a moment and

disappeared to the other side.

Kwon Taek-ju quickly left the hotel and entered the boulevard. The opponent must have grasped all the geography of the area. He had to go as far as he could.

He was running forward for a long time, and suddenly he heard a rough engine noise. When he turned his head, he saw a Jeep approaching quickly. The interior was not properly visible due to the thick tinting of the front glass. Nevertheless, one thing was clear. The auxiliary seat was occupied by a man in a white gown, believed to be Psyche Bogdanov.

With a low voice of abuse, he turned straight into a narrow alley where vehicles could not enter. Jeep, who had been chasing him with the strength to hit him, stopped at the entrance of the alley. One after another, the rear door burst open, and a black man stepped down from head to toe. At Bogdanov's nod, the man fluttered his long skirt and began to chase Kwon Taek-ju. Meanwhile, the jeep disappeared along the main road again. He was going to chase him from behind and block him from the front.

He kept thinking while running away. Why is Psyche Bogdanov aiming at him? If his identity was not discovered, his target would be Hiro Sakamoto. Is he unhappy with the Russia-Japan contract?

Even if he tried to guess it, he was surprised. If he want to use the contracting party as a hostage and exert his influence, it would be better to kidnap another person in the delegation, who is more expensive than Hiro Sakamoto. On the first day of entry, Hiro Sakamoto was the only contract official who could be kidnapped, but now the situation was different.

So what he's trying to catch is not Hiro Sakamoto, but himself? Why the hell?

The question is only spreading, and it has rarely been concluded.

He looked up. A spiral staircase was visible in the building ahead. He thought he would be able to escape the rat in the dock if he followed those

stairs to the rooftop or went over to the next building by railing. He drew the route in my head and made up his mind.

But the pursuer was not easy. With the sound of a bang, bullets from behind scratched the outer wall of the building ahead of Kwon Taek-ju. As if reading Kwon Taek-ju's plan, he shoots around the stairs. He's trying to climb up the vent of the next building, but there's no way he's going to shoot there.

"... damn it!"

He ran again, grinding his teeth in annoyance. The man followed persistently.

Even if he ran to the core, he couldn't see a hole to escape. How on earth can it be so quiet when federal gunfire rings on the side of a large road in the clear day of the country that it looks like. Blaming the Russian police for idleness for nothing, he turned again. The narrow road, which was barely wide enough for one person to pass, continued as it was with the boulevard next to the riverside.

He didn't foretell the current chase, but he's glad he figured out the road conditions.

A cool stretch of boulevard came into view, which was shaking badly while running. Not a few cars were passing over it. Just a little bit more. Kwon Taek-ju stepped on both legs bigger and spurt. He feels like he's running around in Russia.

It was around the time when he left the narrow alley and entered the boulevard.

A car stopped in his way. It was a jeep from Psyche Bogdanov a while ago. In the background, his servant was still narrowing the distance.

Kwon Taek-ju pushed the opening driver's door with force and closed it. The driver who was about to get off was poked back in. He used the

moment to glide over the bonnet. At a moment, the assistant's door swung back. He stumbled

because he couldn't keep his balance when he hit it. As soon as he fell, he rolled over and avoided the next lane, but the situation worsened.

A motorcycle was speeding along the lane.The driver suddenly caught the brake when he saw Kwon Taek-ju who appeared in the middle of the road. But the distance between the two was too short to stop. He couldn't even afford to get up. Kwon Taek-ju curled up reflectively. A long flash occurred when the front wheel of the motorcycle trying to stop suddenly rubbed against the road.The Psyche group, which had been driving Kwon Taek-ju, also closed their eyes as if they had sensed the worst situation.

There was a tearful roar. There was a spasm of friction. The noise around him evaporated for a moment. However, the expected shock was not inflicted.

"......?"

He opened his eyes slowly. The rear wheels of the motorcycle, which had barely stopped, were spinning in front of him. The motorcycle with the front part stuck into the jeep had been lifted from the rear due to the impact of the collision. The moment of the vacuum felt so long.

He dodged aside in a hurry. It was a move based on the instinct to survive. One after another, the rear of the motorcycle, which had been lifted momentarily, fell with a thud. If he was a little late, his head would have been smashed by the rear wheel.

When he died and came back to life, he felt relieved. His eyelids were constantly flapping. Even his sweaty body ached numbly. How many lives have been tempered since the morning.

Someone grabbed the drooping Kwon Taek-ju and raised him up. He was a servant of Psyche Bogdanov. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's opposite arm. He murmured low as he scanned the surroundings consciously.

"Stop being so loud and get on board."

A fist was inserted into the abdomen without notice. He felt emotional backflow and lost strength as if he was swept away. The group recklessly put Kwon Taekju, who was stretched out helplessly, in the back seat. Psyche Bogdanov sat next to him. One after another all the doors of the jeep were closed. Then he ran down the road as if nothing had happened.Still, there was no access to sirens, let alone police.

It's a kidnapping paradise. He laughed in a bewildered way. What's going to happen now? Like Morgan, are all my ten fingers cut off and splashed to death?

It was an end he never thought of.

At this desperate moment, Zenya, where's that damn thing stuck. It was when he suddenly recalled the existence that he had forgotten all along. From a distance came the sound of a propeller turning.

"It's him!"

They shouted at the man in the auxiliary seat. Kwon Taek-ju only rolled his eyes and looked out of the window. A helicopter was flying over the jeep. He saw a person sitting on a long leg outside the helicopter. It was a dim figure, but it must have been Zenya.

The man in the auxiliary seat immediately opened the window and opened fire.

Meanwhile, Psyche Bogdanov reached under the back seat. The item he was urgently trying to take out hits Kwon Taek-ju's foot. It was a bazooka gun.

"Open the door."

The rear window goes down at his instruction. He put his upper body completely out of the window and aimed at the helicopter. If it was properly hit, it would decompose 100%.

Kwon Taek-ju flew himself to Bogdanov. However, it did not prevent the launch itself. It was because the man in the assistant seat pressed down the temple with a gun. He was forced to step back with his arms up. Shortly thereafter, a

bazooka gun was fired with a heavy noise. The impact shook the running body on both sides.

The helicopter furiously raised its altitude to avoid flying shells. The shell, which narrowly brushed the helicopter's tail, cut through the air and was stuck in a bland building. One wall of the building broke down as if it had been pulled out.

The helicopter also launched a fierce attack as if it had been waiting. Zenya grinds the mini gun that he has been wearing all along without mercy.

He bent his upper body deeply. The same was true of Psyche Bogdanov. The driver who grabbed the steering wheel was helplessly beaten. The body is no better than a beehive.

The driver's body tilted and the steering wheel twisted. As a result, the car body was sharply tilted to the side. The man in the auxiliary seat, who was groaning with a gunshot wound, hurriedly grabbed the steering wheel. However, the car crashed into the guardrail and was stuck in the river.

"......!"

There was no time to scream. His vision turned upside down. He could hear the air dripping from all sides. Cold water poured into the nostrils and ear holes at the same time. During the gunfight, the river hit the sapsi through the tattered windows. He was suffocated, but he pulled himself together and waited for the surroundings to calm down. Before long, breathing stabilizes.

Psyche Bogdanov was also unconscious. He peeped for a moment and swam leisurely through the open window. That was the only way out, so Kwon Taek-ju swam outside.

It was then that another shot was fired out of the water. Kwon Taek-ju stepped back and hid himself inside the car body. He couldn't be sure because his eardrums were locked, but the helicopter seemed to have come down just above the surface of the water. The current was rough in the propeller's wind. At the same time, breathing began to become unstable again.

In addition, bullets continued to rain. The body of the driver and the assistant seat man, who had already lost their breath, penetrated and fluttered helplessly. The line of blood that spreads like ink in water has blurred vision. It doesn't help anyway. Does Zenya not know that he was in the car? He shoots a mini-gun with the strength not to let any living creature live.

You're crazy. You're crazy.

He managed to avoid flying bullets and burst into discontent. Waiting for the shooting to stop, he gradually lost his breath. The lungs, which were not supplied with fresh oxygen, throbbed as if they were about to tear. If he didn't go to the surface right away, he was about to choke before he was shot to death.

Just in time, the fierce shooting stopped. The shadow on the face of the water was just looking at the situation, but it didn't seem like the attack was over.

Kwon Taek-ju stirred his legs out of the window. It is only about three to four meters to the surface of the water. Zenya had to go up before firing again. He clenched his molars and plowed them through the current. At one point, the body that suddenly soared above was pulled down. Looking down curiously, Psyche Bogdanov was clutching his ankle.The face of the guy watching Kwon Taek-ju frowned a lot. Maybe he couldn't avoid the bullet, red blood leaked from his left arm.

He kicked him in the face without mercy. The hand that puts the brakes on a series of kicks falls off. But it wasn't the end. He soon grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's collar again and stretched. It was a desperate gesture because he couldn't die alone, or because he was persistent.

He swung his fist at Psyche Bogdanov. While he faltered to avoid his fist, he wounded his neck at once. He struggles all over when he is strangled. Maybe it was because of a lot of blood from a gunshot wound, but it did not use much power. It was also a problem that he ran as fast as he could breathe. Kwon Taekju was also not in a very relaxed situation. Kwon Taek-ju put more strength on the arm that tightened Psyche. Psyche, who was defiant by scratching his arm

and wriggling his whole body, cramped and stretched his limbs. Kwon Taek-ju then let him go a few seconds later.

A huge body that stopped moving slowly fell off. Watching the white face slowly sinking, he crushed the water and climbed up.

His whole body swelled up as soon as he rose to the surface. The breath he held back came out frantically. As the lungs inhaled fresh air as much as they could, not only the chest but also the airway became painful. His eyes were also wide open.

It was not long before he realized the terrible cold. His mouth, which was opened to breathe, began to snap and bump. He would have to get out of the water for now, but he didn't feel any strength in his limbs due to the last struggle. All he could do right now was relax his whole body and get rich. At that time, someone unexpectedly snatched Kwon Taek-ju's back and pulled him out.

"...Cough. Cough."

He vomited a lot of water in his lungs. He coughed for a long time to the point where his throat stings, and his head went blank. Bogdanov's stomach throbbed, too. Grabbing his stomach, he barely leaned his upper body forward and sat down. His eyelids twitched. Finally, two straight legs came into the open view. From the pointed shoe nose to the station, he could see Zenya smiling.

"How did you manage to stay alive?"

"Thanks to you, I almost died."

He coughed again and chuffed to the brim.

"What about him?"

"It stuck like a water ghost, so I sent it to the goal."

"Zenya is pretty good," he said. He stared at such a guy and then he pulled himself up. Stagnant water dripped from all over his body. Wet skin was freezing

fast from the outside. The function of the watery lungs had deteriorated, so even if he inhaled enough air, his breathing continued to rattle. He felt like he had to warm up as soon as possible.

He was about to go anywhere, but Zenya suddenly blocked him.

"That's pretty grotesque."

"What?"

He turned around and pointed at his cheek. He casually touched his face after him. Artificial skin was torn and tattered by explosions and a series of traffic accidents. He groaned low and fiddled with his skin. Zenya's eyes follow the fingertips of Kwon Taek-ju, who is still moving. He said it was grotesque in words, but in reality, he looked curious about how it felt to peel off other people's skin.

He took a straggling step, pretending not to know Zenya's interest. Then he comes along slowly and says, "Why don't you take it off?" He couldn't even laugh at the shallow trick.

When he reached the boulevard with disregard, the wind across the river hit his whole body. His teeth began to crack again. Before he knew it, he glanced at Zenya standing next to him. He really wanted his thick coat. He looked at his appearance with trembling, but he only faced me with a calm face as if why. He couldn't get a glimpse of him to take off his coat to a colleague who wouldn't be strange to freeze right away.

He gave up quickly, and waved at the running taxi. The taxi, which had been slowly stopping at Kwon Taek-ju's call, suddenly speeded up and passed by him. Were he worried about the sheets getting dirty? He may be surprised by the terrible looks of the passengers.

So he spent three or four cars for nothing. Whenever he failed to catch a taxi, Zenya burst into laughter. He couldn't help him out, but he didn't like

everything he did. His senses gradually disappeared from his fingertips and toes.

"It's because of that, no matter how much I look at it."

Zenya, who had been watching all along, intervened as if he were making fun of him. He shoots in annoyance, taps his cheek again with his fingertips and says,

"Is there a need to insist?" It wasn't exactly like that. No, it was so cold that he couldn't even think about it.

As he was interested, Kwon Taek-ju was also slowly concerned. He touched the leather dangling in the wind for nothing. Then something flew close to his face.

Reflectively, he pulled himself out and struck out what was approaching.

Zenya's hand, which extends to Kwon Taek-ju, stops in the air. Eyes met in between. Zenya didn't look as cheeky as before. Extraordinary interest wriggled in the slightly narrowed eyes.

"Why are you taking it out like this?"

"Why do you keep pushing me?"

Repeated with dissatisfaction, but Zenya reached out again, regardless. "Don't do it", he grabbed the wrist and stopped it. His head also fell back. But the next moment, Zenya's other hand rushed in and grabbed his chin.

"......!"

There was no time to do anything about it, and the tattered porridge was torn apart. The entire skin was irritated by the adhesive surface stung. His brows naturally wrinkled with a sharp pain. He opened his eyes, which had been closed for a while, by swearing. Standing in front of him, Zenya looked as if he had encountered something strange. His pale, nasal eyes roll slowly to open Kwon Taek-ju's face. The guy who only looked at the face looked at the whole body and looked at the face again.

A meaningful smile spreads around his mouth. For Kwon Taek-ju, such a reaction was more questionable. If it was his real face, he would have already seen it in pictures. Of course, the photo and the real thing may feel different, and Kwon Taek-ju's real appearance may have been unfamiliar because he has been used to Hiro Sakamoto's impression. Is it still something to look at?

It's a shame to be observed all the time, but somehow he felt like he was standing in front of Zenya without a thread on. It feels like not only the naked body but also the thoughts and thoughts contained in it are persistently revealed. It was unpleasant to shrink for no reason.

Suddenly, Zenya's lips fluttered. He didn't hear the voice properly. At first glance, "This side is more...." That's what he thought.

The wind blew hard again. He clasped his shoulders and clasped Zenya's hand.Then, when he realized his behavior, he shook his hand.

Turning to the road, Kwon Taek-ju attempted a hitchhike. However, there was no great man to help the wet, suspicious foreigners at a glance. Countless cars brushed past him coldly.

When he no longer felt the cold, something touched his shoulder. When he turned his head slightly, he saw a card that shone smoothly. Zenya, holding a card between his thumb and index finger, was tapping Kwon Taek-ju in the corner.

"What?"

"In the future, there may be more surveillance or tracking, so dig a cave and hide calmly."

"A cave?"

He thinks he heard something weird. Is there any other meaning in the Russian word "cave" that he doesn't know? For example, "Tiger Cave" or "Wolf Cave"....

Around that time, an unfamiliar bell rang. It seemed to be Zenya's cell phone.

After checking the caller, he answers the phone saying, "What's going on?" The voice was a little different from usual. It wasn't usually a friendly or sweet tone, but it was cooler and tastier than that. The tone itself seemed to be a different person.

"Okay. I'll go now."

He unilaterally listens to the other person's story and ends the phone call quickly. He stared at Zenya. Since he is a colleague, he thought he would usually tell him who he was on the phone and what he talked about. But Zenya stretched his arms over the road without a word.

Soon a taxi stopped in front of it. Before Kwon Taek-ju asked where he was going, he climbed into the back seat and closed the door. Then he started as it was.

"....."

Kwon Taek-ju stood stunned. The clothes that were wet to the core were frozen and worse than not wearing them. The hand holding the card that Zenya gave him was shaking with redness. He didn't know where to be safe. He didn't even know where this was. Still, the taxis ran away quickly, and did not pick him up.

The winter wind blew up in Moscow again. Now there was no strength left to curl up. As he watched the passing cars, his stomach rumbled. Come to

think of it, he hasn't even had breakfast yet. What movie are you watching? His situation in which he was beggar-shaped in the foreign part of this station became rapidly sad.

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He got an accommodation close to the riverside. The shabby hostel was very different from the luxury hotel where he stayed at the invitation of the Russian government. He also had several room types, but he chose the most expensive room because he was in desperate need of a hot bath. But when he came in, he couldn't understand why it was more expensive. Does the price just change with or without windows? In the small room, there was only an old bed and a portable table with broken legs that one could barely lie on. There was a small television set, but he was wondering if all the people would come in. He couldn't even dream of Wi-Fi.

Of course, if water came out well, that was no problem. He managed to take off his clothes and stand under the shower. By warming up, the water temperature valve was completely tilted toward the hot water. However, the expected hot water flowed out only when the shower was finished with cold water friction.

There was no common gown, so he came out with a large towel around his waist.

Something scatters at the sudden appearance. It was a cockroach. At least three or four. They would have been mating and laying eggs in Siberia, where temperatures were -4 to 50 degrees Celsius.

He shook his head and threw himself on the bed without hesitation. He didn't know when it was cleaned, but the mattress was dusty. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat were irritated. As a result, he did not raise his body even though he coughed continuously. He couldn't even lift a finger.

The bed creaked every time he tossed and turned. It didn't seem strange even if it collapsed right away. But let's take a nap. His body was too heavy

and his head was blank. He felt like his head would be clean if he woke up for a moment. His eyes soon faded.

He counted the dates as he closed his eyelids slowly. It's about time his mom contacted him. His cell phone and everything flew away, so he didn't know what to do. He imagined falling asleep and completely losing contact with his mother.

It would be okay for a day, but after a few days, his mother would leave the house to see Kwon Taek-ju herself. On the day when Kwon Taek-ju confirms that he was not a general administrative official, she get sick. She could have cried that she would go first rather than watch him become like his father or brother.

"I can't. I can't." He sprang up his upper body. He picked up the phone on the desk and called the lobby. Somehow the tone didn't go off. It was the same when he hung up and called again. He tugged at the phone just in case. Sure enough, an electrical cord that seemed to have been gnawed by a mouse came up.

He's getting emotional and irritated. He threw his phone away for no reason.

'Nothing is going my way today.'

What should I do? He has been struggling with his wet hair, but there's only one way. He didn't dare to put on his half-melted clothes again. Instead, he trudged down to the first floor with a towel wrapped around his waist and only covering his lower body.

Contrary to concerns, he did not encounter other guests. The owner was dozing off at the counter. When he taps the desk, he wakes up in amazement.

"Ag, you suddenly.... What's the matter?"

"I'd like to use an international phone."

"It's going to cost a lot. Will you be alright?"

"I don't care. Can I pay by credit card?"

The owner nodded half-heartedly and pulled out a phone for international calls from inside the counter. Since it has not been used for a long time, dust has not accumulated and has been burnt.

He picked up the phone after learning how to use it roughly. After entering payment-related information first, he pressed the country code and home phone number one after another.

Soon the tone began to drop. His mother answered the phone immediately.

"Hello", the voice was unusual. She seems to have worried about his arrogance again.

"It's me. Did you call?"

When he asked for a guess, a barrage of questions poured out. Why he kept silent, what happened to him, and whether he was sick. She's overly concerned as if she has been cut off for days and days. Now that he's used to it, he reassured her by saying, "Yes, yes."

The call could only be ended by pledging to call each day first. He's exhausted.

He pressed his stiff eyes and suppressed his fatigue. His stomach rumbled as he was so relieved. He was so hungry that he had to soothe his stomach so that he could sleep comfortably.

Ge looked back at the owner of the Hillgeum Hostel. After yawning, he looked annoyed.

"Is there a good restaurant around here?"

The following question was very annoying and raised his body. Then, with a little gesture, it tells him the location of a restaurant.

After explaining, the owner was about to sit down again. The towel tied to Kwon Taek-ju's waist was loosened. The towel fell to the floor without any time to stop it. Kwon Taek-ju asked the owner, who was staring at his center, for another favor.

"I think I'll need some clothes, too."

'And why did he tell me about such a shabby place among many restaurants?'

He sat in an empty restaurant and looked around. It may be a hidden restaurant that only locals know. While trying to defend himself, he changed his mind when he saw the owner of the restaurant. If the hostel owner's bushing is Ivanovich,

wouldn't the owner of this place be Ivanova. The hairstyles are just a little different, but he thought it would be hard to look like them.

There seemed to be no menu in particular. They didn't take orders either. The owner, who left Kwon Taek-ju to serve, served food that he didn't suddenly order. It was a cabbage soup, Borsi, Russian dumplings, and Pelmeni. He looked at it wonderfully, it pointed to one wall. The words coffee, vodka, and kvas were written crookedly there. He chose kvas, a traditional drink, and tasted the first food.

As soon as he took a bite, the unique smell of lamb came up. But the market was the side dish. While crumpling his brows as they are, put the food in. He drank kvas when he was thirsty.

He mumbled what was in his mouth and organized my mind. After coming to Russia, it was obvious that he was possessed. Otherwise, the situation could not have been this twisted. He was kidnapped a day after coming to Russia because he was assigned an unqualified mission from the beginning, and on the third day, he lost all his belongings in a bombing, and was almost buried a while ago, but he finally survived. Moreover, the partner was not helpful at all, so it would be a relief if he didn't die at his hands. He wasn't that unlucky in my life, but he tried to push it all at once.

His stomach was upset, but he tried to keep his composure. There was no benefit in lamenting about the past. Rather, it was constructive to think about the future. First of all, it seemed necessary to report survival and report the progress of the accident to the headquarters and receive additional support.

And he has to float anywhere right now. Seeing that he was suddenly targeted by Psyche Bogdanov, he was not sure that he was the only one who aimed at him. Understanding the situation is safe and it is not too late.

How should I get in touch with the headquarters? The communication device disappeared, and it was a top secret that Kwon Taek-ju himself was currently here. Not only the immigration authorities of the Republic of Korea but also the

embassy do not know about it. During his stay in Russia, his status was strictly Hiro Sakamoto. However, he could not visit the Japanese embassy.

No wonder. No matter how hard he thought about it, the only way was through Zenya. The problem was that he didn't even know his contact number yet. He didn't know how to meet him because he doesn't know when he'll come or where he'll see him. He didn't have any countermeasures. "Just give me the card". Where is he going?

"My goodness."

He shook his head and laid down his fork. When he was somewhat full, he no longer had the will to swallow tasteless food. He took the bill and headed to the counter. Around that time, a clear bell rang at the back door. Two officers come inside.

They exchanged friendly greetings with the restaurant owner. He sat down on his own. The owner brought the glasses and vodka with familiarity. Then flirting at their table for a while. It was a long time before the owner came to the checkout counter.

"It's 3,000 rubles."

He was dumbfounded by the late charge. It'll be full even if it's 1,000 rubles. The look on the face of the rip-off was brazen and imposing. He was dissatisfied from the level of food to the price, but he didn't have the energy to argue. It wasn't even his money anyway.

He held out his card without distancing himself. The owner showed a blatant reluctance. When he says he doesn't have any cash, they reluctantly accept the card. He was waiting for a while, but there seemed to be a problem with the device. The owner, who scratched the card several times, glanced at Kwon Taek-ju and immediately went to the police officers' table. Then, he kept glancing at Kwon Taek-ju and whispering about something.

Soon eyes met with the officers. Somehow those eyes weren't favorable. Are they talking about him?

Soon one of the officers rose from his seat. Kwon Taek-ju stared at him, approaching him with a puzzled face.

"Do you have anything to do with me?"

"Let me have a word with you, sir."

In the meantime, other police officers approached as if they were surrounded and grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arm. "What are you trying to do?" The current development was absurd.

There seemed to be some misunderstanding. Misunderstandings are usually resolved when they talk calmly. However, the problem was that the artificial leather was removed now. He can't claim Hiro Sakamoto by that appearance.

Kwon Taek-ju may reveal his true identity. He should avoid accompanying the police station somehow.

Let's shake it off and run away. It was not unreasonable to deal with the two with bare hands. It was feared that he would admit the charges of not knowing what they were by running away and turn the Russian police into

enemies for nothing. There was nothing good about increasing the number of trackers in a hiding situation.

He calmly checked the matter first.

"Shouldn't you at least know why?"

"The card you were just about to use, the theft report has been filed."

What? No way. There was no problem when he used it at the hostel a while ago.

The owner showed the card terminal to Kwon Taek-ju, who could not believe it.

A real warning message was being displayed.

"Well, let's not drag on, let's go to each other."

The policeman dazedly urged the owner of the ship. What should I do? He was in trouble in many ways if he was dragged like this. Now that we have lost contact with the headquarters, it was difficult to expect any support. Is it the only way to overpower the two and take refuge? While contemplating, the policeman, who was urging him to go with him, tried to handcuff him. He raised his arm at that instant.

"...HA!"

He hit the policeman in the face with the back of his hand, and took a picture of his chest with his elbow one after another. The police officer, who had a good appearance, fell out helplessly, holding his nose and chest. Red blood gushed through thick fingers. A fellow officer, watching the scene, rushed in with his eyes glaring.

"You punk!"

He tried to kick his abdomen after shaking off his caught arm, but a distinctive bell rang at the door. Kwon Taek-ju, who lifted his long legs into

the air in a peaceful atmosphere, and the police officers who tried to respond stopped working at once.

It was Zenya who came inside just in time. He was relieved that he knew him.

The owner of the card came, so he thought it was okay.

He gave up his offensive posture and straightened himself. Shortly thereafter, a confronting officer blew himself over Kwon Taek-ju. In an instant, the wrist is bent back and handcuffed. Kwon Taek-ju was helpless and stared at Zenya. He even gave a federal nod to solve this damn situation quickly.

However, Zenya only looked through the inside of the restaurant.I'm sure he's judging the situation, but shouldn't he be able to afford it at any time and place.

The officer's body, weighed down, lifted him up roughly. The policeman handcuffed to Kwon Taek-ju's wrists took a big breath. Only then do he ask his colleague, who was standing up, if he was okay. The police officer, who had a

bloody nose, approached Kwon Taek-ju with a whimper. Ah, he felt resentment at the hand pushing his back.

Kwon Taek-ju held out without taking a step. He stared at Zenya, who was still watching with his eyes.

"Hurry, hurry, don't move!"

The big policeman shouted excitedly. Nevertheless, when Kwon Taek-ju was stuck, he raised his hand as if he was about to hit him. A fierce fist was about to grind his face. Something blocked his way quickly and flexibly.

"...Suddenly!"

He didn't know what happened because my vision was blocked. Before he knew it, Zenya stood tall like a wall in front of Kwon Taek-ju. He grabbed

the neck of the policeman who was rushing to Kwon Taek-ju in one hand. How hard he tightened, the policeman's face turned blue for a moment. His wide-open eyes seemed to roll down at any moment. Zenya let him go like a push, unable to breathe. The easy hand gesture makes the magnificent policeman faint. His face and neck turned red at once with a sudden turn of blood.

"Wait, let's look at me first."

Zenya looked down at the officers and demanded softly. The two police officers, who were wary, faced each other with puzzled faces. One of the police officers shook his head to follow him after repeated eyes. Zenya looked around Kwon Taek-ju once, and silently followed him outside.

Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju was seated near the window. He could see Zenya talking to the officer outside the window. He continued the conversation with a business smile from time to time. He tried to guess the content from the shape of his mouth, but it was not easy. It was because the police officer who was with him was in front of the federal government. His bulging hips burst into view whenever he could concentrate.

It wasn't long before Zenya and the officer returned to the restaurant. He looked at Zenya as if asking for an explanation. He just twirled and shrugged. The officer who had gone out with him also gave little explanation to his colleague who was curious. He simply gave Kwon Taek-ju an unexpected order by lightly chinning him.

"Let it go."

He didn't like his eyes looking through whether the story went well or whether it was completed or not. The handcuffs that clenched on his wrists were released immediately.

The two officers gave a brief greeting and left the restaurant. The owner, who watched all the situations so far, tilted his head. Kwon Taek-ju was also puzzled.

"What and how did you do it?"

"Just. I gave him a few bucks to pay for his drink."

He's just going around. He was so suspicious that he folded his arms and opened Zenya one by one. He smiled slowly and looked at him as much as he wanted. He always twitched like that, but he felt a strange sense of intimidation.

It was hard to shake off the suspicion that the easygoing appearance would not be his essence.

He looks relaxed, but he's not a loose-fitting person. Even if he is bold and outspoken, he does not move without thinking. He wondered how he could find Kwon Taek-ju himself, but he guessed this far in a short time. He were going to track down where he used it first, and report the theft if he get one wrong. It wouldn't have been a consideration to embarrass the opponent in the process.

His personality is not very bad. No matter how much Bogdanov's car was, his partner was clearly riding with me and he was shooting without hesitation.

Zenya did not care about Kwon Taek-ju's suspicious eyes. Rather, he acted brazenly as if he wanted to see him as much as he wanted. The figure bothered me, and he was openly sarcastic.

"Why are you so busy. Is it hard to see your face?"

"Why do you want to keep me by your side?"

No. He wants to pull both of his ears and sew them together with his snout.

He smiled contrivedly, chewing his molars.The gaze fixed on Zenya for a while suddenly turned over his shoulder. He grabbed Zenya's chin as he tried to chase him around. Then he made eye contact again and slapped his lips shallowly.

"Someone has been glancing over here since earlier. Didn't he follow you?"

"...Oh?"

"You're careless."

"What shall we do?"

"I'm going to get out of the hook."

"Then you stay here. I'll take care of it."

"If you need help, tell me now."

"Thanks, but no thanks."

He answers with a smile and leaves. When Zenya goes out of the restaurant, Him, who was hiding in the corner of the alley, is surprised. Zenya strode to him, fluttering the hem of his long coat. The bewildered spy let go of the run. Zenya slowly followed him, and soon the two disappeared from Kwon Taek-ju's sight.

It was only two or three minutes later that Zenya reappeared. Kwon Taek-ju's eyebrows were frowned upon when he saw him. It was because the annoying long coat he was wearing disappeared out of nowhere.

"What about a coat?"

"I threw it away."

He didn't ask back why. It was because he thought he knew the reason vaguely.

However, Zenya had to explain the situation of breaking it.

"It's dirty."

He saw the tip of his finger. Even if he didn't want to be conscious, his eyes went to the temple. He pierced a human eyeball with that finger. Where was it today?

If he throws away your coat, is it his neck? He might have crushed his nose and mouth to stop breathing. He was suddenly offended when he imagined

that it was unconventional and easy for him. Somehow he's more like Psyche Bogdanov than the one who died in the river.

Zenya's finger, which was staring at him, bounced unexpectedly. He flinched without realizing it. Soon there is a low laugh at the bedside. When he lifted his head coldly, Zenya's face was filled with a wicked smile. He really doesn't like it.

Zenya gave something to Kwon Taek-ju, who was frowning a lot.

"Don't look away and look at this."

It was some kind of invitation he handed over. In the future, there was a banquet at the Kremlin to celebrate the signing of a contract between Russia and Japan. The Japanese delegation and figures from all walks of life in Russia were scheduled to attend. Kwon Taek-ju also intended to infiltrate there as Hiro Sakamoto. Though the plan went awry due to the sudden terrorist attack.

However, the date written on the invitation was different from what was previously known. It seemed that the schedule was changed as an unsavory incident occurred at the hotel where the Japanese delegation was staying.

Inspection, search and security would also be further strengthened.

How does it penetrate. He's thinking about it, but he collected the invitation that Zenya was looking at.

"It's just a show. The real party will be held after this."

"A real party?"

"Not far from the Kremlin is the Bogdanov family's mansion. That is the de facto representative of Gazprom. The second son is close to the president.I heard that after a state-level event, there is always an after party at their mansion. Those who weren't invited to the Kremlin will attend at least that? The kings of the underworld, the big hands holding the Russian cash flow. A true guest. They are writers who do everything that makes money, so they

are quite informative. If you meet them, you may get a clue about 'Anastasia'"

"Is that Bogdanov the Bogdanov I know?"

"Why not?"

"He's throwing a party like that even though his bloodline is dead?"

He couldn't understand. By now, Psyche Bogdanov's body should have been found. No matter how much it is a national event at a time when there is a portrait in the house, can a banquet be held?

"Do you really think he's dead?"

"Then it's not?"

"Unfortunately. They lined up and found that only two bodies were found in the river."

Somehow, it was too easy for him to be warned over and over again. Still, he was unconscious, and he thought it would be difficult to recover because of the bleeding from the gunshot wound. Furthermore, the river quickly took away the body temperature to the point where the edges were all frozen. It was no ordinary man to survive such unfavorable conditions. His survival meant that he could be his target again at any time.It was unpleasant, but he tried to shake it off.

"How can you guarantee that I will get Anastasia's clue there?"

Zenya handed something right away as if he knew he would ask like that. It was a paper envelope folded in half. He snatched it and checked the contents first. It was a copy of an old newspaper article and an unidentified list. Dozens of Russian and Korean names were listed on the list.

He looked through the names written on them and even looked up a copy of the article. The article all stated one day, who, and what kind of death they faced in the past. But somehow the names of the dead caught his eye.

He checked the list again with a suspicious face. His eyes soon open. This was why most of the names on the list matched the deaths listed in the article.

Zenya explained why.

"These are the people who participated in the Anastasia development. Though they are all dead now."

"Why did they die?"

"Well, why did they die?"

He asks back with his lips raised. He looked as if he were picking a child he didn't know. He had vague points, but he couldn't be too sure. Doubtful doubt kept the accident from progressing. He kicked Zenya's twirling shoes and urged him to answer quickly. Zenya then savored Kwon Taek-ju's expression, which he was anxious for a long time, before he opened his mouth.

"Anastasia is a destructive weapon that has never been seen before. There are a lot of hidden things. Everyone says Anastasia, but there are many times when they don't even know what kind of weapon it is. They don't even know what it is, but they're vaguely afraid. No, they're afraid because he they know. Maybe nothing is known, that's the real power of Anastasia. But when the development is complete, the story changes. Those who participated in the study will be scattered, and some of them may talk freely about the identity and principles of Anastasia, which was rumored. It's not supposed to be here? Anastasia must be an unprecedented fear now and in the future."

Kwon Taek-ju's eyebrows are distorted. Even if he didn't listen to the end, he thought he could know the correlation between "Anastasia" and the list. Zenya nodded and added conviction.

"We've been robbed, all of it. Never again can we develop a weapon like that."

He was at a loss for words. He was not killed for stealing or changing secrets. It was just removed in advance so that such an attempt could not be made at all.

He looked down at the list again with puzzled eyes. Then he found something strange and challenged it.

"But..."

"Yes, there are those who survived in the meantime."

The list also showed people from the Bogdanov family. However, they are only alive and well. With most of the people who participated in the development of

"Anastasia" facing death, how should he interpret their survival? Kwon Taek-ju, who was continuing his reasoning, looked at Zenya with a face as if he had been hit. A smile of satisfaction spreads around Zenya's mouth.

The Bogdanovs were apparently involved in the study of Anastasia. But with almost all officials dead, they are the only ones alive. That is proof that they are the ones who removed the researchers. To possess absolute weapons fully, so that nothing like it can ever be born again.

Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju's face, which became very serious.

"What do you think? Do you think you should enjoy the party now?"

"...It's a tiger den. I'm gonna jump in there barefoot."

Kwon Taek-ju shook his head and lamented. If the information Zenya asked was correct, it was likely the Bogdanov family knew Anastasia's whereabouts. The problem was his situation. There's a party tomorrow night. It was difficult to get

material support in just one day after contacting the headquarters through Zenya. However, it was impossible to penetrate with its bare body.

"Headquarters wouldn't have prepared that much."

Zenya smiled and said, "Stop getting up." When he left the store after paying for the food, he saw a convertible built in front of it. The sleek-looking exterior resembles its owner. Zenya raced along the road, crumpling Kwon Taek-ju, who was standing far away, into the passenger seat.

He thinks it's been about 30 or 40 minutes. Gradually, tall buildings disappeared, and there were fewer people. What's in a place like this? As he looked around suspiciously, the car stopped.

"Get off."

He followed him gently and looked around him. There was no warehouse, no garage in sight. Only one abandoned building that collapsed was visible. First, it was a store with a bookstore sign. However, it was not likely that there would be customers, whether it was closed a long time ago.

Filled with doubt, he followed Zenya. The guy who was walking ahead pulled the shutter by himself and went inside. One after another, Kwon Taek-ju also entered a building without a single light.

Zenya opened another inner door and disappeared along the dark steps. He almost tripped and rolled while chasing him casually. He can tell him that there are stairs, but there is no such consideration at all. Pressing his dissatisfaction with Zenya, he groped the wall and continued to descend into the darkness where he could not see an inch ahead.

At last, he stepped on a flat floor. Even though the view was still dark, he felt a lot of dust. Every time he moved, he had a blurry vison, and the tip of his nose was itchy.

But something was weird. In the underground warehouse of the bookstore, there would usually be old books piled up, but there was no unique smell.

After a while the light went on with a thud.

"......?"

He was able to distinguish objects from the lights such as the ceiling, but his view was still dim. He slowly looked around, frowning. Before long, he realized the identity of the sense of incompatibility that he felt throughout. Large bookcases stood all over the basement, and no book was seen anywhere. There was only an old phone in the middle of an empty bookcase.

Why did he bring himself here? As questions and complaints expanded inside, Zenya approached the phone. The guy who picked up the phone slowly dialed.

3, 9, 1, 6, 5. When the dial, which had been pulled to '5', returned to its original position, a beeping machine sound was heard somewhere.

Then the empty bookcases began to spin with a heavy noise. It blew away a great deal of dust. When he closed his tickling eyes tightly and opened, the old bookshelf was gone. Instead, it was a sleek iron cabinet that took the place. All kinds of guns, high-tech equipment, and small bombs were displayed in a row in the cabinet.

the nuclear man.

The Bogdanov family's mansion was beyond imagination. The scale and luxurious appearance seemed to be second to the Kremlin.

The blue roof on the white wall boasted a magnificent yet restrained aesthetic.

The combination of Rococo's unique soft curves and brilliant gold decorations raised the elegant spirit. Precisely crafted circular stone steps and huge marble columns supported the high ceiling. He even felt the strictness that was difficult to access from the large and heavy gate. A dreamy atmosphere flows through the local lighting that surrounds the entire building.

A deeper shadow of the main gate hung over the lawn. The door, which had been closed all along, opened quietly past midnight. Even late at night, cars arriving in a row crossed the vast garden. The mansion was surrounded by a

large lake, so he had to go a long way past the main gate. The densely landscaped trees on the side road secretly hid the interior of the mansion like a prison wall.

Security was tight as the VIPs were status. All visitors were granted access once at the main gate, and once again at the point where the main garden began, after passing through the long driveway. The same was true of Kwon Taek-ju's car.

An armed bodyguard approached and knocked. When he lowered the window according to the instructions, check four or five pieces of information. Whether to bring a physical invitation, the name listed on the attendance list, the vehicle number, the presence or absence of a companion, and even the relationship with the companion. All had to be consistent with what was announced in advance, and there were no exceptions.

"Will you show me the invitation?"

He complied with the request. The bodyguard brought a reader equipped with a special lamp to the envelope of the invitation. Soon, marks that could not be seen with the naked eye will be revealed. A clear electronic sound rang from the machine that recognized the mark. A series of bodyguards looked into the car. It was to check the passenger.

Not only invisible processing to determine the authenticity of the invitation, but also recipient information was programmed. When the reader recognizes the serial number of the invitation, the identity of the person is disclosed on the monitor. His willingness to thoroughly block uninvited visitors stood out.

The bodyguard, who was looking closely at the back seat, soon stepped down, saying, "Thank you for your cooperation." As a result, traffic jams continued from the main gate to the entrance to the garden, and from the entrance to the garden to the front of the mansion.

"What a great party you're filming as a group for a spy movie."

Kwon Taek-ju groaned with a bored face.

"I'm the only one who's matching the rhythm that's not funny. How fair is the world?”

Staring at the room mirror and complaining. He made eye contact with Zenya in the back seat. His eyes bent silently.

"I'm the one who was invited, so I can't help it. There are only two ways for an uninvited guest to attend the party. Like now, you can be the driver of the customer, or you can be a lover. If you don't like the former, you should have disguised yourself as the latter, right? It would have been worth watching.”

"There is also a way to change clothes by overpowering a guard. There are so many people out there, so you wouldn't know if one disappeared, right?”

"Are you the type who suffers from buying? If you're not anxious because you're tired, save it at times like this."

It wasn't wrong. He didn't know how he secured it, but there was no need to make unnecessary fuss in the presence of a formal invitation. It was only desirable to serve Zenya as a superior for a short time.

He couldn't stand it and closed the window. There is also a button in the back seat, but he doesn't want to lift a finger. He stared at him with a room mirror and reluctantly raised the window.

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It was not long before they reached the front of the mansion. Pull over to one side, put on the parking brake. In the meantime, Zenya was stuck.

"What are you doing, not getting off?"

"That's what I'm going to say. Did you forget anything?"

When asked with a puzzled face, he winked at the rear door. He shook his head as if it were his face, wondering expression. There was a lot of snow outside the car. An employee from the mansion was approaching for ballet parking. There was no choice.

He sighed deeply and got out of the driver's seat. Then he went around the body and opened the rear door. Zenya leaned out diagonally. Perhaps because of his unusually relaxed gesture, his gaze seemed to be licking his face long. One corner of his mouth was raised to the ground.

"Come this way, please."

The waiting employees guided Zenya in an enthusiastic manner. He followed in haste.

As they climbed the ten steps, a large gate appeared. The height was likely to be at least four meters. Both doors were opened by guards. Finally, the Bogdanov family's mansion shows itself.

"……."

A world completely different from the outside world has unfolded. The endless ceilings and open halls overwhelmed visitors from the front door, as if the chapel of a church had been moved as it was. The white walls and columns without any blemish boasted delicate dignity, and the gold ornaments showed off the utmost aristocracy in the least area. The light descending from the splendid chandelier had a gentle golden color, which extended its pupils by itself. The toned-down ceiling murals warmed the interior without overflowing or lacking. Large and small statues were placed on the monotonous wall to eliminate boredom. Small orchestras

were playing in full swing on the balcony-type stairwell. The lively subtle melody filled the wide space without going against the conversation.

"I feel like throwing up.”

Zenya suddenly looked back at Kwon Taek-ju at the sound of talking to himself.

He looked sick and tired, though he could be drunk with a rapture that was often hard to come by. Of course, he didn't expect him to be beautiful or feel like he was in a fairy tale. In the first place, he seemed to have no aesthetic eye, and he was not a great man to be absorbed in playing the prince. Even so, the feeling of entering a place that he has never visited in his life is only "feeling like throwing up." He stared at Kwon Taek-ju's face, who was insensitive, and turned his eyes and smiled.

There were already many people gathered in the main hall. Three or four people form a group to chat. Among them, there was a person who caught Kwon Taekju's eye. It was the president of Russia. Even though he had many faces through the media, he was not realistic when he saw it in front of his eyes.

"Welcome."

He was looking at the internal trends for a while, and a middle-aged employee came and greeted him with a hearty greeting. He seemed to be a butler or a general manager of the banquet. Zenya brushed him into the hall without

replying. A man with a straight upper body inadvertently blocked Kwon Taek-ju, who tried to follow him.

"The driver is this way."

He extend one's arm to point to the side aisle. At a glance, it seemed to be a space mainly used by employees. He stared at Zenya in a hurry, but he only went his way without looking back. It's always like this. It doesn't help when he's a partner and he's critical.

"Let's go."

The general manager secretly urged. It was difficult to endure the situation of being a driver. He had no choice but to head to the designated place. The last glimpse of Jenna was among the other VIPs. He's a regular in Russia's best royal club. Zenya, what is he?

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes become sharp. All emotions evaporated even from the stiff face.

It was the warehouse room next to the kitchen that arrived with the user's guidance. It was a space that accommodated guests who were not invited, including Kwon Taek-ju. As soon as he stepped in, the door closed behind his back.

Those gathered in the room were only looking at their phones as if they were familiar with such treatment. Some people played chess or shared jokes. If this is the case, why did he bring employees into the mansion? Isn't it better to let him stay in the car? If he had to find a reason, it would have been to prepare for a possible employer's call. He stuck his tongue out at the extremely inefficient landscape. It was rather comforting to have something to do unlike them.

Now was the perfect time to dig up secrets in the midst of the party. To do so, he had to get out of there and go back to the main hall where the main figures were located.

But there was no justification. As a driver, he should even be allowed to go to the bathroom. If an unexpected action was detected, he would immediately be suspected of his identity. Should I trust Zenya and wait? No, that's not fair.

What should I do? He kept hanging around the door and wondering how to get out. Employees watched him wonderfully, who was unusually busy, and quickly became interested. None of them would have noticed if he left quietly like this.

Kwon Taek-ju quietly opened the door after confirming that he had no eyes watching him. Carefully open the gap, careful not to make a sound from the hinge. A sign of carrying alcohol and food through the door was detected. After peeping at the right time, he went out at once. Fasten the door back. He did not let go of his tension until he completely released his hand from the handle. Only when the door is closed do he breathe out the breath he held back. Kwon Taekju was the only passage full of busy energy.

He had to figure out a way back to the main hall before anyone showed up. First, he started walking with his back to the kitchen. Not far away, he could see a turning corridor. Everything went smoothly.

"Where are you going?”

Until he hears an unwelcome voice. As he paused and turned around, the general manager he encountered a moment ago stood tall. His eyes, which contain Kwon Taek-ju, have an unprecedented boundary. He had to excuse himself somehow.

"In the bathroom."

He tried to look as awkward as he could. It was a physiological problem that humans would normally understand. Nevertheless, the suspicion of the general manager was not easily cleared up. Without saying a word, he opened Kwon Taek-ju one by one. He didn't shy away from the gaze. He tried to lift the corners of his mouth. He grew up dealing with people, so it was not easy to trick him.

Doubtful eyes seemed to scratch down the skin like glass eggs.

Before long, he beckoned the waiter who was coming out of the kitchen.

"This man, take him to the bathroom."

He sent him because he was in a hurry, but he still looked bitter. The waiter approached Kwon Taek-ju, saying, "Let's go." Unfortunately, the location of the toilet was in the opposite direction of the hall. He was forced to pay his respects to the general manager and follow the waiter.

The bathroom is located near the kitchen. It was mainly for employees to use. As he got there, he scoured the ceiling, walls, columns, windows, and gaps, but he couldn't see the CCTV.

"Here you are, then."

The waiter turned around with a nod. Kwon Taek-ju, who was gently opening the way to the wall, suddenly grabbed his shoulder.

"Why..."

"You'd better take a break."

"What?"

The waiter makes a confused expression. But it didn't last long. It was because Kwon Taek-ju unexpectedly hit his vital point. The waiter, who was flinching in shock, quickly came to his senses. Dragged him into the compartment.

Kwon Taek-ju, who came out after a while, looked like a perfect waiter. He kicked the door of the compartment where the original main character of the clothes was. There was a sound of something falling inside. It was a sign that a handle mop that had been erected at an angle crossed the door and hung on the opposite wall. It would have taken some time for the waiter to be found.

Everything has to be done there.

He made his way to the kitchen without delay.

"Whiskey, I will! Where's the canape guy! You shambles, don't move fast!"

There was an elegant banquet outside, and there was no other battlefield in the kitchen. The chef, who was complaining about his face, gave a single malt tray to Kwon Taek-ju, who was just entering the kitchen. He also pushed his back, saying, "Don't act like a beggar." That's how he was kicked out again.

It was embarrassing, but it was a good opportunity to enter alone. Kwon Taek-ju followed the other waiter closely. Thanks to him, he was able to return to the main hall without wandering. He ran into the general manager again at the entrance of the hall, but he lifted the tray over his shoulder and covered his face.

More people had gathered in the hall. While staying in one space, the faces were different. On one side, they discussed the national affairs with a serious look, and on the other side, men and women were laughing. The unwanted children were dozing off, eating a lot of stuff, or sitting like dolls. It was difficult to find the innocence unique to a child.

He recommended a single malt between the VIPs in moderation. He overheard the conversation that naturally came and went. There was no tempting talk, perhaps because it was such an open space. There must be someone in there who knows where Anastasia is.

He decided to narrow down the approach. The special lens worn on the left eye briefly prints out the personal information when looking at a specific person for more than 3 seconds. For example, if he looks at Lomonosov for three seconds, the phrase "Valeri Antonovich Lomonosov, Russian President" appears and disappears in the corner of your vision.

Kwon Taek-ju slowly rolled his left eye and checked the customers' faces one by one. From high-ranking government officials, including the president, to the world's leading conglomerates and notorious mafias, they were all mixed together.

"That suits you, too."

He was breaking it shallowly at the funny scene, and he heard a familiar voice.

When he turned his head, Zenya was next to him. Reach out and take a glass of single malt. He smiled at least because of the attention around him. Sometimes, he recommended a drink to those passing in front of the two.

Zenya murmured as he spun the wine in the glass.

"Isn't it a strange place? It's so crowded, there's no real person.”

He almost asked back, well. It was so out of the blue that he thought Kwon Taek-ju himself heard it wrong. Then he suddenly realizes the situation and closes his mouth. He looked at Zenya with a reluctance in his eyes. He took the glass leisurely to his mouth, and changed the subject as if his earlier self-talk was Kwon Taek-ju's illusion.

"The man with Lomonosov now is the second son of the Bogdanov family, Vazim Visarionovich. He is known as one of the president's closest aides. I heard that they enjoy horseback riding together at least once a week. He's the most influential member of the Duma Assembly? I told you that all public projects promoted by the Russian government must go through his hands before obtaining approval from the president."

Come to think of it, did he say that the head of the Bogdanov family was the actual representative of Gazprom. It was often understood that the president's closest aide and influential lawmaker Duma was his second son. The reason why the energy facility construction contract with Japan was completed safely and why the Bogdanov family became the biggest beneficiary.

Zenya soon put the empty glass down on the tray. He pointed to an old man as he took an additional glass one after another.

"The person sitting in the wheelchair over there is Visarion Romanovich, the influential figure of the state-owned company Gazprom. The Bogdanov family's rise to its present position is due to the old man's tight grip on the energy industry. This country has endured so far because abundant resources became

a source of funds and economic support right after the collapse of the Soviet Union. It's the president who rules Russia, but it's the author-like Oligarchs who actually rule.”

The reality of the Bogdanov family was even greater than he had guessed. By that time, the rest of the clan gradually became curious. Kwon Taek-ju hurriedly rolled his eyes to find Vladimir Bisarianovic, the eldest son of the

Bogdanov family. In the end, when he failed to find him, he grabbed a single malt and handed it over to Zenya. Zenya, who saw the meaning, smiled. He's coming over there with a glass, he said.

As Zenya turned his head to where his gaze was directed, he saw a man descending the stairs and shaking hands with the VIPs. Unexpectedly, he was sensitive to his small physique.

"I heard that Vladimir, the eldest son, will continue the family business. When Visarion Romanovich dies, he becomes the biggest energy tycoon in Russia.

Slaves give birth to slaves, kings give birth to kings. It's already getting more attention than his father in the industry. Some predicted that the family business would be more prosperous in his hands."

"Everyone is sewn up one by one. So, Psyche Bogdanov, what about him? Is it possible that Visarion Romanovich is an illegitimate child that he gave birth to outside? Backstreet thugs, they never fit in with the Royal Family."

"And yet not. He is technically a civil servant."

Without realizing it, he turned around Zenya. It was clear that he had misheard this time. If not, Zenya would have made a joke that wasn't even funny.

However, Zenya only faced Kwon Taek-ju with a very calm face.

That's absurd. A civil servant who tried to kidnap a good foreigner. In broad daylight, in the middle of the city, the guy who grinds the bazooka is a civil servant...The passing dog will laugh.

But Zenya didn't correct what he said. He only added a little more about Psyche Bogdanov.

"He is well-versed in the military industry. He's pretty good. In the underground world where private arms trade is rampant, there's no one who doesn't know him."

The underworld was the world of mafias. It is already an open fact that the Mafia has emerged as an emerging force in the Russian economy. In the past, mafias, which maintained their power through illegal activities such as prostitution, human trafficking, drug distribution, and violence, have turned to the military industry since the early 1990s. As a result, it made more than expected profits and the military industry, along with the energy industry, has become the twin horse of today's Russian money market.

Most weapons developed in Russia are traded through the mafia. This is because it can reap higher profits than when it has undergone formal and legal procedures. The government could not have known the route of sales of state-of-the-art weapons made with state-of-the-art money. It was knowingly overlooked or willing to sympathize. As long as they're a strong source of money, mafias are brothers, not troubles or enemies. The living witness was the Bogdanov family.

The Bogdanov family did not stand out anywhere in the business world until Visarion Romanovich. Their rapid rise came shortly after the collapse of the Soviet Union, when emerging conglomerates were growing rapidly. It was at the time when mafias in the underworld, which was a hotbed of crime, expanded their power to the political and economic world under the influence of social perception. It may be excessive speculation, but assuming that the Bogdanov family shares roots with the mafia, it all explains. Even under the circumstances they had to hold their breath until the 90s.

It was also possible to guess why Psyche Bogdanov was referred to as Russia's

"nuclear." He has enemies in the Royal Family, but his feet still touch the

underworld. In other words, it has become a bridge for the two divided economies to communicate smoothly.

Then, was it also him who led the development of "Anastasia". Morgan was killed for approaching him with that speculation. There's no clear basis, but he's a bit of a believer.

As he continued to infer fiercely in his head, Zenya suddenly said, "The glass is empty." As he hinted, the tray was full of empty glasses. Another waiter would have gone back to the kitchen before all the food was gone. It is to maintain the dignity of the party. He was so absorbed in Zenya's story that he delayed the time. When he looked at the kitchen aisle consciously, the former general manager was glancing.

"I have to go back."

"Before that, why don't you listen to this?" I just saw Psyche Bogdanov go upstairs. Alexei Perov and Yuri Lepin followed secretly."

Alexei Perov and Yuri Lepin were Russian defense and foreign ministers. The two and Psyche Bogdanov have a secret meeting. I had to find out what was going on.

"I'll fire support, so leave the communication on."

He's rushing back to the kitchen, and Zenya's request follows. No wonder the tone was fluttering ahead of something pleasant. He wasn't sure where he could trust a guy who didn't know how to jump. He shook his head across the hall.

"Wait a minute."

He tried to pass by pretending not to know, but the general manager who was guarding the passage called in Kwon Taek-ju. He picked up the tray and covered his face.

"Did you forget the instructions? Move quickly for the sake of your master's face."

"Yes. I'll keep that in mind."

"If it were me, I would take one more step at the time to answer."

He's holding it and he's innocent. He walked through the hallway as if he was running while controlling my burning heart. The chef's shouts were still loud in the kitchen. As soon as the waiters put the empty trays down, they

were kicked out with new food. Kwon Taek-ju also lost an empty tray to someone as soon as he stepped in.

He scoured the interior quickly. Soon, food waste that was not cleaned up and only continued to accumulate in the corner of the kitchen came into view.

Another waiter approached the counter while dealing with the chef. The chefs of each part devoted themselves to trimming the ingredients, making food, and decorating them in bowls. Even if the sauce was sprayed incorrectly at the completion stage, the food was relentlessly thrown into the trash. As a result, the garbage overflowed and flowed down to the floor.

According to the floor plan of the mansion, there was a door leading from the material warehouse to the backyard of the mansion. And trash was usually disposed of in an invisible place. There was no place more suitable than a backyard.

He picked up a heavy trash can. Each kitchen staff was busy, so they couldn't pay attention to others. He went around the counter and went into the ingredient warehouse. He saw a side door just opposite. The door was locked from the inside, so there was no problem getting out. The only thing to worry about was tight security outside. Sure enough, as soon as he opened the side door and went out, a bodyguard blocked him.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, because of the garbage… If we don't deal with it right away, our chef is about to get mad."

The bodyguard looked carefully at Kwon Taek-ju and the trash can he carried.

Soon after, the gaze passed through Kwon Taek-ju and flew into the warehouse.

Through the open door came the chef's hysterical cry. The bodyguard jeered him to go with a knowing look. He bowed his head and walked to the

garbage disposal station.

He looked down at the entire building while shaking off food waste. If the two ministers and Psyche Bogdanov were having a secret meeting, the first floor, where the party was in full swing, was not suitable. Of course, there were many rooms left except for the entire first floor.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was looking at the mansion as a whole, fixed his eyes on the room at the end of the third floor. All the curtains were closed in the middle of the night, but somehow the room was the only exception. He didn't know why, but it was uncomfortable to just pass it over. He thought it would be better to check it out even simply.

Draw a general line of movement. There were too many eyes inside, so it would have been better to move outside. As it was a backyard, the security was relatively quiet, and the shadow of the building was coming over, so it was perfect to hide. Of course, the guards had to be sorted out before that.

Kwon Taek-ju headed back to the warehouse with an empty trash can. The other bodyguard was still looking around. Kwon Taek-ju's approach made him look back without doubt.

It was then.

"...Oh my!"

He put a trash can over the bodyguard's head. When the view was suddenly blocked, the bodyguard raised the gun first. He kicked him in the hand with his knee. The missed gun floated into the air and fell into Kwon Taek-ju's hands.

As soon as he threw the trash can over the bodyguard's head, he slapped him in the face. The bodyguard gave a heavy groan and fell down holding his nose. He seemed to have broken his nose when he was hit in the face. Kwon Taek-ju, who was frowning as if he were all sick, hit the opponent's vital point and clearly fainted. Then, he put his body close to the outer wall and hid it in the shadow of the building. He looked around, but no one seemed to sense a suspicious smell.

Now all he have to do is climb up the building. There were two ways. Riding down a rope from the rooftop, or crawling up from below. Maybe it was lucky, but there were quite a few places to step because of the cumbersome appearance. In the front, he worked hard on the security as much as it was annoying, and the back was sloppy. Thankfully.

Let's go up. He pulled my watch out by pulling back the sleeve of his shirt. Press the side button with the front of the clock facing to the roof. The nylon cord bounced off and split long into the air. He pulled the line that went far over the building to check. The whole line became tight, as if it had been caught firmly somewhere.

He pressed the side button again. Then, as the motor inside the clock operated, the string was rewound by a certain length. He began climbing the outer wall as if climbing a rock wall, relying on his left arm for his weight. He slipped several times because of the smooth bottom of his shoes, but it was not a big deal in itself. Rather, the increased gravity was burdensome as it went up. The watch has pressed hard on the wrist. He didn't think it would be strange if it fell from the right to the left wrist.

It was a nylon string to fish up a large bluefin tuna. It wasn't going to break off easily. Of course, there were exceptions at any time. No matter how tough the rope was, the strength could not be guaranteed if it was swept in a row by sharp gold decorations. It happened to be now.

Suddenly, the bowstring sounded in his ear as if it were bouncing. At the same time, his left arm, which was pulled to the point of pain, became loose.

“……!”

He's falling. He closed his eyes tightly, foreshadowing the coming shock. The view was cut off by the shovel. The whole body shrank reflexively, and all the senses set the edge. The hair stood on its head. However, he didn't feel the pain he expected for a while longer.

He opened his eyes slowly. Kwon Taek-ju's body was hanging narrowly in the air. As soon as the line was cut off, he managed to catch the window

frame on the third floor to avoid falling. The nylon straps that supported his body were stretched weakly to the floor.

He breathed a sigh of relief. It was dangerous. Compared to the fact that he almost fell down on a skyscraper that was close to 110 meters in the past, it was a yakgwa. After waiting for the temporarily tightened muscles and nerves to stabilize, he climbed onto the window frame using pure arm strength. Then he quietly held his breath and examined the room.

"...ha."

He can't hide his emptiness. The room at the end of the third floor was empty, even though he tried hard to come up. There was no sign of anyone staying.

He turned to the side and looked at the other rooms. Since the size of the mansion was large, each of them was considerable. Even the same floor couldn't move easily. Can I find Psyche Bogdanov and the two ministers in the given time? By the time he got wet in the early meeting, there was a chirping noise in my ears.

-Hey. Where are you?

Zenya's voice is heard one after another. It was only then that he remembered the existence of the communication device. Sitting on the window frame for a moment, he sighed.

"Excitedly wasting away."

-If you had a good time, put your ears up.

What does he mean? He was about to do it, but suddenly he felt like the door was opening. The noise of the door closing again also rang at length. He didn't know why, but he lowered his breath intuitively and focused on the signs that were detected. Compared to the sound of the door, an infinitely small conversation was heard at first glance.

The voices recognized were different. At least three people seemed to be participating in the conversation. It was different from the actual voice because it was transmitted through a communication device. Therefore, it was difficult to confirm that Psyche Bogdanov was there. He decided to listen to their inner conversation a little more.

-How is the progress of SS-29?

-Waiting to hear from Sonchev. They say they're looking for an expert to fix the SS-29 glitch. They must be quite busy with that, given that they didn't even attend the party today. They said they'll contact me soon, so please wait.

-What does North Korea say about this glitch?

-They said it was an unexpected problem. There was no such error in the experimental study.

A smile of satisfaction spread around Kwon Taek-ju's mouth. In Russia, the name "SS-number" was mainly used to refer to intercontinental ballistic missiles, ICBMs. For example, the official name of "Satan," which was referred to as the most powerful ICBM in the former Soviet Union, was "SS-18." Therefore, it was highly likely that the "SS-29" currently under discussion was such a nuclear weapon.

In addition, the "Sonchev" mentioned during the conversation is a Slavic mafia group. The weapon called "SS-29" seemed to be in the hands of the company.

He must have had a close relationship with the Bogdanov family, or that kind of

conspiracy would not have happened today at Bogdanov's mansion. In addition, North Korea seemed to have been involved in the development of the weapons. Is "SS-29" that "Anastasia".

-What about the Americans?

-It's still quiet. It must have hardened their mind because they got rid of the rat that sneaked in, but what difference would that make. in a position where one can't come forward and recover one's body.

If it's a rat who sneaked in, does they mean dead Morgan? Nuclear weapons being developed in secret in Russia and North Korea's intervention, the United States monitoring, and spies removed. The whole situation was right. But it's just a belief, and there's still no concrete evidence.

The conversation was cut off for a while. A series of doors were heard opening and closing. Who came in more. He's vaguely guessing, but Zenya relayed the situation in the room.

-Now Bogdanov is out of the room. I think I need to answer the phone.

Kwon Taek-ju tilted his head while saying "Ah." A question that he didn't realize while eavesdropping suddenly rose. Where the hell is Zenya now? How does he know the dynamics of Psyche Bogdanov?

"That thing just now, how did you do it?”

-Oh, a woman named Olga will show you around the mansion more. Is there any reason to say no? As I followed them, I put the bug in the keyhole of the room where they were gathered.

Olga is the youngest daughter of Visarion Romanovic. Olga Visario Novna.

At this point, he became more curious about Zenya's identity than "Anastasia."

What the hell is he doing that he is invited to a party like this and walks freely to the inside of the Bogdanov family's mansion full of boundaries.

"Where are you now?"

-In the underground control room.

"What are you doing there?"

-I'm watching. With them...

After a moment's pause, he goes on.

-You almost got stuck upside down on the third floor.

There was a faint smile in his voice. Immediately, Kwon Taek-ju turned his head and found something. Before long, CCTV installed in the corner of the outer wall caught his eye. He raised his middle finger without hesitation toward the sparkling lens. Then there is a loud laugh on the other side of the communication device.

Zenya, who had been laughing excitedly for a long time, complained with a ridiculous tone.

-Why the hell are you in there?

He didn't answer back. There was no particular excuse.

When he looked at his watch, it was almost 3 a.m. The reason Psyche left was because of the phone call. Is it an important call that should take precedence over official duties? Naturally, some of the conversations that he overheard a while ago were recalled.

"The phone call that Psyche went to get, was it from Sonchev?"

-Well, I don't know. I don't think there's anything wrong with checking. I looked around the mansion and found a landline phone at the end of the hallway on the second floor. There's one in Bogdanov's office, too. Of course, you two have different lines, so you can only get direct calls to his office there.

"But you'll let me get it, right?”

He asked, looking down slightly. The place Zenya mentioned was not too far from its current location. Open the door of the room downstairs and it's right in front. The key will be whether to deploy the guard, but the approach itself did not seem difficult.

-Yeah. If you could move from where you are in eight seconds.

The lines seemed to be connected. The important thing was timing. Within eight seconds, Psyche will arrive in front of the phone and pick up the phone in the hallway at the same time as he picks up the office. Of course, it's easy, but if it goes wrong even a little, it would be troublesome in many ways.

He turned his head to the CCTV. Then he took out the gum and rolled it into his mouth. As he stood up after stepping over the window frame, the wall close to his back seemed to push him. There was no room to prepare a separate safety device. Basically, eight seconds is not a very long time. Kwon Taek-ju, who took a shallow deep breath, jumped to the floor as it was.

He grabs something at the drop of a hat. It was a two-story window frame. The impact of the fall made my knuckles, wrists, and elbows bitter, but he clenched his teeth and climbed up. Three seconds flew by before settling safely on the window frame.

-It's pretty good?

Zenya, who was watching, twitched. He use the remaining porridge, but he's splitting it while looking into the monitor.

He pulled out the lighter, consistently ignoring it. At first glance, it was a typical zippo lighter. But when he opened the lid and pulled on what looked like a small screw, a long, slender tube came out. After bending it into a translator, he turned on the light of the lighter. There was a flash at the end of the tube. He put the chewing gum on the window first. Then use the flame of the lighter to draw a round circle around it. After finishing the work, he grabbed the gum and pulled it out gently, and the round glass came out silently. He put it down gently on the

window frame, reached into the circle, and unlocked it. With a click, the window opened. After a glance at him, he went inside.

He approaches the door with agility, killing the sound of footsteps. He checked the movement outside with his ears close to the door. It was still. He quietly opened the door and came out. Turning to the right, he saw a table at the end of the corridor. The phone that Zenya mentioned was on top of it.

As he glided up to the table, he heard Zenya's voice again in his ears.

-I'll give you a signal, so get it right.

He grabbed the phone and nodded. Shortly thereafter, on the other side of the communicator, he started counting with "Tree (3). He took a short breath and collected his breath.

-Deva (2).

Look back again and see if anyone is approaching. The sound of "Ajin (1)"

strained his hand holding the receiver.

-Hold it.

He picked up the phone right away. It was still. The other side of the receiver was just silent, and Zenya didn't say a word either. He couldn't detect any hint that anyone other than Kwon Taek-ju was holding the phone. His mouth is dry.

“…….”

Wrong. Hold on to the phone and wait to hear any sound.

Is it because of the fervent wind? Unannounced on the other side of the phone, Psyche's voice rose.

-You're on time. I was just talking about it.

-I've just reached an agreement with you.

-So, what happened?

-North Korea will send a technician.

-I'm glad to hear that. Yeah, when did he send it?

-We're leaving tomorrow. I'll be in Moscow the day after tomorrow.

-You'll have to be careful not to catch up with the rat like last time.

-This time, I'll be disguised as a Chinese tourist, so it's hard for the Americans to notice.

-I'll keep an eye on you. Keep reporting, don't forget.

-Yes, of course.

The call was soon cut off. Talk in a blunt manner enough to understand each other and avoid direct mention. That's how careful it must mean. Thanks to him, his conviction has been strengthened.

He was holding the phone as it was. I was going to wait until Psyche put down the phone first. But just then, an unknown roar spread from the communication device in the ear.

"……!"

The pain of ova in the ear and in the head of the brain. Kwon Taek-ju knelt down, holding his bursting head. He immediately pulled out the communication device and threw it away, but the aftermath of the roar kept ringing the goal.

His forehead got wet with cold sweat, and his back got cold. Even his vision shook with embarrassment, and his heart fluttered at length. He doesn't know why the communication device, which was fine, suddenly caused trouble. This noise would have been heard by Psyche.

Tang, tang, tang, tang.

Bloody hell didn't miss the prediction. Gunfire broke out from outside the mansion. Zenya also seemed to have been discovered by the bodyguards

due to the disturbance before. For now, he had to avoid him.

"...nonsense."

He managed to raise his weak body. His legs were unsteady. Still running down the hall with a throbbing head. The thought circuit rarely returned to normal. He couldn't decide how to get out of this crisis or where to evacuate immediately.

He just ran recklessly.

When he reached the center step, he heard a busy footsteps from below. At least the serpent was likely. Guards seemed to be rushing in to search for intruders.

The delay would have increased the number of heads. When he's outnumbered, it is best to avoid friction. He changed his original plan and went upstairs.

The third floor was still quiet. He sat close to the wall and looked around. Before he knew it, the presence of the bodyguards hit the ground. Kwon Taek-ju strode down the hallway with a big stride, but taking care not to make the sound of heels.

“……!”

At that time, a sign of movement was detected at the door right next to it.

Someone in the room seemed to approach the door. The handle of the door swung back. He hurriedly hid himself in the opposite direction of the door opening.

Soon after, the door opened. One after another, bodyguards arrived on the third floor. They paid a silent tribute to the greeting from the room.

"Did you check?"

The voice and tone of the question were familiar. It was the same voice he encountered during the wiretapping. Psyche Bogdanov.

"We're still searching, but there seems to be an intruder. Traces of intrusion from the outside have been detected. It's dangerous to stay here, so let's go down with us first.”

The two ministers and Psyche quietly complied with the recommendation. Half of the people who came up to the third floor to cover them fell off. Thanks to this, the guards left on the other side of the door were about two or three at most. Of course, they were all armed, so it would have been tough to deal with.

One of the guards tried to close the open door. Kwon Taek-ju looked down at the door handle holding his breath. When the bodyguard grabbed it from the other side, Kwon Taek-ju's standing side also moved. He kicked the door hard at the moment. The bodyguard's head turns back at the unannounced door. Soon he collapsed with a thud.

“……?”

The bodyguard, who was looking at the other room, stuck his head out at a strange smell. He came up with a questionable face when he soon found his fallen colleague. As soon as he bent his upper body to examine his colleague, he saw a shadow coming over the gap of the door. The bodyguard hurried his gun into his hand. However, the bullet from the other side of the door first penetrated his shoulder.

"Crying!"

Another bodyguard, who heard the shots, ran from the far side of the hallway.

As soon as he confirms that his colleagues have been hit, he shoots without hesitation. He fled to the end of the hallway to escape the bullet, but the stairs were noisy with guards already gathered.

Eventually, he hid in a nearby room. It was like bringing a rat in a jar, but there was no other way. He put on a lock first, knocked down a nearby decorative cabinet to defend himself. The bodyguard who had been chasing him quickly hit

him against the door. The door did not budge, but it would have been difficult to hold out for a long time.

He turned around and sought a way out. Then, suddenly, he felt a strange sense of vision. He thinks he has been to that room before. Kwon Taek-ju, who was reflecting on his memory, soon realized that it was the end room of the third floor that he had been paying attention to.

Meanwhile, the door became more and more noisy. The bodyguards who were contacted seemed to have gathered at the door of the crime. What now? He looked out the window just in case. There were already many guards there.

Looking up at the third floor all together, it seemed to be discussing how to penetrate.

He stepped on the desk and touched the ceiling. If it was a thin plywood, he was going to pierce it and climb on it. However, the finishing material was hard enough that it could not be drilled. He came down again and checked the surrounding walls. The situation was all the same.

The corridor's bodyguards now fired at the closed door. The wooden door quickly became a honeycomb with pouring bullets. It was a dilemma.

He stood with his back against the bookshelf. Then, two colts were taken out of the back waist and held in both hands. It's reckless, but the only option left was a head-on breakthrough. He took a deep breath. He fixed his eyes on the door that was torn apart. The muscles of the whole body contract and are fully prepared for battle. His expression disappeared from his face, and his eyes sank cooler than excited.

“……!”

Suddenly, he was startled by the smell of poetry that suddenly became thick. It was a familiar scent. As he was about to turn around in surprise, a hand popped out of the bookshelf and hit Kwon Taek-ju. In an instant, his mouth was blocked, and his neck was pressed by the hard arm. When he thought he had to get out of

it, he was already overpowered. He was dragged in before he could resist. The vision was darkened by the hand.

Soon he could hear the broken door creeping. There was also a series of signs of bodyguards coming over the cabinet. It was all overhead. He couldn't figure out what was going on because his view was blocked, but his head seemed to be stuck somewhere completely touching the ceiling.

"No intruders!"

"It's gone!"

"Where did he go? Is it outside?"

Confused by the voices of the bodyguards. They were eager to find intruders, sweeping all the books on the bookshelf to the floor, and picking up furniture and curtains one by one. Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju was steadily dragged somewhere. Tensions and vigilance had eased further in the meantime. This is because he could know who the opponent was even because of his unique bitter body odor. He doesn't know how he got there.

The two went a long way without a light. It was a secret passage like an ant's nest, made between rooms, and between floors. The narrow passageway, which could only be passed by one person, was connected from all sides and connected as one.

Zenya, who was far ahead, stops walking tall. Then, he swept the ceiling around and estimated a certain location. Soon, some of the thick flooring moved up and down in his hands. Kwon Taek-ju, who was staring blankly, quickly came to his senses and clasped his colt tightly.

He could see someone's legs pacing around the room through the crevice of the flooring that was slowly lifted. For a moment, Kwon Taek-ju and Zenya's eyes meet. Kwon Taek-ju motioned quietly and ordered the floor to be put down again. Zenya obediently followed the instructions. The hands were still in

contact with the ceiling. The bodyguard, who was scrutinizing the room, got closer little by little.

When Kwon Taek-ju sent an autograph again, Zenya lifted the flooring again.

The bodyguard passing over it momentarily lost his balance and fell. He went up in the gap. The bodyguard scrambled and pulled the trigger at the intruders who appeared in front of him.

A dizzy shot cuts through the air. Zenya slightly turned his head to avoid the bullet that flew into me. One of the bullets that had been shot grazed his earlobe. Red blood burst and flowed down his throat. Zenya, who scanned the earlobe wound with the back of his hand, suddenly smiled.

Shortly thereafter, Kwon's bullet smashed the bodyguard's right hand. The bodyguard shrieked and clasped his tattered hand.

But his tragedy did not end there. Before he knew it, Zenya was approaching him. Kwon Taek-ju intuitively foresaw the misfortune that would come to the poor. Of course, he didn't have to do that, nor did he have time to spare.

He didn't dare to rip it off. Without time, it was the reason for the tragedy.

"...Suddenly!"

Zenya forced the bodyguard's mouth open and poked his hands in. The bodyguard's chin opens more than necessary. There was no hesitation in Zenya's touch, which held his mouth up and down, respectively.

"That... Ugh... Ugh... Ouch."

The captured bodyguard struggled with his limbs. Somehow he shakes Zenya's hand and gets all worked up. But Zenya tore his mouth open at once, ignoring the desperate will to survive.

He turned his head quickly, but even the unique sound could not be ignored. It wasn't to the point where his jaw fell out. It was the noise of the jaw joint

breaking and the mandible completely separated. The bodyguard shivered and

fainted. He backed away with a frown. It seemed to watch the slaughter of a full and lazy beast, not a human being. It wasn't human at all. He smiled like that.

Zenya raised his bloodstained hand and looked around. Soon, his eyes are fixed on Kwon Taek-ju. More precisely, he was looking at Kwon Taek-ju's shirt. He took another step back and shook his head stubbornly.

"I don't want to."

Whether or not, Zenya came unstoppable. He kept backing away from him. To no avail, the distance shrank rapidly. He frowned and tried to refuse again, but he stretched out his long arm. He grabbed his shirt without further damage.

“…….”

Kwon Taek-ju looked down silently at his shirt, which had the shape of Zenya's hand in it. He got a fit of rage in his jaw. The eyes staring at Zenya shone brightly with life. Zenya shrugged his head in spite of him. There was no sign of apology.

Annoyingly, he unbuttoned his shirt. Then he threw the blood-soiled shirt on his face. A curse word sprang out of his mouth. Zenya didn't care and just wiped the blood and bodily fluids on the shirt.

"Why don't you carry a handkerchief?"

"Why do I have to bother?"

I can take off other people's clothes if you need to. He seemed to say just that.

"This way!"

Meanwhile, scattered bodyguards ran after the gunfire. Should I go back into the aisle and hide? Or head-to-head? While alternating between the open passage and the door, Zenya, who approached quickly, grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the collar and dragged him to the window. Looking outside the window, this room seemed to be located in front of the building, not in the back.

Zenya opened the window without hesitation. Outside, cars were seen busily exiting the mansion in an untimely uproar. While watching the scene, Zenya drew Kwon Taek-ju closer toward the window frame. He was half-forced to climb onto the window frame by that enormous force.

"Don't move!"

Before he knew it, the bodyguards who rushed into the room demanded surrender. It felt like the back of his head was tightening. It was probably aimed everywhere in the head, back, and limbs.

Despite the siege, Zenya's momentum did not subside at all. He kept staring forward and whispering meaningless words.

"Get ready."

"What?"

"Now."

His body floated up even before he recognized the sound of running. There was no such thing as being dragged by Zenya. The two men, who were falling helplessly out of the building, fell onto a sedan just as they were leaving the mansion. The shocked sedan staggered in all directions. As a result, Kwon Taekju's body also bounced violently and rolled on the ceiling. If he couldn't put his finger in the gap of the trunk in a hurry, he would have left and fallen.

Meanwhile, Zenya twisted his body half to balance. Then he punched the driver's window. After a couple of strikes, the cracked windows broke into

pieces. Reach into it and pull out the driver at once. Even the seat belt couldn't protect him.

When the driver was pulled out, the person in the auxiliary seat hurriedly took the wheel. Zenya kicked him on both feet and squeezed into the room. The guy who quickly took the driver's seat stepped on the accelerator without hesitation.

As a result, Kwon Taek-ju's body fluttered helplessly. It was a long time later that Zenya recalled his existence and opened the rear door. Kwon Taek-ju barely crawled into a car speeding at more than 100 kilometers per hour. He almost got stuck in the rattling door, but managed to escape the crisis.

It targets the owner of the car who was sitting in the back seat with no time to breathe. He didn't mean to kill him. From the moment Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju approached the vehicle body, the security team's gunfire stopped. It meant that Bogdanov could not take care of the owner of the vehicle. There seemed to be no better shield.

However, such optimism did not last long. It was because the bullet that had stopped for a while flew back. This time it was a shotgun. Kwon Taek-ju looked back at the rapidly moving mansion. Vladimir Bogdanov was seen sticking his upper body out of the open window. He was shooting at the vehicle with a hunting shotgun. Fortunately, it was far away, and the fierce attack fell short of the back of the car. The sedan carrying the two men and hostages quickly moved away from the mansion.

There was still one crisis left. That was why the main gate was completely sealed off. Even after seeing the tightly closed iron door, Zenya did not slow down.

Rather, he only stepped on the accelerator pedal and raised the speed to the maximum.

Death or death, very refreshing. It was so cool that he went crazy. Why are crazy people so cool?

"Argh!"

The owner of the car screamed that he was going to die when he saw the iron door approaching. He could see even my Adam's apple how loud it was. In that state, a conflict was inevitable. It is too late to apply the brakes. Even the security team in front of the main gate hurriedly scattered to avoid the sedan

that was rushing recklessly. The gears collide. They'll bump into each other.

Kwon Taek-ju reflexively raised his arm and wrapped his head around his head.

The next moment, the closed front door opened. The sedan hit a half-open iron door and ran away. The bodyguard team, who was watching the scene, belatedly fired, but could not stop the runaway sedan.

"Argh!"

Even after the desperate moment, the owner of the car kept screaming. It was so loud that he was wondering if he should faint for a while.

A shot goes off. Shortly thereafter, the screams that seemed to tear the eardrums stopped. In an instant, the owner of the car, who pierced the middle of his forehead, tilted his head behind the headrest and drooped. His eyes and mouth were wide open.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was covered in his blood, stared at the driver's seat irritably.

He thought it would be okay to blow up Zenya's head right away. Zenya murmured calmly as if he had killed a mosquito, as if he didn't know the flesh that was heading for him.

"…noisy."

***

A strong stream of water poured out of the shower. The water, which could not escape into the drain in time, began to accumulate. A light humming came from the man who pulled out the stuffy tie. Clothes that have been used come off one by one and fall to the floor. Soon, the solid body hidden in the clothes was revealed. The man lightly messed up his wet hair and went under the shower.

Ivory hair becomes darker as it gets wet. The stream of water flowing along the chin collected in a straight latch bone and flowed down into a strong mound. As the breastbone gets wet, the new-shaped tattoo sitting there becomes clear.

The tightly intertwined muscles wriggled lazily, holding the warm energy of hot

water. The fingers that swept away the drooping hair after drinking water were neatly and long.

However, the two eyes staring at the steam-covered mirror were formidable. It looked like a crocodile who had just tasted blood. be still and cruel. His dry mouth drew a long line without a sound.

He spilled the whole ice on the ice bucket. Cheap vodka also pours into it. The contents of the bucket seemed to overflow at any moment. Kwon Taek-ju pushed his right hand into it without hesitation. As the vodka flooded, some ice slipped on the table.

Only then did the burning of the wrist go away. The area that had been dislocated before was in trouble. It was the result of repeated overwork, ignoring the doctor's words to maintain the cast for the time being.

He sighed and tilted his head back. The cushion of the old sofa turned off, causing dust. Close his eyes regardless. The creaking sensation of his whole body creased his brows. There was a constant sound of water in the bathroom without a bathtub. Zenya was in the shower. He was never even allowed to use it, but he took over someone else's bathroom.

He escaped from Bogdanov's mansion and returned to the old hostel where Kwon Taek-ju stayed. The hostel owner was away, so he could come in without much difficulty. But he couldn't stay here long either. It was because he paid for the room with Zenya's card. It was only a matter of time before the location was exposed.

It's not that it wasn't, but it was noisy outside the window. Sudden inspections were conducted throughout the road, and barricades were placed on each driveway. Dozens of patrol cars traveled around the city, constantly ringing warning lights. It was no exaggeration to say that a gun death accident occurred at a meeting of major Russian figures. For the time being, tight vigilance was

expected to persist. In this case, it is better to wait for the monitoring to be loosened rather than to move hastily. But things weren't that good.

Soon the sound of water will stop. He thinks he just finished taking a shower.

When he turned his head to the door opening, he saw Zenya coming out. Kwon Taek-ju's expression became strange because he was dressed in all his clothes.

The clothes will stick to his body because of the moisture left, so isn't it uncomfortable? It is said that there is no such thing as a gown because the facilities are poor, but it didn't matter if it was only covered underneath because it was the same men. It was funny that a guy who wouldn't be weird wandering naked pretended to be so modest.

What's so blatant about Zenya? He stared at him more intently.

"Who are you?"

He tries to drink vodka at an unexpected question. He looked like he didn't know why he was asking such a question.

"I don't think you're an agent like me. Just looking at the Bogdanov mansion.

You had a formal invitation to the party. You looked great at the party. It certainly wasn't acting or cheating. That's all? You knew everything from the interior to the emergency passageway. Plus, partners should know where and what each other is doing, but you've never done that. You popped up everywhere, but I didn't know where you were or what you were going to do.

You didn't tell me on your own account. It seems to me that you have a different plan than me, don't you?"

"I guess your boss didn't tell you everything?”

"I know very little. So tell me everything, everything."

"Is it an interrogation?"

"Let's say it's a self-introduction. We haven't done it properly yet.”

He tapped the table as if not to escape. Zenya was not embarrassed by the surprise question. Rather, he only smiled and guessed Kwon Taek-ju's inner thoughts.

"No matter how much I look Russian, there are no restrictions on the private use of accents, pronunciation, and helicopters that should have been born and raised locally, and what is the identity of a man who is not wanted even if he has a gunfight in the middle of the city? Is it because of that, why do you keep going inside and outside?"

"Yes. I don't know why you, who is 100% Russian, and also a privileged person in this country, help us with our work."

It was questionable all along. Zenya is Russian. Even so, it can partially neutralize public power. Kwon Taek-ju himself does not move under the direction of his superiors. He couldn't figure out why he was cooperating with this operation. He couldn't understand it unless it was a very special and special situation.

Zenya shrugged his shoulders in a casual way.

"I'm a Russian before I'm a businessman."

Kwon Taek-ju looked more confused. It's not that difficult to say, but he couldn't take it easily.

So, he's saying that it's only for profit to jump into a life-or-death situation?

That's why he's working like a traitor?

"Are you going to sell your country?"

"There's no more business left than that."

It was absurd. He didn't expect much of a cause. Kwon Taek-ju's patriotism is extraordinary. He only does this because it's a job, but he has never thought of sacrificing his life for his country. However, it was a different level of problem that would harm the country because of its private interests.

"Do you know the purpose of this operation?"

"Of course. You're trying to make sure that a weapon that makes Korea and the United States tremble has been developed. If you find the weapon, you'll destroy it, and if you fail to develop it, you'll get the blueprint, won't you?"

He know exactly. At that point, he would have known what kind of repercussions the international community would have if the operation was successful and how disadvantageous his country would be.

"What do you get?"

"It doesn't matter to me whether the weapon development was successful or not. What's important is that Anastasia's blueprint exists somewhere in the country. If your goal is simply to find it, I'm a little different. What I'm interested in is the design rather than the Anastasia. If this mission is completed safely, I will have the blueprint."

"What?"

"It's not a bad deal to hear, is it? Who's going to get involved in something like this if it's not that bad? Think about it. Anastasia is more of a horror than a real firepower. Those who have Anastasia are given the power corresponding to it.

I'll make my own Anastasia when I get the blueprint. Even if it's a failure, it's fine. It's definitely a great sketch to make a weapon of all time. Based on that blueprint, we develop new weapons and sell them to special customers."

"Special customer?"

Zenya grinned without answering. If a second "Anastasia" was created, it would have been those who knew the power of the weapon well. Like Korea or the U.

Finally, the plan of this operation seemed to be visible. Much of the questions that he had always had have been resolved. Although the psychological distance toward Zenya has increased.

He could also understand Zenya's strange deeds. His superior information power also supported the reason why Kwon Taek-ju's own partner was the guy.

The headquarters would not have taken the risk for no reason.

He can tell from his head, but he doesn't know why he still feels uncomfortable.

Kwon Taek-ju did not take a skeptical look. Zenya kept booing him to stop him.

"Since you had a bad first impression, are you going to keep an eye on it?"

"I'm thinking.”

"Don't hate me too much?"

Even after he said it, he laughed out loud because he was dumbfounded. Kwon Taek-ju looked tired and took something out of his pocket and threw it. Zenya snatched it easily. It was a voice recorder. Bogdanov's phone conversation with someone from "Sonchev" was recorded intact.

"As you may have heard, there seems to be a weapon under development, led by Bogdanovs. It's highly likely to be an intercontinental ballistic missile, but we'll have to check the exact details. I'm not sure if it's Anastasia or not.

However, it is reminiscent of "Anastasia" in that the Foreign Minister and the Defense Minister are involved and that North Korea is involved. "

Zenya nodded without replying. Then he stares at Kwon Taek-ju as if to continue.

"I'm going to program Bogdanov's voice recorded on that recorder into a voice conversion device. That's how I'm gonna pull out the Sonchev that I talked to Bogdanov on the phone. If you meet him, you will know who the North Korean engineer said to be coming in soon and where his destination is."

Zenya, who was listening in silence, swept his eyebrows. He seems hesitant for some reason.

"Mafias have tattoos on their bodies. Do you know what that means?"

"Does it matter now?”

"Because Muji urges short lives."

"What are you talking about?"

"Their tattoos mean 'affiliated'. If you peel off an old mafia, you can see his life story. Which group he had belonged to so far, and who he swore his faith with.

So when you do harm to someone in "Sonchev," it means they're going to turn all of those guys with tattoos like him into enemies. Does that matter?”

"I don't care."

"I want to know what you believe in and what you're so confident about?”

"I don't believe in anything. It's just…."

"Just?"

He pulled gis right hand out of the ice bucket. Then he added, turning his numb wrist lightly.

"I've got a monster that's quite useful."

Zenya immediately recognized that the monster was himself. It wasn't much of a flattery. It wasn't flattering, it wasn't like a compliment. Nevertheless, there was a strange mood swings.

"Well, then."

It was an indifferent tone, but he could not hide it, and his shoulders were wide open and he could hear his chin. He heard that compliments make whales dance, but watching a crocodile who is proud of his words, which is not a compliment, made him embarrassed.

But he didn't bother to be mean. On the contrary, he decided to use it to suit his spirit. He gave him his cell phone with a smile after a long time. The additional words were as friendly as ever.

"You don't think it's going to be bad, do you? Then call the telephone."

***

There were several black sedans standing where they arrived. There was only one man sitting in it who seemed to be a low-ranking mafia. The people who accompanied him seemed to have already gone inside. The old warehouse behind the car was today's contact point.

Kwon Taek-ju and Zenya were waiting nearby early. They measured when they would enter while looking at the surrounding movements. They waited

a little longer just in case, but there were no late joining forces or moves to raid.

Checked the colt's magazine. At that time, Zenya also threw the cigar that she was biting. As soon as the cigar, which was rolling on the floor, stopped moving, no one went forward first.

He strode along and pulled the trigger. Two bullets were fired from the silencer-equipped colt. However, the sedan was not able to break the car window immediately because it was armed with bulletproof glass. There was only a huge radial crack in the windshield. The junior mafia, who was smoking leisurely, hurriedly pulled out his rifle.

The gun was aimed at Kwon Taek-ju. The car body rattled with a thud. It looked like a rock fell on the hood. Even before deciding what was going on, something broke through the cracked windshield and hit it. The junior mafia was dragged out by the collar. Kwon Taek-ju only confirmed that he was caught by Zenya and turned his eyes. If he watched it until the end, he thought he would feel uneasy about his dream.

Before long, Zenya returned to Kwon Taek-ju. He took out a handkerchief and threw it at him. He wiped his hands there without hesitation. The white handkerchief quickly turns red.

Meanwhile, Kwon Taek-ju looked through the old warehouse. There's a Sonchev in there. He doesn't know if the weapon that's intervening there is the real Anastasia, but if he catches it and eats it, he'll get some clues.

Staring at Zenya suddenly. Their eyes met at once. Kwon Taek-ju shook his head as if sending an entry sign. Zenya grinned without replying.

He opened the door and went inside. The dust caused a cloud of vision. He looked around, cutting through the dust with his hands. Office fixtures and construction materials were left unattended everywhere. The walls on all sides piled up with bricks were partially collapsed, and large holes were also drilled in the ceiling.

In the middle of the cluttered space sat a middle-aged Russian. Kwon Taek-ju noticed at a glance that he was Boris, the big shot of "Sonchev." Five or six large men sat behind it like a folding screen. There is a daunting atmosphere even though it is only a brief confrontation.

What was unexpected was Boris's response. He wasn't very embarrassed, even though it wasn't Bogdanov who called him out. He looks somewhat unexpected and immediately smiles with interest.

"You're a little late, aren't you?"

Boris opened the door to conversation first.

"There was a big commotion at Bogdanov's mansion last night, right? I didn't know you were the one who caused the trouble. Now that you see it, it must have been real?”

Boris looked straight at Zenya. It seemed that he had already encountered work at Bogdanov's mansion. Zenya did not particularly deny or affirm. He just smiled and shrugged his shoulders. They seemed to have met each other. Both of them are big hands in the underworld, so it was natural.

Boris glanced at Kwon Taek-ju. He glanced over from head to toe and made an incomprehensible expression. As if asking for an explanation, he looked at Zenya again.

"Why are you doing this?"

"I thought I'd have fun."

Zenya grinned. It was an overly light tone for turning the Bogdanov family, and furthermore, Russia, into an enemy. Of course, if the operation was completed successfully, it would have gained enormous profits that were difficult to convert. But before that, they have to go through countless difficulties. That slim chance, Boris dismissed in a word.

"You're reckless."

"Don't they call it bold? Usually."

Zenya was still only flabbergasted and showed no sign of abating. Boris, who was shaking his head, watched Kwon Taek-ju again. The question of "Why of all things?" was evident in his eyes, which looked at him with satisfaction. He didn't feel bad. Rather, it seemed more unpleasant to be treated as equivalent to Zenya.

He interrupted the conversation without further delay.

"Suda trembles at that point, and gets to the point. Anastasia, where is it?”

Was it unexpected? Or maybe it's because he was caught off guard. Boris raised his eyebrows and expressed a silent question.

"Anastasia? I don't know why you're looking for it on me."

Are you saying he's going to take it off first? There is no evidence yet that "SS-29" is "Anastasia." In addition, he didn't expect it to blow from the beginning.

"Then do I have to say 'SS-29'? I need to check a few things about the weapon.”

"I wondered if a rat had come into the trap himself, but was that the purpose? I don't know if it's brave or innocent. Don't tell me you thought I'd give you a quick answer?"

"I can't help it. If you can't communicate, you have no choice but to talk with your body."

The bullet flew in before he could finish answering. He rolled over to the pile of construction materials. The pouring bullets soon produced a cloud of dust. The vision becomes blurred, and the inside of the ear becomes deafening. Then the gunfire continued without stopping.

He threw a smoke bomb into the building while peeking at the timing of the counterattack. Black smoke quickly covered the area. He used the moment to shoot fluorescent lights in the warehouse one after another. Fluorescent light fragments poured onto the floor with glass's unique rupture sound. The

interior was in chaos at the time of the saps. Intermittent shots rang out here and there, and someone's scream broke out. It was also vivid that a part of the body was broken.

Zenya wasn't next to him, but he wasn't worried about him. Under any circumstances, he would have survived. All Kwon Taek-ju had to care about was his own safety.

He took out his special goggles and wore them. Then, the movement of the mafias was captured as the human response sensor was activated. The enemy and our allies couldn't tell each other apart and pulled the trigger one after another as they passed through the big men who were swimming.

"Crying!"

"Oh my god!"

With a single scream, the silhouettes that were crawling in front of your eyes fall down one by one. Kwon Taek-ju went to the front of the chair where Boris was sitting.

But there was no Boris. He looked everywhere for him, but he couldn't see his shadow anywhere. The same was true of Zenya.

He scanned his surroundings slowly. How long has it gone? Suddenly, the back of his head felt tight. When he looked back curiously, one of the people hit him sharply. Reflectively, he avoided him, but a sharp pain grazed his arm. His sleeves were getting wet, and he seemed to have cut himself with a weapon. He hurried back and aimed at his opponent's head. He didn't pull the trigger hastily. If he were Boris, it would be meaningless to come this far.

While faltering, the opponent drew in the air with a weapon. It was an attack aimed at the neck. Kwon Taek-ju tilted his upper body to avoid flying blades.

Meanwhile, a shadow near the door caught sight at first glance.

He is about 2m tall, and stands at an angle with his arms folded arrogantly. An attitude of carefully watching the scene where the blade is about to touch his partner's neck. No matter how he looked at it, it was Zenya. At his feet, there were piles of silhouettes believed to be mafia members. Apparently, he has seen everything to have fun, but they don't come quickly and help him.

The blade came toward the abdomen in a moment of distraction. After hitting the blade with Colt's barrel, he pulled the trigger on his opponent's knee.

"...HA!"

The opponent fell down with a clear shot. The moaning voice was similar to Boris's. Taking a breather, he took off his goggles. In the meantime, the blood flowing from the arms cried at the fingertips and fell to the floor. As time went by, the amount of flow by. He seemed to need to stop the bleeding immediately.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was looking through his pocket, said, "Oh, I didn't move." He remembered throwing the handkerchief he had brought to Zenya. He had to take off his dusty jacket and unbutton his shirt. It was only then that Zenya came slowly.

"It was dangerous. You can't hit the rice cake for at least a month if there's a hole in your stomach."

He wondered how it would be.

He shook his head and focused on unbuttoning. Is it annoying to wiggle with one hand? Zenya, who was watching with his arms folded, said, "It must be a night," and struck out Kwon Taek-ju's hand. Then he began to unbutton him.

When he actually needs help, he pretends not to know and claims to be unnecessary good faith.

He raised his left arm, which was dripping blood as if booing.

"I'm so moved that I can.."

"Whatever."

He laughs naturally even though he is openly sarcastic. It's not surprising now.

With a bitter face, it was still a long way off, urged. Zenya didn't answer back much. It's so quiet that he looks at it strangely, and he puts his heart and soul into unbuttoning. He was so focused that he didn't know that his eyes would fall from his fingertips when he twisted the button.

"That's enough, now."

Shaking off his annoying hand, he took off his shirt. The rebound bounced off the last button that had not been fully unlocked. Regardless, he wrapped his half-off shirt a couple of times over his bleeding left arm. Bite the ends of the sleeves and tie them tightly. This kind of thing happened frequently while performing a mission alone.

He simply stopped the bleeding and approached Boris. Boris was on his way to pick up the gun, dragging his abnormally twisted legs. He snatched him by the neck and put him in the previous chair. Pull both arms behind the backrest and put them firmly in handcuffs. Then he tripped over the legs of the chair and fell back.

The chair fell with a thud. A heavy groan broke out automatically from Boris, who fell down together. The chair was raised up again. The same behavior was then repeated three or four times.

After being thrown on the floor again and again, Boris was not intimidated.

Rather, he only laughed at Kwon Taek-ju. He pulled his hair out of the blue. Even with his head completely tilted back, Boris smiled unpleasantly.

"Do you think we're going to talk about this?"

"We'll see."

Kwon Taek-ju also smiled contrivedly. He soon walked in front of a computer stuck on one side of the wall. Take out the old keyboard through the discarded furniture. Then it hit the wall and separated the individual keys. A handful of spilled keys went back to Boris. Then he forced his mouth open and poked it in.

In no time, Boris's cheeks swelled. Kwon Taek-ju firmly attached the tape to his lips, wondering if the contents would come out. Zenya stepped away and watched the scene with interest.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was ready, slowly turned around Boris.

"A North Korean engineer is coming to solve the problem of SS-29, right? I heard it will arrive today and tomorrow, so where should I go to meet him?"

“…….”

Boris was at his wits' end. He bent his upper body to meet his eye level. Only the black eyes showed no emotion. Boris also stared at Kwon Taek-ju with bloodshot eyes. He slapped him on the cheek. The relaxed face is painfully

distorted. It was because the keys full of the mouth were mixed and caused intense pain. It was a sharp pain that made me feel sick just imagining what it would be like to be hit with a fist.

But Boris insisted on keeping his mouth shut up. He was not the big shot of Sonchev for no reason. He straightened his slanted body. Boris took a quiet breather. At that moment, he punched him in the face. Boris's whole body trembled with the pain of his eyes turning yellow. Even though my mouth was tight, he could hear a scream.

A tight grip on the cheeks of distressed Boris. Boris's face turns even bluer.

Kwon Taek-ju said, "I feel like talking to him now, so I did." shake one's head stubbornly. His eyes were full of venom. By that time, Kwon Taek-ju's face was also chilled. Zenya, who was watching, smiled.

A stone fist slams Boris relentlessly. Boris's head, which was holding out at the end, fell down. Saliva and blood leaked dry from his tightly clogged mouth.

When he took the tape off, his lips parted helplessly. Through the gap, bloody plastic keys and teeth pour out.

"Ask again. Who is the engineer who said he was coming to fix the SS-29, and where is his destination?"

Boris grinned at the persistent questioning. Then he spat out of nowhere. The saliva mixed with blood was tangled around Kwon Taek-ju's eyes. Kwon Taek-ju didn't bother to wipe it. He just silently picked up Boris' knife that fell on the floor.

"Why don't you stay out?"

He offers it to Zenya insensitively. It was a kind of consideration and advice.

"Just pretend I'm not here."

He thought about it at best, but it's twitching. His bent eyes filled with expectations for a fun spectacle.

So be it, used to walk to Boris. Boris took a wild breath and shot at the approaching Kwon Taek-ju. His eyes alone had already torn him to death more than ten times. It was like that even though he was discouraged. He felt like he had to do the last thing.

"Indian warriors hunt as many enemies as possible to prove their valor. It's famous for its atrocities, and it causes terrible pain to the point of death.

Compared to them, the slaughter method of cutting the head and separating it from the body is rather humane. It's just the pain of the moment. They say they skin the enemy's head alive?”

Whisperfully mumbled and swept Boris's forehead. The hair fell over together, revealing a clear forehead. He slashed it with his knife.

"...Argh!"

Boris wriggled his bound body in a raw pain. It wasn't an unbearable pain. The cut on the blade showed a little blood.

"Did you scratch your forehead small enough to fit two fingers, and then tear it slowly? Most people die of shock before they even skin their hair? I heard it's a pain that's incomparable to being shot, cut by a knife, or broken bones."

Kwon Taek-ju's gruesome smile touches his lips. Zenya's interest reached its peak. Boris was terrified for the first time in his life by the predicament.

"Argh! Argh!"

Soon a tearful scream rang throughout the building.

The closed warehouse door opened. Unlike Kwon Taek-ju, who seemed upset, Zenya looked just happy. Follow along annoyingly close while driving.

"Did you really mean to take it off?"

"…You must be dying of irritation."

He ignored Zenya's question and rubbed his right hand on his pants. The blood on the ground was wiped off, but so was the federal government. Zenya made a fuss without knowing what she was thinking.

"You were a little sexy before? I, it was pretty dangerous. It's stiff underneath."

"Then should I tell you right away next time? If it's your hair skin, I'll happily take it off at any time."

He snarled with his molars clenched. In a fit of anger, Zenya's collar was also tugged. A plump face comes right up to my nose. The blue eyes rolled slowly, capturing Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, and even his hands. It was a movement full of incompatibility like a reptile's eyeball.

He frowned and stared blankly, and Zenya snapped off his hand by the collar. It was a short time, but the skin that came into contact was ice. Kwon Taek-ju flinched unconsciously and shook off his hand. It may be embarrassing to avoid it, but Zenya cut it off in a mean way as if nothing had happened.

"Is that the next thing you're going to do?"

Instead of answering, he nodded. Zenya said, "Then let's go," and went ahead.

His back shook gently as if he were humming. He stood there and watched him.

When the other person is conscious of it, he smiles as if he is not. He pretends to be a good person, but suddenly reveals himself without filtering. He himself is a destructive human being. It was a dangerous monster who enjoyed unusual interests.

Ha. For Zenya, the boundary between normal and abnormal is only one difference. It was purely because of that that they demolished the wall unconsciously and rebuilt it quickly.

The instinct smarter than the head keeps shaking its head.

trans-siberian train.

The train from Beijing headed for Moscow. On a quiet night, the window was buried in deep darkness. The chaotic atmosphere right after the ride was nowhere to go.

It was a long journey from Beijing to Moscow in six days. Even though all the destinations were the same, the atmosphere of each room was quite different.

Third-class passengers were in a silent war to occupy even a small convenience first. Aside from the bed, the partition between the seats is rustling to try to sleep in a cramped place. If the first and second-class

rooms were full of expectations for an adventure to a new world, the third-class room was filled with the smell of life.

A murky air hovered in the poorly ventilated carriage. There was also an unidentified stale smell. The baby, who was twitching because of discomfort, burst into tears. The tired parents only soothed the whining baby in an insincere way. Other passengers turned around frowning at the constant whining.

Forgetting the night, the army gang giggled while sharing cheap vodka.

Merchants who pushed bundles into other people's seats blocked all the fuss with earplugs. It seemed that he had learned how to endure a long journey with long experience.

Travelers in the second-class room sat together in twos and threes, regardless of nationality, gender, or age. They talk all night while sharing what they experienced during the trip, useful information, future schedules, and small snacks. He was also part of the trip, so he didn't seem to get tired.

The only special room in the car with individual bathrooms was always quiet.

There weren't many people going back and forth in the hallway, day or night. At night, he sleeps well in a comfortable bed, and whenever he's hungry, he visit a restaurant in the car. The exorbitant cost of food didn't matter to them.

The only satisfactory part of the headquarters' support was that it provided generous transportation and stay expenses. After looking around all the other rooms, he thought so when he lay in a special room bed. Soon, however, complaints broke out.

"Ahhhhh…Yes… yes."

Kwon Taek-ju's brows are frowning little by little. He tried to sleep with his eyes closed, but it was no use. The fluttering groan gradually increased its intensity and stuck into the earhole.

"Ahhhh...Ah!"

He buried his face deep in the pillow. The blanket was covered to the top of his head. Nevertheless, he couldn't ignore the appearance of nearby people. The more intense the different flesh was, the sharper the woman's groan became.

The sound was so full that his eardrums seemed to be chewy.

Let's ignore it. Ignore it.

He pulled himself together as if he were chanting a spell. It was no surprise that a madman did something crazy. To blame, it is right to resent the headquarters for attaching such a guy as a partner, not Zenya.

Normally, he lived without knowing that he was sleepless. After finishing the operation, he often died like a corpse for several days and fell asleep, and during the mission, he slept soundly even if he slept in pieces. There is no more basic self-management than eating and sleeping properly, but it is no good to be unable to sleep. It's classic, but he decided to count sheep.

One sheep. Two sheep. Three sheep. Four sheep....

"...haha, haaaaaaah."

Oh, my god… Damn it.

He jumped up and sat down. The lights were turned off in the room, but in the hallway, the in-young tangled with the light was reflected without filtration.

Zenya's eyes were shining brightly even in the dark. His eyes seemed to meet at first glance, but he was not embarrassed at all.

The woman's skirt on him was hanging from her thighs and was lifted to her waist. The top of the uniform was not messy, so he could identify him at once. It was a blonde flight attendant who showed him the seat when they got on. He glared openly, but Zenya raised her waist regardless. Each time, the woman broke down her upper body with a tearful groan.

Whenever the woman's body moved up and down, Zenya's stuff showed its greatness. The shiny flesh, soaked in sorrow, wriggled its body constantly. It was quite a burdensome amount. Looking at the woman who swallowed it and fell, he frowned. His innocent perineum seemed to be throbbing. How can he afford such a hideous, unmeasured item. He admired the mystery of the human body again.

Kwon Taek-ju sat with his arms folded. He was going to wait and see how brazen he could be. Perhaps it was an illusion, but a smile suddenly spread around Zenya's mouth.

"Sigh, you're so... Oh, my… Yes, ha."

The woman's upper body, which had been reeling, began to recline. Whenever the body held by him falls and bumps, his white thighs cramp. Damp saliva and death poured out of the wide open lips.

Zenya didn't let the woman go. Slowly rub down and fix her soft body to find a more pleasant stimulus, and constantly raise her back. Puck, puck, puck, puck, puck. There was a series of violent fricatives, punching leather. The woman's face was distorted by a painful sensation of pleasure. Her fair skin also turned red.

The woman shook her head completely back and shook helplessly. Her knee, which was completely open, shook as she could not overcome the burning sensation that penetrated the whole body. The sound of breathing in her throat seemed to stop at any moment.

"Ha-huh, ha-ah... Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

Before long, the woman gave a shrill cry, clattering her limbs. At the same time, Zenya inflated his huge body and wrinkled his forehead. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes are on Zenya's face. It wasn't meant to be. However, it was strange that the person who had been calm under any circumstances suffered in front of his original instinct. He thought he was a little surprised to see his heart beating like a seizure.

After the assessment, the thick genitals slide. At the end, dense semen leaked.

Looking at the white mucus dripping on the floor after wetting the bed, he naturally became embarrassed. There is no male who will happily accept the same kind that proudly marks the area in place.

He opened the window to ventilate. The wind was as strong as the speed of the train. In the biting cold wind, Zenya came out of the shower. The clothes were sewn like ghosts again in the bathroom that looked too much to crumple in. At this point, it's like a stunt away from compulsion.

Looking at Kwon Taek-ju crouching in the cold, he makes a questionable expression.

"With a freezing face, what stupid thing is that?”

He knows who it is because of it, but he pretends not to know. He closed the window with a hateful look on his face. Only then did the fishy smell seem to have gone away.

He hasn't been feeling well since the morning because he couldn't sleep. He didn't even think about eating because he didn't have an appetite. Zenya grinned helplessly even when he saw Kwon Taek-ju's feisty face.

"I didn't expect to see it so openly. Don't they usually move away?”

He couldn't help laughing. Isn't sex 'usually' enjoyed in private alone. He twisted his stomach when he talked about it with a look that he wasn't in trouble at all.

He had a lot of intentions to tease him, so he responded brazenly.

"Why should I? Quality pornography is being shown for free."

"Well… it had to be of good quality."

Zenya nodded as if she understood. It's not a compliment. To everyone's ears, it was a clear condemnation. Nevertheless, he raised his chin while

stretching his shoulders. That's how much he's going to be true?

"You know how to say pleasant things, don't you?”

No matter how much he looked at it, there seemed to be a strong problem with his thinking system and sociality. How can he be so proud to hear sarcastic remarks in such a friendly way? He gave up responding as if to think freely.

There was no need to disappoint a positive human being in a strange place.

Moreover, only his mouth hurt if his opponent was not hit even if he kept being sarcastic.

The two moved to Beijing yesterday morning. From Boris of "Sonchev," North Korean engineer Hong Yeo-wook was disguised as a Chinese tourist and got information that he would board a trans-Siberian train. Before reaching Moscow, Bogdanov's side will contact Hong Yeo-wook, but Boris said he still does not know when and how. SS-29 is also moving to a safe place, so we don't know where it will be stored eventually. There was a lot of information that was uncertain, but it didn't matter. If he chases Hong Yeo-wook, he'll naturally head to where "SS-29" is.

Last night, I checked Hong Yeo-wook's boarding. As Boris said, disguised as a Chinese, he entered a second-class carriage. There seemed to be no company, but it remains to be seen whether it was true. People on Bogdanov's side might already be watching him on the train. That's why he didn't immediately attack Hong Yeo-wook.

If they find out that Hong Yeo-wook has been followed, Bogdanov may give up contact with him. Then all the plans come to naught. He had to be careful.

"Come to think of it, Boris, what happened to him? You said you'd take care of it.”

"Yes, I did."

"Doesn't that mean you're going to send it to the goal?"

"I thought I might do it for a moment….”

Zenya laughed, blurring the end of his speech. He did it right away, but he urged him to say something afterwards. The way you look at Zenya is very agreeable. It was fierce. Zenya answered after spinning for a long time whether he was jealous or not.

"I just kept it locked up because I thought it might be useful later."

"What if he escapes?"

"As expected, did you want to finish him, too? It's cruel, too."

"That's not what I mean, but if he talks, everything will be ruined.”

"Don't worry, it won't happen."

"Can I trust you?"

"Whatever. You'll never get out of there until my instructions are given."

Somehow, he was suspicious and secretly trusted. Paradoxically, it was. Does that mean he only has to pay attention to Hong Yeo-wook?

A vast plain passed through the window that he inadvertently looked out. The winter scenery was so bleak no matter which country or place he went. From time to time, grazing four-footed animals were also seen. He felt an unknown loneliness from standing on the endless land.

The scenery was similar both ways. The long ridges continued as if they were about to break. It soon became boring to watch silently. The drowsiness that he had barely shaken off seemed to be rushing back.

He yawned long and looked at the clock. Then he freaked out, and hurriedly unloads his bag from the shelf. At first glance, it looked like a briefcase, but its substance was equipment that temporarily drew satellite communication networks. If necessary, it can be disguised as if it were a call from Korea.

Kwon Taek-ju, who turned on the power, tapped the keyboard and entered a specific command. The wireless antenna inside the communication unit then operates and draws satellite signals. He put earphones for his phone in the side jack and entered the phone number.

Zenya stood with his arms folded for a moment and watched. He was going to go eat breakfast soon. Meanwhile, it would have been good to look at Hong Yeo-wook's movements. He didn't mean to go with Kwon Taek-ju in particular, but he was stranded out of curiosity when he saw him floundering in an inappropriate way. He was very curious about who the man, who was like a piece of wood, was trying to call so urgently.

"Yes, mother. It's me."

Kwon Taek-ju's mother answered the phone as if she had been waiting. It was a little late, so he calmed her down hard, pouring out all kinds of worries. He couldn't even afford to care that Zenya was listening.

An unfamiliar language flowed from Kwon Taek-ju. He has met North Koreans a few times for work problems. Similar to their words, it seemed to be Korean.

However, he was not fluent in Korean, and he did not know who the caller was

or what conversations were going on. He only guessed the object from the fact that Kwon Taek-ju's tone was as friendly as ever and that he was making a soft voice by softening the opponent's mood. At first glance, the voice flowing out of the earphones was always a woman's voice. A woman who has been in a deep relationship for a long time, not just one night.

Zenya suddenly took out his cell phone and ran a translation application. As expected, Kwon Taek-ju's language was Korean, and the characteristically repeated word meant "mother." Zenya, who was watching the interpretation carefully, snorted openly. She was unbecoming sweet, and she was not a young woman, but a mother.

Kwon Taek-ju's call ended quickly. As soon as he pressed the End Call button, he sigh for a long time. As he was organizing his communication equipment with an exhausted look, he suddenly raised his eyes. Immediately, eyes met with Zenya.

Zenya was looking down at Kwon Taek-ju and squirming. It was too obvious what he wanted to say. He put his bag in as if he didn't know and sat down again. Zenya grinned as if he had been waiting.

"I wondered what the mama's boy looked like, but he was right in front of me.”

"It's like everyone who doesn't know anything knows what it is."

"Are you angry because you hit the nail on the head?"

"I'd rather be a mama's boy, I'd be less tired, too."

Kwon Taek-ju shook his head and complained. It was none of a person's business. He wasn't even interested. However, after seeing a man who was like a wooden stone suddenly swaying and becoming blunt again in real time as if he had never done it, he was also curious about the inside situation. The reason why he claims to be a "tired" mama's boy is.

"Go on."

"How hard is it to survive alone, how can a guy like you know? The family's worries, worries, anxiety, anxiety, expectations... You have to pay for that many times as much as the dead. I know she'll be worried, so I'll have to deceive hee and pretend to be bright. If she knows where I am now and what I'm going to do in the future, my mother will lie down on that path. Even now, she thinks I'm removing civil petition documents from the local government office....”

Kwon Taek-ju, who was muttering without hesitation, suddenly closes his mouth. Maybe he was listening to him, but Zenya looked puzzled.

"Why don't you stop?'”

"It's unnecessary."

Kwon Taek-ju sat down with his back bitten deeply and closed his mouth. It seemed that he had no intention of talking anymore, picking up a thick book.

Stretching out his arms, he closed the cover he had just turned back. Once again, their eyes were intertwined.

"It's full of stuff when it's time to talk."

"Well, I'm not bored enough to make boring family affairs? I've brought you a bunch of books."

Kwon Taek-ju jabbed the inside of his bag. It was certainly an easy amount for six days.

Zenya smirked and glanced at Kwon Taek-ju. It was an interesting gaze as if it had been stimulated. He tried to ignore his search. He took a step further and took out any book and asked if he should lend it to him.

"No thanks. I'm not interested in the sound of someone talking unilaterally. You can bring a girl if you're bored."

He wondered how it would be.

He shook his head and fixed his eyes on the book. By that time, Zenya didn't bite anymore. He just went out without saying a word. Still, he is a partner, but he never reveals where and why he is going.

The door that had been opened closed again. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, which were stuck in the book, face the door. The stiff shoulders softened. When Zenya still looked closely, he became nervous without realizing it.

To make it inevitable, he could see an insidious destroyer floating on the water, hiding his fierce and ferocious heart deep in his stomach. He was like a master predator, who knew how to free his prey to enjoy the last supper. Instinct rejected him. No matter how many times he injected it into a team, he couldn't relax my guard against him.

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The train reached the border area between China and Mongolia in 12 hours.

Even before the stop, there was a cluttered airflow in the room. It was because the immigration examination was ahead.

Compared to the Russian border, it is said that the screening takes an average of three hours. In case of emergency, it can increase, but passengers have been stuck in the train.

When the train stopped completely, the waiting examiners came inside. Each group of immigration officials, customs officials and a couple of public security officers carefully examined the allocated area. It closely compares passport photos and passengers' faces, as well as various declarations. Jim's examination and body search were also followed. Most of them passed simply on the common sense line, but there were sometimes strict examiners. It was a way of unloading and searching one by one, and inspecting the bottom of the bed, shelves, and trash cans. In the meantime, access outside the room has been banned at all. He couldn't sleep peacefully ahead of the screening.

The situation was not different between Kwon Taek-ju and Zenya. The two were sitting facing each other in a narrow room. We didn't have a particular conversation. He just woke up, so he didn't even think to take out a book. He was just half dozing off and waiting for his turn.

After all, they were the ones who should be most nervous. It was due to the possession of small bombs, including colts, and various high-tech devices.

Although it was hidden in advance in preparation for the screening, the opponents were judges with thick bones. If a colt was discovered, he would be caught out of control. He couldn't relax for a moment.

In the meantime, there was something that bothered him more than the screening. It was Zenya's knee that came between his legs. As they sat facing each other in their respective seats, their long legs naturally became intertwined. However, while Kwon Taek-ju's knee was bent at Zenya's

thigh, Zenya's leg, which is about a bone bigger than that, penetrated deeply to the point of embarrassment. His knees and genitals were almost in contact with each other.

Kwon Taek-ju looked down at the knee of the guy who threatened my groin. He looked so stark that he could bite himself if he had a sense. However, Zenya only stared at Kwon Taek-ju and was not nervous.

"Why don't you get up?"

After much patience, he demanded it.

"It's not my fault that I have long legs."

Zenya shrugged his shoulders deftly. He doesn't even pretend to shirk. The disappointing side can turn around first, but Kwon Taek-ju didn't either. He didn't want to be played on the same little pranks. Ignoring them was the best punishment for those who liked to tease others.

He threw his eyes out the window and showed no response. He yawned several times because of the drowsiness that was gathering. In response to the poor response, Zenya's smirk leaked out, saying, "It's not cute." He pretended not to hear it and fiddled with his own ears.

Around that time, the room became noisy. He felt a lot of popularity, but soon the judges came inside.

He submitted his passport first. Kwon Taek-ju was still disguised as a Japanese.

It was a different name from Hiro Sakamoto, who went missing in the hotel explosion. The examiner, who even checked the report, returned the passport without much doubt.

A full-fledged luggage inspection followed. Zenya was always relaxed, perhaps not worried. Kwon Taek-ju also tried to maintain calm as much as possible.

“……?”

He suddenly turned around because he felt a certain gaze. A police officer was staring at Kwon Taek-ju. Did he notice anything strange? His back went blank for nothing.

He turned his eyes as naturally as possible. However, even after that, he could still see the eyes of a long time. He didn't leave for a moment. He felt somewhat reluctant.

The examiners' baggage checks continued into the bathroom. He put down the shower on the wall and disassembled the head. They searched the floor, bedding, and pillows before leaving the room without saying a word. A long sigh leaked out automatically.

The next moment, the door opened again and a public security officer returned.

It was the one who was watching Kwon Taek-ju persistently a while ago. Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju faced each other with puzzled faces.

The police ordered the two men to stand against the wall. It was sudden, but there was no need to cause unnecessary uproar against it. He obeyed the instructions of the public security. The police searched Zenya's body first.

Lightly sweeps down his shoulders, chest, waistline, and ankles. Then he finished by looking into his hands one by one.

It was Kwon Taek-ju's's turn. He put his hands on the wall. Again, he felt the public security's glare behind him, but he pretended not to know. The public security, who sat with one knee bent, groped from his ankle. He touches his ankle and sweeps his calves and shins one after another. He then rubbed his knees, thighs, and even his groin. Zenya was slow, and his close touch was quite persistent.

The more he came up, the more stark the contact became. The public security officer twisted Kwon Taek-ju's buttocks as if kneading them, and then slipped his lower body. Then, he reached forward and tickled through his tightly intertwined abs. In the end, he clutches his thick chest full of hands.

He held his breath quietly and swallowed and looked into the air. Maybe he thought he was excited, but the hands of public security became more generous. He felt like he could hear Zenya laughing behind him.

"Your hand..."

He bowed his head and murmured. Because it was such a small sound and it was Korean, neither the public security nor Zenya understood the meaning.

Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was touching the wall, clenches his fist tightly.

"Come on, you homo!"

He was so furious that he grabbed the public security by the collar. His elbow was pulled to the limit and he was about to punch his face at any time. The police closed their eyes tightly and clasped their shoulders. However, there was no violence that had been feared for some time.

The police, who opened their eyes secretly, swallowed a dry spit. Kwon Taekju's white fist was shaking in front of him. The untimely sexual harassment has made him look ugly. He felt like he was tearing people apart with just those eyes. Kwon Taek-ju, who was distorting the back of his nose and suppressing his anger, soon let him go like a push. The dazed police scuttled away.

"I guess you liked it very much?”

Zenya stimulated Kwon Taek-ju, who was struggling by splitting. He punished him for throwing a book. He picked it up easily and put it down on his road.

Since their eyes met, they don't forget to tease each other again.

"Your waist is also very thin, and the line is quite long. Why didn't you pretend you couldn't win? It's piled up here and there.”

"It's not something that a man as full as he is to talk about."

"Oh? Am I your type?"

"Don't say scary things."

He gritted his teeth openly. Zenya was just moodily single. He glared at him and cleaned up the mess.

After a while, the train was back on track. He finished organizing and sat down.

Open any book he can get.

How long has it been? A familiar vibration sounded. It was Jenna's cell phone.

The person who checked the caller takes his cell phone and goes outside.

Actually, this wasn't the first time. When he got a phone call, he left without fail.

It's strictly privacy if it's not a contact related to the operation, but he's too careful. All he shared with Kwon Taek-ju was the information needed to carry out the mission. He never mentioned it.

If he was a little bit of a general great man, he would have stopped paying attention earlier. But he couldn't do that at all.

“…….”

He put down the book he was reading and got up. Slightly open the closed door and look outside through the gap. Zenya came into the corner of view. It was too far away to recognize the contents of the call. However, the expression of the man looking out the window seemed unusual.

Time alone, he ventured to reveal himself. He doesn't know who the caller is, but he no longer pretends to be a "pleasant partner" as he did to Kwon Taek-ju.

a dead voice and a stiff face. He couldn't find a distinctive laugh.

He doesn't want to get close. It wasn't the type to be deeply entwined. For now, he just hopes that the operation will be completed soon, so that the relationship with him will be cleared up neatly.

“……!”

He was about to turn around. Zenya, who looked casually while trying to close the door, was staring at Kwon Taek-ju. He was so surprised that he missed the timing to stop. Zenya, who was staring at Kwon Taek-ju, suddenly drew a long line with his lips. It was a pretentious smile. He looked at me with a compliment and turned away.

It was not long before Zenya returned to his room. All this time he wondered how to make an excuse, but he didn't ask why he peeped at him. Rather, he just acted calmly as if nothing had happened.

He felt uncomfortable. Why do I feel like I'm playing games that my opponent is letting me off.

***

It's been a whole day since he got on the train. In the meantime, Hong Yeo-wook hardly moved. The number of times he left was at most three or four, and even that was only about five to ten minutes.

While Hong Yeo-wook went to the bathroom, Zenya returned after installing a surveillance cam. Where and how he hid it, Hong Yeo-wook did not notice its existence at all. Thanks to this, he also saved the trouble of wandering around day and night.

However, when the problem was solved, another problem was bound to occur.

"…Oh, yes…yes."

Zenya's sexual desire erupted at any time and place. It wasn't even the flight attendant yesterday. The woman's face, which was shaken by him, was quite familiar to him. It was the flight attendant he often encountered when he

went to and from the second-class room to monitor Hong Yeo-wook. He was in charge of the special room carriage last night, and he was in charge of the second room carriage. Are you sure you want to touch all the flight attendants until you get off?

The time was past 3 p.m. at the most. Kwon Taek-ju opened the book and focused all his attention on it. It was useless. Because the surrounding area was so clear, the movement of the nearby area was clearly recognized even if you did not see it. Zenya is said to be oblivious to other people's eyes, but the opponent seemed to forget his embarrassment.

The more he did, the more he held out with his molars. It was like a provocation against Kwon Taek-ju himself to do so in this narrow room. He didn't even know that the gaze of another person who was embarrassed encouraged his excitement. He had no intention of being swept away either way.

He regained his confused mind. Fortunately, the contents of the book were also interesting, so it was not difficult to become dull around it.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha....”

But the two beasts, faithful to their pleasures, did not leave the casual witness alone. The woman who had torn the pillow and scratched the air touched the

table. The bottle rolled over and smashed to pieces. The vodka that filled the inside soaked the floor, and some of them even splashed Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju looked up at his wet pants. He made eye contact with Zenya right away.

“…….”

“…….”

He didn't expect to be sorry. But he took another step and twisted his mouth.

When Kwon Taek-ju rolled his forehead, he stuck out his red-cooked tongue and licked his upper lip. His eyes moved after his red flesh. As if he noticed it, his face was filled with satisfactory laughter.

Shortly thereafter, the woman's body collapsed onto the table. When the woman tried to raise her upper body, Zenya pressed her neck. Then he raised the woman's abdomen to fit his body. The woman's lower body, which barely supported her toes, was completely heard and dangled. The blond hair hanging out of the table seemed to reach Kwon Taek-ju at any moment. With nowhere to avoid, Zenya resumed her violent waistline.

The harsh friction of how hard it hit rang out. It was hard to think that it was the sound of crushing between people. The table on which the woman relied on her upper body rattled as if it were about to break. When Zenya, who had been constantly pounding inside, dug into it one by one, the woman fell ill and collapsed.

I've had enough of the leverage. He really said a word.

"Hey..."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!”

The protest was not completed. He said everything he was going to say, but he was completely buried in the woman's groans. Zenya pushed the woman, who was shaking with terrible pleasure, endlessly, and poked at the bottom of her body, which had become muddy. The woman was barely breathing and

squashed between the table and the guy. He tried to leave his seat rather than endure it.

At that moment, Zenya whipped up the woman's upper body. As a result, the front of the loose woman's top opened wide. White things pour out from Kwon Taek-ju's nose. He turned his head late, but the afterimage was flickering endlessly. He closed his eyes tightly and calmed down his immature burning instinct.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes… Oh, my."

Before long, the woman's body hardened with a thud. Maybe it was begging, but the fishy smell spread out in the air. He looked away the whole time and turned his head right away. Taste the climax and look at Zenya's softened face.

At that moment, Zenya suddenly pulled the woman who was hanging down and hooked her lower body. The rebound gave a bouncy bounce of both chests.

Oh, my God.

"...nonsense."

He leaned against the shower booth and took his breath. The heat was on the verge of death. Even if he tries to ignore it, Kwon Taek-ju was also a man in his prime. He couldn't help but feel nothing when he saw the woman's bare chest in front of him.

His head was spinning. He couldn't afford to sweep through the center. He felt a natural strain on his chin. There was a sound of federation grinding from the completely interlocked body. The flesh of the book, which had been peeled back, was filled with Cooper's liquid. When he rubs the urethra gently, the formation spreads, so the entire earhead is moistened. Whenever the stiffened genitals were scratched by the knuckles, his whole body was numb. His mind was also tangled up in a stinging manner, blocking the accident. All that was left

was the heat that could not be easily shaken off and the lust that was raised to the fullest.

He turned on the shower in annoyance. A cold stream of water poured over his head. Even after cooling off for a long time, the hot energy did not go away.

Black hair thickens with water. The shirt was fully attached to the body, revealing a curved frame. The smooth muscles wriggled endlessly with

stimuli applied for a long time. The nipples under the shirt also stand up sharply with a strange energy that swirls all over the body.

"Ugh... Ugh..."

He bit his molars again. A groan that had not been swallowed leaked out one after another. The cold water that hit me mercilessly gave him goosebumps. His pale lips also shook with difficulty, breathing coldly.

Nevertheless, the heat in the groin remained. Just holding it in his hand and sweeping it, the burning sensation of scratching with his fingernails spread. His knees trembled automatically. His jaw, which was constantly flexing, was stiff.

The sharp eyes had long been hazy.

He shook his head nervously. Struggle to shake off the stubborn lust. The hand against the wall clenched. When he was grumbling like that, he was filled with anger. Gone are the days of ever inflating the front. Although sexual desire soared from time to time, it was not without measures as it is now.

The spine was burning hot. The numbness spreading from the inside of the thigh kept shaking his knees. It was too much to even stand properly without leaning against the wall.

The blood that was flowing all over the body boils up. The heat, which swept through every corner of the blood vessel, soared violently with its head. Perhaps because of a temporary rise in brain pressure, his eyes flashed. A hot, cool sensation quickly swept down the spine.

"Oh, my...!”

One stroke of abs expanded enormously. The genitals, which had risen to the limit one after another, vomited heavy semen. The wide open shoulders and waist trembled. He clenched his teeth more because the sound of the march might leak, but it was useless. The male's roar, which tasted the climax, filled the shower booth, betraying his will. The view spreads bright

yellow. As the muscles of the body contracted, even breathing stopped for a moment.

"Sigh... Sigh....”

The breath he held back came out at once. He breathed heavily, shaking his shoulders and chest. Every place after the fever, the cool energy subsided. His head was as cold as pouring sparkling water. It was giddy, dizzy.

After begging, he felt uncomfortable with the cold and wet clothes that stuck to his body. He pulled back his clothes that didn't come off easily and started taking a shower. It cleans away the traces of desire left all over the body.

Gradually, the eyes regained their original clarity. The painful heat has completely gone. By the time he finished taking a shower, Kwon Taek-ju was completely back to himself.

He paused to dry off. Somehow Zenya was standing in front of the bathroom.

Did he hear it all? It was a bit of a drag, but that was it. Self-defense was an extremely natural and sound act compared to what he did. It's nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be embarrassed about.

Kwon Taek-ju firmly headed to his seat despite Zenya's jeering eyes. Then Zenya immediately blocked the way. If he ignores it and tries to avoid it, he takes a step back and blocks it again. There was a lot of intentional. He looked up at him with half-hearted eyes. He grinned as if he had been waiting.

"Are you sorry?"

It wasn't that face at all. He shrugged his shoulders in a casual way.

"I'm sorry. Because I always get it?"

He responded with condescension, but it couldn't have been a blow. He passed the twitching Zenya and went to bed. Then he took out his

underwear and clothes from his bag. Until then, Kwon Taek-ju was bare without a single thread.

It's the same guy, so he thought it was okay. On the contrary, Zenya, who hides her skin tightly even after taking a shower or having sex, was strange.

He put his ankle through the brief and suddenly turned around. It was because he felt a keen gaze. Sure enough, Zenya was just watching. He has been watching it all along as a fun sight, and he's not shaken even if he's clearly caught. Stabbed his neck on the T-shirt, keeping an eye on the shameless fellow.

"Why don't you do it with a man.”

Zenya asked out of the blue. At that time, his eyes remained near Kwon Taekju's chest. Hatefully, he pulled down the top that had been rolled under his armpit.

"I don't want to imagine."

"Hmm. As expected, it'll just let go of your mood, right? It won't be cute even if a black guy whines."

The key is whether or not it can be built before that. He was imagining it without realizing it, and suddenly came to his senses. Shake his head and slowly shake off the mixed thoughts. If I went further, I would be upset.

"Stop talking about gross things. It's not funny."

He sat down with a straight face. Then, he shook his hair lightly and observed Hong Yeo-wook over the monitor. He still kept his seat. He was reading the same book for two days. He even looked into the contents of the book just in case, but there was no noteworthy information.

No contact from Bogdanov's side has been detected yet. There were rare people who spoke to Hong Yeo-wook, but only a simple conversation was undoubtedly exchanged. Hong Yeo-wook did not stay away for a long time,

nor did he contact the outside world or use communication devices. When and how do you intend to contact each other?

He was looking at the monitor with concentration, and suddenly the table thumped. At a glance, Zenya put down two bottles of vodka, tequila, and cognac. Whether he's going to drink straight, put an empty ice-free glass in front of Kwon Taek-ju and him, respectively. He also took out handmade cigars, which are no less than his trademark. It was said to be a limited item for the 40th anniversary, but it was booty from the case.

First, pour cognac. Then, he took out a piece of kohiba and dipped the end of it.

A series of acts of lighting a fire with a dedicated torch and biting the thick body followed like flowing water. The tip of the poem burned gently with a gentle inhalation. The unique scent of Cohiba Behike rose.

"If you smoke like this, it tastes much better."

Zenya returned the cigar and handed it over. He didn't bother to decline.

Without hesitation, take over the cigar and push a new lip. A heavy scent spread through his mouth. The smoke rolled around the mouth and passed slowly down the throat. His eyes and head became pungent.

Zenya took out another cigar while watching Kwon Taek-ju, who was immersed in his unfamiliar experience. Pour cognac into the empty Kwon Taek-ju's glass.

"I was wondering if it was that way.”

"What do you mean that way?"

"It didn't stand even when you saw a naked woman, so I thought you couldn't stand a woman.”

Smiles with a haughty smile. While staring at Zenya, he shook off the cognac in front of him. He took a sip of the cigar one after another and twisted his mouth as if he was dumbfounded.

"How did you get such a delusion? I like women. Even if the world was ruined and only the boys survived, I wouldn't put it in the hole."

Definitely draw a line. The mere thought of it made him shudder. Zenya smirked and filled the empty glass again. It's a problem to set others up like talking to himself, and he did it. He asked again what it meant, but he changed the subject as if it were nothing.

"So. What kind of girl do you like?"

"Why? Will you introduce me to them? That's out of the blue."

"Well, it's a level of difficulty. Wouldn't it be a problem if I seduce a girl you like?”

"Difficulty? You must be an animal."

Even if he twists it openly, he laughs it off. He shook his head and inhaled cognac. He wanted to drink one more glass, which is slowly raising his fever. He reached out to himself, but Zenya caught the bottle and stopped it. Tell him when their eyes meet, and ask for an answer to his last question. He gave him a rough answer because he couldn't handle it.

"A woman with a big chest and pelvis? The plump side is better than the skinny side."

"It's obvious that you like it once.”

"Isn't it better than the side that doesn't have preference?"

"It's rude to say you don't have a taste. Even so, I can't cover anything."

"It's rude to be filtered by a guy like you. No, is that better?"

He repeatedly snatched the bottle with sarcasm. While filling the glass, Zenya made a fuss about what he didn't ask.

"I hate being clingy. It's fun to do it once, and if I do it more than twice with the same person, I'll get sick of it."

How can it be? There is no such thing as a sense of humor and sincerity for a person who changes his opponent once a day. Even if it's not him, there are quite a few people who prefer light relationships, such as one night or sex partners. They don't want to put a heavy, old-fashioned standard of responsibility on sex whose purpose is to enjoy each other. Still, everyone had a face, so they didn't reveal their promiscuous inner thoughts like him.

Even though he knew it was a meaningless question, he asked just in case.

"Of course, you've never met a particular human continuously....”

"I don't have one."

An immediate answer comes back. It meant that he had never been in a relationship. Of course, it was hard to imagine that he had feelings for someone and craved affection. Even if he thought about his travel and forced it to think about it, it was a horror. What a woman who gets all his attention and love. The mere imagination was pitiful and unfortunate.

"You never know. If you're strong and rebellious. If it doesn't break, it'll be the icing on the cake. It's fun to press with force."

The more he hears it, the more refined his taste is. It wasn't surprising. In the first place, it seemed impossible for a guy like Zenya to work hard on one person and even start a family. Such a normal, normal life didn't suit him at all. If it were a man like that, he wouldn't even be here in the first place.

Kwon Taek-ju's own situation, which he guarantees, was not much different.

What kind of woman would be happy with her husband who doesn't tell her what he does, has few days off, and goes on a business trip like a meal. He

doesn't think he can fulfill his mother's wish for the rest of his life. He's already off the hook from having a safe job, and it seems far from even building a harmonious family.

"I heard that Koreans can't get out of their parents' nests even when they are all grown up. Is that so?"

The subject suddenly changed. Even when he talked about the opposite sex, he seemed to have lost interest in the calm response. Even so, it was such a random question. Surprisingly, Zenya lightly jabbed Kwon Taek-ju's side.

"You call me carefully and report every move.”

"What else did I say? Why are you so curious about that?"

"There's no reason to wonder if you admit that you're a mama's boy."

"My mother is exceptional."

He sighed with resignation. He has never told anyone about my family history.

Even Lim could only guess Kwon Taek-ju's family situation by looking at him.

But why did he complain about it now, too, against Zenya. It wasn't because he was drunk. Wouldn't it be okay because he won't see him again after this mission. He doesn't know if he secretly felt that irresponsible.

"My maternal grandfather, my father, and my brother. All the men in the family who were involved in my mother's life were soldiers. All three of them died as if they had promised. I'm the only one left by your side, so I'm worried. Korea is a country with a high rate of traffic accidents, so she told me not to even think about driving. She's been doing this since my father died, but it's getting worse year by year. She hasn't been able to stay out since he died?”

Zenya's expression becomes very serious when he says it for fun.

"Every human being dies at least once anyway."

Are you trying to console me? There is nothing ordinary about how he looks. He would tell his mother, who is worried about his son, that humans

die at least once anyway, which would be great. Looking at a guy with a different thought, behavior, and sensitivity, he was very curious about his family. What kind of parents do you need to be born and raised to make humans this deficient?

The glass was empty in the meantime. He waited for a moment, but Zenya was just sitting far away. He can make his own as before, but Kwon Taek-ju didn't.

He can only tap the table with an empty glass. Only then did Zenya say, "Oh,"

and he poured a lot of tequila. He brushed it in at once and licked the back of his hand. He smacks his lips at the unfortunate end.

"I'm sorry for the lemon."

"Oh, is that how you enjoy it? If I knew in advance, I would have saved a woman and a lemon. "

Zenya smiled strangely as to what he remembered. He even fiddled with his collarbone.

"Never mind. Just tell me about yourself."

"What are you talking about?"

"Something obvious. Family relationships, interests. Something like that."

"Well, if you like. I have a lot of brothers. I don't have to curry favor with your parents. Look for a girl when I'm bored. I don't have a hobby in the ugly thing of peeping at others and defending myself."

He sarcastically criticized Kwon Taek-ju with consecutive hits and made a satisfied expression. Kwon Taek-ju also smiled contrivedly at him.

"Do your parents know that you walk around like this?"

"What did I do?"

"Killing.”

"I think there's a misunderstanding, but I don't just beat up innocent people.

Didn't I say it over and over again? I don't handle it unless it's self-defense."

"Why don't you say it right away? What you do is overprotect."

"It's right that it's self-defense because I was going to do real harm to myself or something like that. If I were weaker than now, it would have been me, not them."

Abominably, he claims to be a good victim. He had no choice but to defend himself because he couldn't help it. He didn't think it was fair to kill someone for being a little noisy and following him. He didn't know that he would die if he stepped on his shadow.

He clicked his tongue furiously. But he didn't mean to waste his time preaching that wouldn't work. If he didn't harm Kwon Taek-ju himself, it didn't matter where he went and what he was doing. Even nagging comes with affection.

Since the atmosphere is ripe, try to have a more honest conversation.

"I mean you. You're not seemingly in financial straits, why are you taking part in this?”

"I told you that before.”

"You did. It's purely because of the plan that you're involved in this. If you get it, you'll be able to develop an unprecedented weapon, and you'll usually be sitting on a cash cow. But the more I think about it, the more I don't understand.

Even without a blueprint, I think you're already sitting on a cash cow."

"There's nothing bad about having a lot of money."

"If you die anyway, that's enough. What, do you dream of eternal life? Or are you crazy about money enough to sell the country and be in danger?"

"I didn't know you were so interested in me."

"It's the kind I've never met before. Usually, I guess this is why you're doing this or that, but you don't know. What's wrong with this crazy guy who has a lot of money and nothing to be desired...Oh, excuse me. My real intention came out unintentionally."

He says he's a "money nutcase," but rather than being serious, he spilled it. He also answered Kwon's questions without hesitatingly.

"Because it looks interesting. If it's interesting, I commit to it first. It's a problem because it doesn't happen often."

It's not an extreme sport, and he's interested in a situation where a new life may be lost in a blink of an eye. Rather, it seemed more humane to join because of money, purely because of money. It's nothing to expect from a guy who rips people to death.

At that time, Zenya slightly changed his posture and sat down. His hair, which had a light on it, shone more clearly. It's bright to be blonde, yellow to gray.

Even if he moved a little, it was shiny, and his eyes kept on going.

"Unexpectedly, I heard that there are not many Russians with blond hair. Is that hair color genetic? Or did you dye your hair?"

He asked while looking at it without realizing it. Zenya tilted his upper body at once. Natural platinum feet filled the view.

"There is no hair color like this in my blood. It's a mutation. Do you want to touch it?"

"I refuse."

He refused at once. Zenya laughed cheerfully as he bit himself back.

He doesn't think they've talked for a long time, but the window started to get dark. In a sense, the day in the confined space felt several times longer than usual, but today was an exception. A lot of things have happened since morning, and it seemed to be because of the alcohol. As the alcohol went in, the

consciousness that had been tense all tense, calmed down. The body's senses were also loosened.

In the meantime, Zenya filled Kwon Taek-ju's empty glass. From some point on, the glass didn't dry.

"Can you drink?"

"Well, I've never been drunk, so I don't know the exact amount of alcohol, but this is easy."

"Hmm?"

Zenya provoked Kwon Taek-ju by pretending to be suspicious. But he was not caught up in the shallow water. Even with jeering eyes, he keeps moistening his mouth at his own pace. He hated being drunk and defenseless. He doesn't know anyone else, but he didn't think he should fall asleep before Zenya. It was just a vague feeling. Nothing may be done to the point where caution is overshadowed. It could be a war of nerves. Even if it was, he didn't want to put his neck in front of an unsure opponent.

There was no meaningful conversation. The act of emptying and refilling each glass was just repeated. It was like playing a boring game that only ends when someone falls out. He can stop drinking it, but he wanted to let him get drunk on Zenya and relieve himself.

As the tongue gradually became dull, the bitter taste of alcohol was not detected. The same was true of the unique scent and flavor. It was just like drinking water. As he kept craving for moisture because he felt like his stomach was burning, he drank a lot that he didn't know how much. The consciousness was not easily disturbed. Kwon Taek-ju was basically a strong drinker. The problem was that so was the opponent.

At some point, his vision was blurred. Zenya was not in normal condition either.

The two occasionally poured alcohol into places other than glasses. The tables,

carpets, and the clothes he was wearing were badly wet. Empty bottles of alcohol rolled around the floor. It was already the fifth bottle in a straight line.

When he got drunk properly, he felt unruly. He made lame jokes as if competing, and chuckled like a madman while knocking on the table. He opened the window and shouted loudly. Actions that would never have been done if sober developed out of the control of reason.

"If Manager Lim sees this, he will be proud."

He grinned and murmured. He tilts his head after filling his glass one after another. It was because the surrounding area became quiet. The sound of the train wheels rolling on the tracks sounded constant, but that was all. Somehow, Kwon Taek-ju seemed to be the only one talking. Kwon Taek-ju realized that Zenya became quiet only when the alcohol he was pouring overflowed with the glass and soaked it to his knees.

He raised his head. Zenya was seen with his eyes closed with his arms crossed. A long breath, a steady rising and falling chest, and motionless eyelids proved him to be asleep. He stretched out his arm and poked him in the eye, but there was no response. Smiling. A satisfied smile spreads around Kwon Taek-ju's mouth.

"That's all the time… You're a young man, young man."

He shakes one's head in derision. It was not a competition to drink, but when he thought that he had beaten him, he naturally felt elated. Even though he was probably drunk.

Kwon Taek-ju held up his glass, which was overflowing with vodka as if celebrating himself. About half of the alcohol poured out. Even the right

arm with the glass gets wet. He shook his arms down and barely kissed the glass. It was the moment when only half of the vodka was filling his mouth.

Kwon Taek-ju's body, which was shaking, falls down as it is. His upper body fell on the table with a bang. The hand that was holding the glass also stretched helplessly.

There was no movement in the room for a moment. Soon, his breathing came from Kwon Taek-ju. He couldn't sleep properly for a whole day and got drunk, so he fell asleep completely. The prone back was swollen greatly and then slowly fell down.

“…….”

How long has it been? Zenya, who was sleeping sitting down, opened his eyes.

Somehow his eyelids rolled up without any resistance. As if he hadn't fallen asleep for a second, as if he hadn't even been drunk. The emotionless eyes capture Kwon Taek-ju. It was a quiet and still gaze.

He picked up a homemade cigar. The end of the poem was charred. The area was cut off with a dedicated cutter. Then he turned on the torch and lit up the smooth cut body. The cigar soon burned down and produced a thick smoke.

Meanwhile, Zenya's eyes were fixed on Kwon Taek-ju. To be exact, he stares at his hand that extends toward him.

As a habit, the cigar pressed against the cutter. The two blades meshed together to produce a metallic fricative. With his white and long fingers, he quietly sweeps through his hands. After carefully drawing the curved area and straight fingers, he slightly turned his head. In the meantime, the cigar cutter made a sizzling, sizzling noise from the other hand of Jenna. He gently lifted Kwon Taekju's ring finger with his index finger. The white face spread a wretched smile.

He lifted his heavy eyelids. A familiar view came into the tilted view. The front door, the noise of the train running and the touch of the table close to the ball.

As the senses woke up one by one, the synesthesia revived. The smell of cognac, which he didn't recognize, came up because the cheeks were unusually moist.

He raised his upper body with a grunt. The table was covered with alcohol. It goes without saying that I was lying there.

He looked around while sweeping his wet face. He couldn't see where Zenya had gone. When he tries to move his body, the discarded bottle gets kicked. If he

wakes up first, let's clean it up. He had a complaint and then it was quickly scattered. It was funny to expect humanity or minimal courtesy from Zenya.

He was on jis way to the bathroom with an empty bottle and glass roughly pushed. He could hear the sound of water that he had not recognized inside. It's Zenya. Maybe he just woke up.

He wanted to take a shower first because his whole body was damp. He fell down on the bed with regret. Maybe it's because he drank alcohol after a long time. He felt drowsy as if he had been beaten. The whole body seemed to be integrated with the bed and endlessly blackened.

The sound of water was heard continuously. It felt like a lullaby, how constant the stream was to fall to the floor. The eyelids, which had not yet been able to sleep, closed. At the same time, both ears slowly become distant. Am I falling asleep again? Negligence of duty was a bad word. Nevertheless, his consciousness kept getting blurred, so he couldn't stand the terrible death.

Soon the bathroom door opened. What was strange was that the sound of water did not stop. The consciousness was sinking deeper and deeper. At the same time, the body seemed to rise into the air. It felt strange.

The damp steps drew nearer. In an instant, a huge shadow covered Kwon Taekju lying on the bed. Oh, I have to get up. He has put strength on his body, but only his forehead is flinching.

Regardless of his will, his right arm was lifted. Long fingers with a cool touch still ran between the back of the hand and the fingers. It was as creepy as a snake licking its tongue.

"You stupid Jainka."

A fishy voice rings in his ears. It was Zenya's voice. There was a slight laugh from the sound of his breath, but the air froze rather eerie than warm. Only one ring finger is left on the hand that touched the entire finger. The tightening was too

strong to dare to fight back. No, he couldn't move his whole body as if he was paralyzed by sleep paralysis. Instincts sound warning lights and signal danger.

A familiar noise rang in his deaf ears. The ring finger caught is drawn into an object as close as the sound becomes clear. He tried to pull it out, but Zenya wouldn't let it go easily. His eyes, which were staring down at Kwon Taek-ju, suddenly bent softly. At the same time, the cigar cutter, which was biting Kwon Taek-ju's ring finger, snapped and interlocked once again.

He can't.

"...Gasp!"

He sprang up his upper body. Suddenly, the view opened, and an unbearable light came in. He closed his eyelids with pain in his eyes. He grabs his head and takes his breath. The view scattered by the scattering of light slowly returned to normal.

He raised his trembling hand. Both sides and ten fingers were stuck together intact. Zenya's ring finger was also safe.

Was it a dream? It was so vivid that he was puzzled. He looked around. Still, dirty tables, bottles of liquor sprawled on the floor, and ill-organized bedding were the same as he had seen in his dreams. Even traces of alcohol stuck to the cheeks. The only difference was that the cut-off cigar ash was piled up on one side of the table. It seemed that one of the cigars was burned in the seat.

Where did he go? Looking at the time, it was slowly breakfast time. He didn't know he would have gone to the restaurant alone as usual. Perhaps he is admiringly looking at Hong Yeo-wook's movements.

He raised himself guessing one way or another. But it was strangely heavy under the waist. He bowed his head to find out the cause and then he flagged it.

"Oh, my..."

The core was tightly inflated. He's not old enough to dream, and what made me excited from the morning. The only dream he had last night was a dog's dream with his fingers cut off. In addition to sexual pleasure, it can also be stimulated by extreme fear or nervousness. He didn't expect to experience it in person. It was only yesterday that he was self-defense, but he's going to do it again this morning.

Watching the immature alter ego reminded me of last night's dream. He doesn't believe in fanciful superstitions like precognitive dreams. Nevertheless, he was a person, so he didn't feel good when his dream was disturbed. He thinks he should cool his head first while taking a shower to take a step out. If Zenya caught him like this again, he would be laughed at the whole time.

It was then. He heard the sound of water suddenly from the quiet bathroom.

“……!”

He looked at the bathroom with a twitch. Is it Zenya? Even though it had to be him, his heart jumped unsteadily. It was due to a deep sense of foresight. The whole scene resembled a dream.

He calmed himself down for now. It was just a dream. It's just a delusion that expresses the human unconsciousness. He woke up silently, reflecting on it like that. It was none other than the colt who quietly took it. Dreams are dreams, and there was nothing bad about safety.

Holding the colt with both hands, he slowly headed for the bathroom. So the sound of water continued, and the presence remained.

He kept his eyes on the door handle of the bathroom. Let's open it. It stirred up when he tried to put it into practice. A half-asleep looking, a very personal space, a partner who is also pointing a gun at you. He didn't know, but he thought it would be a joke for 365 days. He wondered if he should bring himself to such a funny picture. He had been pacing in front of the door for a long time in agony.

The door opened unannounced. When he turned around in amazement, Zenya was entering. His eyes are inextricably engaged. Time seemed to have stopped for a moment.

"What are you doing? Insidiously?"

Soon Zenya narrowed his eyes and questioned her. It was clear that there was a huge misunderstanding, but there was nothing to say. I had a strange dream, and I tried to deal with it because it seemed to come true? It was a better excuse not to.

By the way, Zenya is in front of him, and who is in the booth. Instead of explaining his unfairness, Kwon Taek-ju repeatedly shook his head toward the bathroom. He even said, "There's someone inside because it's only clapping its lips." Just in time, the sound of water stops. Kwon Taek-ju stepped back from the bathroom door and stretched his arms straight. The black bay gun aimed at the closed door.

Zenya watched the scene in the distance. Then he strode to the bathroom without any discussion. There was no hesitation until the closed door was snapped open.

“……!”

Kwon Taek-ju half-pulled the trigger reflexively. But he didn't fire in the end.

"Oh, you scared me. You came? Thanks to you, I took a shower. Thank you."

It was a naked woman who appeared in the bathroom. Zenya hugged his waist and pressed Kwon Taek-ju's colt. The woman also embraced Zenya without hesitation. At first glance, it looked like a European tourist. Zenya must have been baiting another insufficient shower facility.

Zenya gently drove the woman into the booth. The door closes with a thud. Only Kwon Taek-ju remained in the room. Soon the narrow bathroom began to rattle.

The woman's groans were dulled by the widespread humidity.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was standing far away, threw the colt onto the bed. He didn't know if he bought it to eat with a woman, or if the sandwich Zenya brought was noticeable. He chewed it and stared only at the innocent window.

His blood dries from day to day because he tries to live with a human being like an embargo.

"Oh."

He suddenly bowed his head and stared at my groin. In the meantime, he saw a dead burn. However, the feeling of stiffness remained. Perhaps even a little stimulation would have set up a head again.

He stared at his center like a hateful person and pressed it down with a pillow.

He purposely left the car window open. The noise of the wheels cracked the obscene noise into small pieces.

The woman's name was Louise. She said she was French, was about to get married, and was traveling alone to enjoy her last freedom. She has already

visited many countries in Africa and Asia, which were the furthest lands from her, and her goal is to find herself by looking around Europe, which is relatively familiar to Russia. If she goes back to France after finishing all the journey smoothly, she has only a week left until her marriage. She said she had already reached an agreement with her fiance. Maybe she was enjoying her last breakaway as a soloist.

Louise didn't go back after breakfast. In the morning, she slept all day, occupying Zenya's bed. When she woke up late in the afternoon, she crossed her arms and begged Zenya to go to the restaurant with her. Somehow he complied with the request. He said he wouldn't play with one opponent more than twice, but he seemed to like it a lot. Louise, who returned from an early dinner, sipped her beer and told her story. The information about her was something he learned then.

Whenever Zenya was away, she showed interest in Kwon Taek-ju. When he looked up at the glaring gaze, their eyes met without fail. It was always her who smiled and spoke first.

"You've been reading books all the time, what kind of book is it?”

"It's just a common mystery novel."

"I guess you like such things"

"It's fun to find out how sloppy and vain the writer lies."

Louise laughed at the insidious reply. Then she gave him a serious look again.

"If you're bored, should I lend it to you?"

He held out the book he was reading without hesitation. He drew a line as if he would not participate in Louise's play with fire. They had a relationship where they could hang out to their heart's content. How many men would leave even if they knew that. There was probably very little.

"Women are more attracted to men who are indifferent to reason. It's weird, right?”

He looked at Louise without answering back. For a while, their eyes are deeply intertwined.

Soon after, the door burst open, and Zenya came inside. He had a bottle in his hand again after drinking like that last night. Louise hugged Kwon Taek-ju as if she had not even looked at him and kissed him on the neck. Kwon Taek-ju also smiled and turned to the book.

"Together, what do you say?"

Zenya suggested it out of the blue. He looked at him with a frown. He nodded as if it was what he guessed. Louise secretly raised her head under him. Her cheeks were flushed with wine.

"I'm all right. I wanted to try it at least once.”

He secretly encourages Kwon Taek-ju by putting his hand on his arm. It was not a masterpiece that the two recommended to Kwon Taek-ju. It was to reveal the soul and mix the flesh like us. He took medicine with a new pair, didn't he? He doesn't know why he's even trying to hook up with an innocent person.

His eyes clash with Zenya.

"You're not a monk. Who knows you're holding it in?"

He didn't like the low profile. During the confrontation, Louise's hand tickled into his sleeve. It was Louise who seduced him, but Kwon Taek-ju's eyes were on Zenya all the time. He keeps arsenic again. It was clear that he was provoking, assuming that he would refuse. It was only once or twice to put up with, and there was no end to it when he left it alone.

I'll make up my mind soon. Nevertheless, I have been suffering from frustration recently, and it would not be bad to solve it at this time.

Kwon Taek-ju declared as he unbuttoned his shirt.

"Then I'll go first."

"Oh?"

Zenya made an unexpected face and stepped aside coolly. Louise looked up at Kwon Taek-ju with a flushed face. It was her first time having sex with two men at once. In addition, there would be no more opportunity to deal with handsome people whose appearance conditions were far above the average, and at the same time, with completely different styles. No matter how many times she flirted, she couldn't figure out why Kwon Taek-ju, who had been acting like a wooden stone, suddenly moved. She was just excited to think that the blunt man had finally fallen.

When he took off his shirt, Louise hugged him around his neck as if he had been waiting. He hugged her and carried her to his bed. Louise, who lay gently,

pushed the cumbersome books to the floor. Zenya sat with his arms folded across from them and watched the scene.

Louise kissed Kwon Taek-ju's ear and stroked his sturdy shoulder quietly. He also touched the comb bones and chest that stretched out smoothly by sliding his fingers. It was a solid body that was tightly intertwined. Nevertheless, his arms and legs were long and he looked slim.

Louise, who was looking at Kwon Taek-ju with rolling eyes, clenched her throat.

Yes, there's a sweet breath. Kwon Taek-ju quietly smelled the sweet scent that brushed against the tip of his nose. Then, it supports Louise's waist and sticks closely to her abdomen. He handed over the flowing hair behind her ears, and lightly bit her dry earlobe. Louise burst into a sweet moan as if it had already melted half. Je buried his lips in her warm ear and whispered softly.

"You'll regret bringing it in. I don't have much manners here."

"...Argh!"

Louise's body, which was heating up, turns upside down at once. Her face was buried in a soft pillow, and only her lower body was lifted. Kwon Taek-ju rubbed his stiffened genitals under an infinitely soft floor. The genitalia, which was always satisfied with self-defense, smelled the actual flesh and was noticeably irritated. Louise's spine becomes clear. She held his thighs in anxiety and anticipation.

"Ah, ahhhhhhhhhhhh..."

However, even before he tried to dry it, a hard genitals crushed underneath and came in. Louise gasped at the ruthless insertion with little foreplay. With thick genitals, press down on the trembling white body and push it to the end of the root. The sound of friction and flapping of different skins rang out.

Zenya's lips twisted up. Even he didn't do that recklessly. If necessary, he can suck the chest, and wait for the woman to get wet while loosening the bottom

enough. It was patience for later pleasure. It was also the difference between human affairs and animal companionship.

However, Kwon Taek-ju was focusing only on the insertion itself, omitting all of the processes. A woman who dreamed of an unusual romance with sex that is nothing short of a flash is crushed without countermeasures.

Kwon Taek-ju unilaterally drove Louise away. A sharp groan of pain and pleasure burst out of Louise. The faster it was, the more detailed Kwon Taek-ju's breathing was. The brows were frowned upon early on. Soon, his whole body gets wet with sweat. The muscles of the whole body also shone more smoothly.

Zenya watched the scene with a drink. His gaze did not fall from Kwon Taek-ju's hip, which was tightened automatically every time he pressed his lower body.

It's such a nice sight to see, the booze went over well.

Kwon Taek-ju's "Itsae" leaked the sound of grinding teeth grinding. Put federal spurs on her waistline with his head down. He couldn't hold back the groans or murky exhales that burst even when he bit his lips tightly. His shiny body twitched and contracted once in a while. Every minute muscle tremor caught his eye. At first glance, it seemed more like sports than sex. Maybe that's why. He forgot to drink from the middle and was immersed in the act that unfolded in front of him.

Deep drops of sweat grow on Kwon Taek-ju's tilted chin. The licking seemed to have a rich salty taste. His eyes, which had been endlessly dark, are filled with heat. His red-eyed eyes were deeply colored.

Zenya tilted his upper body forward and watched Kwon Taek-ju more closely.

His swollen thighs wriggled wildly at the numbness of the moment. It was solid and elastic enough to fill one hand. Wide shoulders, a smooth waist, and even arms and legs that stretch out. Looking from the back, it was a body that was difficult to find a conduction curve. Perhaps that's why his eyes naturally slid to the narrow ridge below his waist. His hips, which rose sharply above his waist,

were shiny with sweat. Why don't you squeeze it as hard as you can. Persistent eyes remain in the shaded valley.

"Ugh, ha..."

Kwon Taek-ju bowed his head again, biting his molars. A large blood vessel stood up on the straight forehead. Perhaps because of sweat, his eyebrows and eyelashes seemed thicker than usual. The movement of the lower body, which had been driven relentlessly, was noticeably slow. Instead, the waistline that scooped up the bottom became deeper and more flexible. Whenever he hit the puck, the tip of his chin suddenly ached to see his hips shaking.

Even though he knew that the glass was empty, he couldn't take his eyes off Kwon Taek-ju. Nervously frowned brows, flushed fingertips, tightly closed lips, and groans that were painfully crushed in them. Keep it in mind one by

one without passing it in vain. If he had licked it like that with his tongue, not his eyes, Kwon Taek-ju would have been soaked in saliva that was already wet.

"Okay, ugh, aye, ha-ang, ha-ang...!”

"...Ugh!"

The next moment, Kwon Taek-ju lifted up his center. The groan that he had endured all along exploded like a roar of an animal. The genitals, which reached the critical point, exploded and tightened their hips.

Zenya's eyes glistened as he watched. He suddenly reached for Kwon Taek-ju's butt in front of him. It was an act of pure instinct, not even recognizing the head.

As soon as his fingertips touched the plump flesh, he grabbed his arm. When he raised his eyes blankly, he saw Kwon Taek-ju, who was breathing hard.

It was only when he faced Kwon Taek-ju, who distorted the back of his nose as if it were unpleasant. He looked down at his hand in a daze. He doesn't have anything to covet. It was so ridiculous that he burst into laughter. What's so great that he lost his mouth and even his throat was burnt.

"If you do it one more time, I'll kill you then."

Kwon Tae-joo growled openly. A series of captured hands were violently thrown down. Zenya only burst into a self-help laugh.

After one assessment, let Louise go without regret. Louise was exhausted and stuck for some time. Kwon Taek-ju moistened his throat with a bottle of vodka.

He gulp it down even though it doesn't help at all. Some of them flowed down the chin and wet the neck and chest.

Kwon Taek-ju, who took a breath, sat with his back against the wall. Louise crept up and cut him in the thigh. Kwon Taek-ju handed her the vodka without saying a word.

Louise was just reaching out to the bottle. Suddenly her body was dragged away. It was because Zenya pulled her ankle.

"Ah... just ten minutes. Take a break for ten minutes."

Louise squeezed out a subdued voice. It was the same tone of pleading and whining. But Zenya pulled her more, splitting it mischievously. For another 10

minutes, Louise gave up the compromise, bursting into laughter when he snapped her chest. He licks up the lumped semen on her side. Louise was itching and giggling, but Kwon Taek-ju, who was watching, frowned. As their eyes met in an instant, a deep sneer spread over Zenya's face.

Ignored. Envy and didn't respond. Shall I take a shower while you two roll? After washing up, he would feel refreshed. After that, whether they pound rice cakes or do mechanical gymnastics all night, it was enough to sleep well. This is enough to fit in with crazy entertainment.

It was a time when he was raising himself with that thought.

"...Argh!"

Louise let out a small scream and fell on Kwon Taek-ju. It was almost as if it were thrown. He hugged Louise, who collapsed on the face. It was a little later to recognize what had happened.

Zenya, who suddenly passed on Louise, lifted her leg up. As a result, as Louise's weight was concentrated, Kwon Taek-ju was also unable to move freely.

Zenya folded Louise's body in half and pushed his hideous genitals straight in.

As he scrambled under Louise, pressure was applied to Kwon Taek-ju, who was laid under it. He doesn't know what a madman is thinking.

"Ahhhh…Oh, my!"

A groan that was badly crushed scratched his ears. Whenever Louise fluttered her whole body, the vibration was delivered to Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju's shoulders moved when Zenya's thigh, which was approaching with open arms, rubbed against Louise's cheek. Zenya poked his genitals to the roots and held his breath. Perhaps because of the composition, his shoulders looked particularly huge.

Is he going to do it like this? Kwon Taek-ju's eyes were shaking at the foreboding. Almost at the same time, a smile of satisfaction spread around Zenya's mouth. He hurriedly tried to take Louise off, but Zenya refused to allow a moment. He pulls his back long at once and then starts to hit her flesh.

Louise's body was weighed down more deeply every time he bounced off the lower abdomen. Kwon Taek-ju also broke down endlessly and banged the back of his head on the wall.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh… It's so, so, so, so...!”

Louise collapsed in a frenzy. Her whole body flutters with a scream-like groan in a terrible pleasure that flashes in front of his eyes. Where such power comes from, the body dominated by desire for color overwhelmed Kwon Taek-ju.

Zenya didn't let it slide and poked Louise's flesh. It was her who was so far away that she was binge-eating, but Kwon Taek-ju himself felt like he was committing

a crime. When the distance from him got closer, the deep inside of the navel seemed to penetrate. Even the groin suffered from the indescribable irritation.

Kwon Taek-ju pushed Zenya away to escape the strange situation. No, he was going to. But Zenya grabbed his wrist first. Zenya clutched at Kwon Taek-ju's angry arms. He tried to shake it off somehow, but he couldn't overcome the grip of a monster. The wrists, which were shaking and struggling, are closely attached to the wall. Zenya, who blocked Kwon Taek-ju's movement, openly teased him back.

"You crazy..."

"Oh, yes... Ah!"

As soon as he cursed, Louise was sick as if she were going to die. She also held Kwon Taek-ju's thighs tightly to support her sliding body. Kwon Taek-ju was helplessly suppressed by Zenya and Louise speeding toward the ultimate pleasure. He glared at Zenya with an irritated look. His eyes are constantly on him. Even before the insertion, his eyes did not deviate from Kwon Taek-ju for a moment.

What the hell do you want?

Even if he turned his head, Zenya's eyes did not fall off. He does not give up looking at Kwon Taek-ju even though he is distorting his forehead and suffering from the burning sensation that paralyzes his reason. The more he ground the bottom, the more holes he didn't have seemed to get. He felt strange. When the huge body was tightly attached, it was suffocating even though it was the same man. It was vaguely, as it was, likely to crumble without shape.

You'll be eaten. The instinct that warned him to avoid him repeatedly sounded the warning light without rest. Regardless of his will, the exciting view seemed to be reversed yellow. Normal thinking could not have been possible in this ridiculous situation.

Louise's bottom, which was completely wet, and Zenya's body were constantly mixed, making a frictional sound. His ears felt dizzy.

The deep insertion of the fall was repeated, which was stuck to the root at once and then escaped leaving only the earbuds. The genitals, which were

rushing in and out like a runaway, sometimes got lost and slipped. Kwon Taek-ju, who has been innocent several times, puts his head in his knees and thighs. The force was so strong that he was about to pierce a hole that he didn't have. For some time, he slowly rubbed his red-cooked hair against Kwon Taek-ju's thighs as if he were doing it on purpose. If he tried to protest the suspicious act, he pretended not to know.

I'm getting hit right. He seemed to know how to commit without touching his opponent at all. Louise exists as a justification, but it was Kwon Taek-ju's pride, not her, that he was randomly picking up. It was more shameful than to pierce the back, being swayed solely by his will.

"Ah, ah, ah, ha, ha!"

Louise breathed out of the field. Before long, she fell far away with a thud.

Louise, who was thrown without countermeasures, trembled as if she were electrocuted. Shortly thereafter, Zenya grabbed the seething genitalia and pulled it out. Even before the peak, the genitals that were dragged out moved his body dissatisfied. Zenya rubbed himself heavily against Kwon Taek-ju's thighs. The genitalia, which was spreading the urethra like an independent creature, exploded unexpectedly. Zenya, who had been restraining Kwon Taekju's two arms, also put strength into his hand.

"Ugh...."

The thick semen shot up into the air. He turned his head reflexively. However, he couldn't avoid splashing his eyelids. The dry semen slowly flowed down the side of Kwon Taek-ju's face. Zenya wouldn't let go of his wrist until then.

"Oh, my... I made a mistake.”

He chatters and laughs, saying that that's an excuse. Kwon Taek-ju glared as if he would rip off such Zenya. The semen splashed and the eyes were all red. His chin was too stiff to stand up to his veins. He trembled at the quarter full of my clenched fists.

One day, I'll kill you with my own hands.

***

Another day dawned. After washing his face, an announcement came out that he would arrive in Irkutsk soon. Only then did he know why the car was cluttered. Irkutsk, the city of Baikal, the world's largest freshwater lake, was the highlight of the cross-Siberian train journey. Most travelers get off there. Louise was no exception.

Zenya hasn't been seen since the morning. He doesn't know why he's busy alone. He never tells him that he's going anywhere, even though they are partners. This is why it's different now than when you're on a solo mission. It seems to be wasting time on unnecessary things.

Naturally, last night's events occurred to him. His mood sank sharply. He washed his face several times whenever he thought of it, but the displeasure rarely disappeared. It still seemed to feel the unique texture of mucus on the cheeks. Zenya said it was a mistake, but it was a clear provocation and intentional. So he felt more bloated.

He shook his head while grinding his teeth. Even if he cling to the prank, it was just playing as he intended. Unnecessary thoughts will only make things worse.

Even if a madman who did not know whether he was a colleague or an interrupter made his mind fierce and his eyes dirty, he had to maintain calmness.

He looked into the monitor while loosening his finger joints.

“……!”

He was surprised because Hong Yeo-wook's seat was empty. He wondered if he went to do business. For the past few days he has left his seat once or twice in the morning. It was to go to the bathroom. So wait a moment and he'll be back soon.

However, Hong Yeo-wook did not appear for a long time. There was no reason for further delay. He hurriedly packed the colt and left the room.

The aisle of the special room was still quiet. Zenya, who seemed to be on the phone outside, was not even seen there. It disappears when it's important.

He plugged in both earphones while walking in the hallway. A volume control device appears on the linked cell phone screen. He didn't mean to relax and listen to music. Carefully operate the touch wheel and place the cell phone close to each door of the closed special room and first room. When the volume was raised to the maximum, the movement inside the door was vividly delivered through the earphones. In one room, a deep breath was heard, and in another room, a voice was heard offering coffee to the party. However, no significant sign was detected.

It would have been better to go straight to the second-class room and find Hong Yeo-wook. He still crossed the car with his earphones plugged in.

Is it because the majority of second-class passengers are travelers? The entire room was buzzing in the endless snowfield outside the window. They burst into extraordinary exclamations and are busy taking pictures even on a single tree.

In the aftermath, traffic was restricted by the minute.

He only took one step forward and checked the seats closely. Hong Yeo-wook noticed the surveillance and didn't know he was hiding somewhere. The train has been running nonstop since last night. In it, Hong Yeo-wook could have suddenly risen to the sky or gone to the ground. So if je look at it step by step, he'll find him.

Obviously, when the target disappeared, he became nervous. If Zenya had been a little cooperative partner, he wouldn't have taken his eyes off her 12-hour shifts. No, he was born that way, so he had to watch Kwon Taek-ju himself. Far from that, he regretted falling for his temptation. He went on in a hurry.

He was exhausted as he passed the second-class room while being hit by luggage and people. The third-class room was now standing in front of me. It was usually a cramped and hectic room. It's almost stopped, so it'll be like a market.

He took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!”

The child's loud cry rushed at first. It was hard to even find a place to step on the floor. The trapped air was full of stale odors, and people were either distracted or completely exhausted. The merchants were only absorbed in unloading and organizing huge packages with stiff faces. It was too much to just pass there, but he was dying to find Hong Yeo-wook carefully.

He rolled his eyes constantly as he moved through the luggage. Check the faces of the people and look at every corner of the seats and the stacked packages.

However, Hong Yeo-wook was nowhere to be seen. Did he go to the bathroom or the restaurant? He moved to the dining room, shaking off the crumpled clothes.

When he opened the door, he smelled a fragrant coffee. There were not many people even though it was morning. Thanks to this, the search was easier.

Among the passengers who took the seats from time to time, only an Asian woman was sitting alone. Even so, there was no doubt that Hong Yeo-wook was disguised. It was because of the difference in physique. There was not enough time to disguise himself as a Westerner. In the end, he left the car without any significant income.

At the same time, he tilted his head to a new question. Hong Yeo-wook, aside from that, he has not even encountered Zenya until now. Even though I've looked everywhere. He couldn't do that without seeing the big body and presence. Where the hell is he?

As he repeatedly questioned, he looked at the car window in the hallway. Only snow plows were open on the road. Even the rare old trees seemed to be covered in thick snow.

Everywhere the sun touched, there seemed to be something shiny, even gold powder poured in it. He looked at it meaninglessly and organized his thoughts in his head.

It was then.

“……?”

He turned his head. He saw a bathroom in front of him. It was mainly used by passengers in the second and third-class rooms. Just a moment ago, a sudden presence was detected there.

Slowly, he approached him. He put his ear to the door, but he couldn't hear anything. He took out the cell phone in his pocket and put it close to the door.

Through earphones, he could only feel the touch of someone's collar. Is it Hong Yeo-wook? Or is it Zenya?

He turned the door handle without hesitation. But the door was firmly locked from the inside. It was strange. On cross-train, he's prohibited from using the bathroom for as long as 10 minutes to as long as 30 minutes whenever the stop is close. Large stations such as Irkutsk were usually locked for about 30 minutes and restricted use. Kwon Taek-ju left his room with about 40 minutes left before his arrival, so there would have been less than 20 minutes left now. Who went into the bathroom that should have been locked. It could have been an employee. Even so, he had to check it out.

A couple of steps back from the door. The colt was also taken out of the side and aimed at the door.

At that time, he suddenly felt the back of his head tighten. It was a sign of instinct. He turned around at once and looked back. A man in a jersey

brushed against a fast-changing view. He couldn't see his face because he was wearing a hood and a mask. Without hesitation, the colt was directed at the man. Almost at the same time, the man also aimed at Kwon Taek-ju with his own gun.

Stretching arms crossed in the air.

Who is it? Hong Yeo-wook?

He tried to identify the opponent by pulling the trigger half way. But the next moment, a heavy shock was applied to the back of the head.

"...HA!"

As the field of view turned yellow at the time of the shovel, it broke like a fragment of glass. It was an unexpected surprise. There was no sign of the bathroom opening, let alone the sound of it opening.

Kwon Taek-ju grabbed his head and stumbled. A hot thing flowed along the neck, whether the gear exploded at the price. The smell of blood spreads through the sapsi. He maintained his guard against the enemy even when his head was spinning. He alternately aimed at the bathroom door with the man wearing a hooded jersey with a gun.

However, for a while, his knees were shaking and he bent helplessly. The body that was barely holding out falls down. He tried to stand up somehow while touching the floor, but it was only a struggle of reason. His body was limp and immobilized.

The silhouettes of the terrorists, who came close to the increasingly blurred vision, were flickering. The time was already out of order. It was hard to tell

which of the two wore a black jersey. But why do I still have a strong sense of surprise?

In the midst of a delirious consciousness, he felt like he saw Zenya.

twilight.

‘’Take care of your mother. I believe you, sons.’’

His father used to ask him every time he left the house. To young Kwon Taek-ju, the greeting felt very odd. He doesn't know why, but it wouldn't be strange if his father didn't come back forever. In fact, the greetings his father delivered every morning became his will.

The mother lost consciousness in front of the portrait of the father and cried out.

Unknowingly, Kwon Taek-ju took a step back from the blue cries and the unknown scourge. He guessed he was a bit scared. At that time, the sight of his unfamiliar mother was more shocking to Kwon Taek-ju than the despair of never seeing his father again.

His brother was different. He wasn't a grown man either, but he was more resolute than anyone else there. As if he had been prepared for some time, he faithfully fulfilled his duties as his resident. It was he who comforted his mother and made her cook.

After winning the award, he was not shaken by the expectations, concerns, and responsibilities of those around him. He was a straight and upright man. For his mother, he was a reliable and dependable presence, and for his younger brother, Kwon Taek-ju, he was a comfortable shade. Thanks to this, there was no time to feel the vacancy of his father.

There was not much interaction between the brothers. It was partly because of the six-year age difference, and partly because his older brother was often away from home due to his job. It's not particularly special, but it's not very wishful thinking. The two brothers did.

It was rare to get in touch unless there was something special. So one day, he was puzzled by his older brother's phone call. He had a hunch that there must

have been something wrong with his brother, but he said it was just a phone call. He didn't say anything significant during the entire conversation.

"If I set sail this time, I won't be able to go in for two months. Take care of mother for me."

The last conversation was no different than usual. Still, it was strangely intimidating. The reason for this, even Kwon Taek-ju himself, could not understand. For some time after that, nothing happened to his brother or to the family. So, Kwon Taek-ju quickly gets rid of the anxiety in his heart.

Accidents always happen without warning. It was only after he had calmed down that he hit the back of the head. That day was like that. He got a call late at night. He couldn't believe it even though he listened carefully to what the other person was saying. He thought he was having a nightmare. He doesn't know how he got to the place he was notified of. Neither his mother nor Kwon Taek-ju were insane.

When they finally arrived, there were a lot of people gathered. They were military officials, bereaved families, reporters, or spectators. Memories after that are unclear. It was just that he was in a daze in a place where despair, sadness, and anger were mixed.

He fell asleep while guarding the mortuary. Sleeping or waking was not my intention. In between, he had a dream. His father and older brother came out.

As promised, the two repeated similar words. He was fed up with repeated requests. When he plugged his ears, he started shouting at him to answer quickly. It was an incomplete look at the moment when both of them faced death.

When he woke up in shock, his mother came and sat beside him before he knew it. Contrary to her concerns, his mother, who fainted after checking his brother's body, was as usual. At least she apparently was. She held tightly to the hand of

Kwon Taek-ju, who suffered from nightmares. Her sweat also brushed her hair, which was wet with her sweat.

"Mom only sees you now."

Eyes flashed in the mother's eyes as she made a promise.

He took a deep breath and opened his eyes. In the wide open field of vision, he could see thin trembling eyelashes. A constant vibration was ringing in her head. It was dizzy. The cross section of the object in contact with the skin was cold and hard. It looked like a window. He closed and opened his eyes, watching the scenery outside the car window pass by quickly. The sparsely spaced buildings, cars neglected along the roadside, and dense trees were all white. It was like a city made of snow.

Not on the train yet? No, he didn't feel the distinctive noise or vibration of rolling on the rails at all. Nevertheless, they are moving regardless of their will. He doesn't remember having to transfer to another transport in the middle.

"Are you awake?"

As he was trying to figure out what was going on, he heard a familiar voice.

Through the rearview mirror, he made eye contact with the man in the driver's seat. He could tell who he was just by looking at his twinkling eyes. It was Zenya.

"How did this happen... Ugh!"

He moaned at the dull pain in his back bone. When he inadvertently put his hand on the back of his head, he touched the bandage. The last memory came to his mind.

While looking for Hong Yeo-wook, who had disappeared, he was attacked by a two-member gang. Has I been unconscious ever since then? How much time has passed, how I got off the train, what car we're currently riding, and where are we going now. He couldn't guess anything.

He stared at the room mirror as if seeking an explanation.

"A lot happened while you were sleeping."

Zenya rolled his eyes again. Even his hum was the momentum for his wealth.

Kwon Taek-ju only glared disapprovingly at the guy who looked pretty happy, but didn't show off. That level of teasing was good enough, and he was curious about what happened while he was unconscious.

However, Zenya did not calmly resolve Kwon Taek-ju's doubts.

"You don't remember anything?"

"Not at all."

"Okay. That would be better. It would be too embarrassing if you remembered it clearly."

"Don't go around and talk about it properly."

"Well, even though you're going to insult me, I won't decline. I went to the room and you weren't there. The bathroom is also empty. After waiting for several minutes, you didn't come back, and I couldn't contact you, so I went out to find you personally. Sure enough, it stretched out in front of the bathroom?"

"... Hong Yeo-wook suddenly disappeared, so I went looking for him. Those two guys seem to have lost. Have you ever seen his face?"

"Well. I must say I saw him."

"You see him, or you don't. What is that vague answer?"

"I should have had a chance to see properly. It's all crushed."

For some reason, he was convinced that Zenya must have played a big part in that. He couldn't have looked away from his collapsing partner. He shouldn't expect a sense of justice full of camaraderie from him. He just found a reason to have fun.

He sent a stare full of booing.

"It was self-defense, self-defense."

It is explained in a characteristic loose tone. The brazen rationalization of the bastard is no longer full of prayers.

"You must have found out their identities and dealt with them, right? Did you send it from Bogdanov?"

He was looking forward to it in his heart. "No", Zenya immediately declared. The answer that followed was very unexpected.

"I didn't think it was a skinhead. Do you know the Bastards who set out to create a world only for white people?"

"... what?"

"It was robbed by those servants."

No way. He thought that one of the gang must be Hong Yeo-wook. That's right, he couldn't find him even after searching all over the train. As soon as he confronted Kwon Taek-ju himself, he was sure that he had been followed because he attacked without hesitation. The black jersey side had even the latest firearms, so there was no doubt.

But did they say that their identities were simply skinheads, and that Kwon Taek-ju himself was caught by them there? This is Russia, so it wasn't a nonsense story. Only the overly precise timing was questionable.

Even assuming that Zenya's words were 100% true, doubts remained. If Hong Yeo-wook wasn't one of those two, where on earth would he have evaporated?

From the night before to the morning, the train never stopped for a moment. It was before arriving in Irkutsk that Kwon Taek-ju started looking around the train in search of Hong Yeo-uk. Hong Yeo-wook, who had disappeared for a while, was hiding in the bathroom, which was forbidden to use.

Strangely, that wasn't the only thing. While looking for Hong Yeo-wook, she couldn't even meet Zenya. If Hong Yeo-wook and Zenya had nothing to

do with

the gang that attacked Kwon Taek-ju, where were the two of them at that time?

Was it hanging from the floor or ceiling of a running train?

The eyes of Kwon Taek-ju as he gazes at the room mirror become even sharper.

"Where were you then?"

"Are you suspicious of me? Or are you complaining that I wasn't there when you were getting hurt?"

"I searched all over the train to find Hong Yeo-wook. But neither him nor you."

"You searched all the trains... absolutely? Haven't you ever appeared where I was?"

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't come to the conductor's office."

"Conductor... office?"

He was dazed for a moment. It felt like he was caught off guard. Of course, he didn't even go to the conductor's office. It is true that there was no doubt in the first place. Unless the conductor was a woman, there seemed to be no reason for Zenya to visit there. But if he was really there, it would explain why he didn't run into him so much that he ransacked all the trains. However, the question was not completely gone.

"What did you go there for?"

"Unlike anyone who forgot their mission and completely fell asleep, I watched Hong Yeo-wook all night. On the way, he suddenly left his seat? He didn't even get to his destination when he would normally be reading a

book. Very suspicious, I went to his carriage and met the woman who was in charge of it. I asked if she hadn't seen him, and she replied meekly? She said he wanted to change his final destination from Irkutsk to Moscow, and he asked how. Did he tell you to meet the deputy manager as is customary?"

If he wants to change his itinerary while boarding the crossing train, he can meet with the conductor and process it. It was usually a method used when going to a place farther than the original destination. However, Hong Yeo-wook bought a ticket to Moscow from the beginning. Even if there was a mistake, there was no reason to meet the conductor unless it was to extend the itinerary.

It's enough to drop off wherever he wants and get a refund for the rest of the journey in the history there. What was strangest of all was that he was obsessed with the meager ticket price while faking his identity.

But.

A certain intuition crossed his mind. He stared straight into the room mirror. His eyes seemed to confirm whether his own guess was correct. Zenya meekly nodded his head.

"Okay. I was in the conductor's office. Bogdanov's contact was the deputy chief."

It felt like he had been stabbed in the back of the head. Did that mean that he would contact Hong Yeo-wook in the middle? He thought she would board the contact book separately. Of course, we considered the possibility that the contact person was disguised as a regular tourist from the beginning. It's not that he didn't suspect that they were flight attendants.

However, no matter how powerful he boasted of, he did not give much thought to whether he would be able to take care of the public manpower as it was convenient for him. It was patchy.

They said there is a flying guy on top of the running guy. The strength in his shoulders, which had been stiff with tension, was drained.

"So what happened to them? Did you miss it?"

"If so, then yes, if not then no."

The rest is serious, but it spins vaguely. Kwon Taek-ju blew away even the patience he hadn't had, and became furious.

"Tell me straight."

"To tell you the conclusion, Hong Yeo-wook did not get off at Irkutsk."

"Then?"

"After rendezvous with the conductor, he boarded the prepared helicopter and flew away. It just evaporated from the running train."

"Is that possible?"

"There's nothing you can't do if you give up half your life."

Certainly, it was not physically impossible. It's just embarrassing because he didn't think of it at all.

Hong Yeo-wook used the change of itinerary as an excuse and went to the deputy director's office. The conductor, who was the contact person, called the waiting helicopter at the right time. Adjusting the speed of the train so that Hong Yeo-wook could board safely would have been no task. At that time, the train was approaching Irkutsk, so there were no passengers who would be suspicious of it moving slower than usual. Including Kwon Taek-ju himself.

Hong Yeo-wook leaves by helicopter, and the train arrives in Irkutsk. Even if the pursuer found Hong Yeo-wook belatedly, he would have already disappeared.

The deputy general manager, who is the contact point, should also head to Moscow as if nothing had happened.

All of this happened while Kwon Taek-ju himself was wandering around the messy bathroom. His eyes widened. He thought he might miss Hong Yeo-wook.

But it wasn't like that. It's just that he's going to let go like this in vain. Feeling frustrated, he recklessly pushes Zenya.

"Did you just watch that?"

"Then? Shall we catch and drop the flying helicopter?"

It's absurd, but for some reason it seemed possible if it was Zenya. Even the chopper was easily drawn as if catching a dragonfly. On the contrary, it was more difficult to believe that he missed Hong Yeo-wook right in front of him.

He was not a great man to just let his prey run away. Unless he intentionally let it go. At least, that was the case with the Zenya he has seen so far. As if he hadn't misunderstood, Zenya admitted that it was his will to release Hong Yeo-wook.

"I left it because I didn't feel like I had to catch it right away. There's no need to let them know there's a pursuer."

"With what confidence?"

As soon as he hears it, throw something at it. When he got it, it turned out to be a location tracker. A red dot was blinking on the coordinates on the monitor.

"What is this?"

"My confidence."

"Did you put a location tracker on Hong Yeo-wook?"

"Such shallow water is quickly exposed."

"Or not?"

"He ate it."

"... Did you feed him?"

"I've been watching what he eats for the past few days. He just ate some bread.

It seems the Russian food didn't suit his taste. Other Asians around him started enjoying Chinese instant noodles, so he was quite interested. So I asked the woman who handles the snacks for a favor."

Did he put a micro-location tracker in instant noodles and sell them to Hong Yeo-wook? He ate only dry bread for several days, so the soup must have been

very strong. If the soup had been spicy, the vigilance would have been more easily tempered. It was a story that was understandable enough for a Korean, Kwon Taek-ju.

He hates to admit it, but this time Zenya was right. If Hong Yeo-wook is stopped by force, Bogdanov's side will also recognize the existence of this side. Then he might change the original plan out of confidentiality.

In that case, it would be much more productive to let Hong Yeo-wook escape as planned and pursue him. The first goal of this operation is to figure out the identity of 'SS-29', not to interfere with Hong Yeo-wook and Bogdanov's contact.

Zenya suddenly said, "It's enough for a day or so." did. That also meant that the given time was only one day. By the time Hong Yeo-wook has exhausted all the food he ate, the location tracker is also meaningless. He just hope that Hong Yeo-wook will arrive in front of 'SS-29' before that.

The target continued to move southeast. Looking at the sign outside the window, it was in the direction of Lake Baikal. He didn't know if that was my real destination or if he was going to reroute there again. Fortunately, it was that the distance with Hong Yeo-wook was gradually narrowing.

The wagon with the two of them sped through the vast field. There was not a single person to be found on the road, let alone a vehicle passing by. Could it be because of the temporary lack of blood in the head? Even though it's not the situation, he feels like he's going to have a good time.

On both sides of the road, a dense colony of cypresses could be seen. Because of the snow covering the dry branches, the otherwise calm scenery felt even more desolate. Everywhere he looked, there was only pure white snow and trees.

After leaving the cypress forest, an endless snowfield unfolds. The borders of the roads were also unclear because of the accumulated snow. The eyes were wide

open, but at the same time, the stomach became cramped. It felt like he couldn't reach anywhere, and he was overwhelmed.

He constantly rolled his eyes to find traces of life. Soon they found a flock of sheep. Because it was a cold region, their fur was particularly long and fluffy.

The treehouses we encountered from time to time had steep roofs so that they could withstand heavy snowfall.

As he ran nonstop through the vast snowfield, he started to feel it more and more. The two were now in the middle of Siberia.

"Is your hair okay? I stapled it in."

Suddenly, Zenya asked. When he looked in his room mirror, their eyes met immediately. He unwittingly touched the bandage on his head.

He didn't know what hit him, but it was a shock that wouldn't be strange even if his skull was fractured. Even so, his bandages were barely stained with blood.

He didn't know, but the suturing seemed pretty good. The reason he was confused was because the person who put the medical stapler was

ambiguous.

It must be a doctor. Of course it must be a doctor. Could it be that there was no medical staff on that long train? He may have been taken to the hospital as soon as he arrived in Irkutsk. The more he rationalized it, the more the ominousness grew.

"Who?"

"Me."

The answer he was hoping for came back. He was completely unconscious and was in Zenya's grasp. He could see the look on his face as he inserted the staples one by one. For some reason, he said he worried about others.

After that, Zenya poured out unsolicited stories. What was the condition of Kwon Taek-ju's scalp at the time of discovery, how much blood was spilled, the characteristics of the weapon that stabbed him in the back of the head, and the

feel of sticking a stapler into raw flesh, etc. Every time he talked, the pain he had been struggling with seemed to come back to life. He had to change the subject somehow.

"Rather than that, did you properly greet Louise?"

"Who is that?"

"Who is it? The Frenchman said she was going to marry soon. Did you quite like it?"

"Me?"

He made an unknown face. He even pointed at himself with his index finger.

Why now come flippers?

"Someone who slept once and never slept twice. That's right, she's the one who you rolled over three times."

He doesn't know why. Kwon Taek-ju himself has to explain such a thing. A dissatisfied expression crept across his face. Zenya, who was staring at the room mirror, smiled. What else do I say? The tone he muttered was light.

"If I had to put it that way, that girl was your preference."

"What?"

"You say you like big, chubby girls? That should be enough for you."

So, is that the only reason you lured Louise in? Because it matches the ideal type that Kwon Taek-ju himself casually talked about?

Suddenly, the past passed by like a kaleidoscope. The last night on the crossing train, to the temptation of Zenya and Louise and getting entangled together.

The face of Zenya, who smeared semen on his face, remained clearly in his mind.

He rolled down the rear seat window. A merciless wind blew through the open window. Hair, bandages, and collars began to flutter wildly. In the midst of them, he stares into the distant sky and quenches his anger. He closed his eyes once and then opened them slowly, burning with a fighting spirit that had never been seen before.

"I've never seen it properly because it was hidden so tightly. Do you have some abs?"

He bit his molars and asked. It seemed like they were squeezing each and every letter. Zenya glanced at the room mirror as if it was out of the blue.

"First of all?"

"I thought I'd personally fix it as soon as the work is finished."

An evil declaration of war follows. Zenya, who was silent for a moment, let out a hearty laugh. He is serious, but he doesn't take it as a threat at all. It took a while for the guy to stop laughing and roll up his back seat window.

"Don't expect it."

The corners of his mouth were still drawing an arc.

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Lake Baikal, the blue heart of Siberia, boasts a long history spanning 25 million years. Its area alone reached 31,500 square kilometers, its diameter was 636 km, and its circumference was 2,200 km. There are twenty-two islands in this huge lake, and the largest and only inhabited island is Olkhon Island.

If he wants to go to Olkhon Island, he has to time it right. This is because crossing is permitted only in winter when the huge lake freezes over or in midsummer when the water completely melts. In the summer, they would have crossed the river in a barge, but in the winter these days, they cross the ice directly by vehicle.

Zenya ran across the roadless side of the lake without hesitation. It is worth going around the uneven ice sheet, but stick to the straight line. Thanks to this, the car body rattled without rest. Even in that situation, Kwon Taek-ju did not complain and remained calm. It looked like an extension of the road, but strictly speaking, it was on the water so deep that it was impossible to count the water depth. Even though the ice was frozen so thick, there was nothing he could do about his nervous heart.

Fortunately, the accident that was concerned about arriving at the dock of Olkhon Island did not occur. It seemed that even the world's Baikal could not overcome the severe cold of minus 50 degrees.

He got out of the car and looked around the road. The world buried in snow was as quiet as if a rat had died. Everything seemed to stand still. He didn't even know that the reason he didn't have any thoughts or emotions for a

moment was because he was overwhelmed by the magnificent scenery that unfolded before his eyes.

From the dock, there was nothing to call a road. Only the wheel marks of the cars ahead are engraved in each direction. It was just the way to go. The two wagons also pioneered a new route by passing over untrodden snow.

A long time ago, the target had been somewhere in the northwest of Olkhon Island. After following the flickering red dot and crossing the ridge, he saw a derelict mansion. It was small in size compared to Bogdanov's house, but considering the size of the island, it had a striking appearance.

The wagon was parked near the mansion. Then, the red dot of the location tracker and the origin are perfectly matched. It was clear that Hong Yeo-wook was there.

Kwon Taek-ju stuck his face between the driver's seat and the passenger's seat and gazed at the mansion.

"Is that it?"

"I guess so."

We checked the CCTV installed everywhere. No blind spots were visible.

"I can't go in recklessly."

"Why not?"

Kwon Taek-ju looked at Zenya with a puzzled expression. Why not, do you mean that you really don't know?

The mansion was located on high ground within Olkhon Island. Beneath it was a steep cliff. The wind that swirled around the island continued to push up to the edge of the cliff where the mansion was located. That meant that high-altitude penetration was impossible. At first glance, there were no gas pipes or vents to try to infiltrate. CCTVs were tightly placed at the main gate and walls, and sometimes fully-automatic firearms that could be controlled wirelessly were installed under the cameras.

"You can say that even after seeing that? Do you think you have about nine lives?"

He said it was sarcastic, but Zenya's chin lifted out of nowhere. His expression also became very arrogant. Well, it's not a compliment. He tried to protest, but to no avail. Kwon Taek-ju turned his eyes away from the guy who spread his shoulders wide before he knew it. Seeing his flaunting, he felt ashamed of himself.

"I knew where Hong Yeo-wook was, so that was it. Blindly breaking through head-on is crazy, and I wonder what it would be like to observe the dynamics around here for a while."

Zenya obediently did so. Then he turned the steering wheel and started heading somewhere. No mention was made of the destination. It doesn't even use navigation, and it runs without hesitation on roads where even signs are insignificant. He seemed quite familiar with the geography of this place.

He watched only the red dot that was gradually moving away, but the car body suddenly tilted to the side. It was because of a sudden stop on an inclined slope.

Did a beast come out? At the same time, he straightened up and guessed, but Zenya kicked open the door.

"Get off."

He couldn't help but be puzzled by the instructions that followed. Are you thinking of camping in a place like this? Even when he looked around, he couldn't see anything. Kwon Taek-ju stared at Zenya while hugging the assistant seat. Seeing his explanation-seeking eyes, Zenya paused as he closed the door and headed toward the trunk. Then, as he bent his upper body and looked at Kwon Taek-ju, he sighed.

"I won't eat you, so get off."

He makes fun of it occasionally. Hearing that, he couldn't help himself. He went outside muttering that he was ugly. When he was inside, a sharp wind blew from all directions, which he had never felt before. The only clothes he was wearing were a loose shirt and jacket, and his shoulders naturally shrunk. He bit his molars harder, thinking that if he let go of his mouth, his teeth would crash on their own. It was amazing that his heart didn't freeze.

Meanwhile, Zenya pulled a fur coat from the trunk and put it on. Even if he hunted a live beast and skinned it, he couldn't match his fur coat. While Kwon Taek-ju clung to the door, Zenya strode past it. Then, he notices that Kwon Taek-ju is not following and glances back. He chased after him, letting go of his feet that could not bear to fall at the silent urging.

Climbing the snowy hill in reverse was not easy.

This is because they had to face the strong wind that came over the ridge. Even when he climbed up, he often slipped on the snow and was pushed out. He sucked in air again and again, breathing quickly, but only the cold energy mixed with ice particles filled his lungs.

Reminiscent of the days when he served in the special forces, he climbed the hill to live and die. He soon realized Zenya's intentions. There was a guest house right down the hill. There didn't seem to be that many rooms, but even that was perceptible now.

In the meantime, a fierce wind blew again. Kwon Taek-ju, who followed Zenya like a cow being led to the slaughterhouse, passed him and entered the guest house. Just in time, the host was sitting at the front desk. He looked a little taken aback by the intrusion of a stranger wearing only a thin shirt and a bandage on his head in this harsh cold.

"How did you come?"

"Bar, room... ."

"Have you made a reservation?"

In the meantime, he sees Kwon Taek-ju, whose mouth is frozen and stuttering, as if he is seeing a ghost. Kwon Taek-ju trembled and barely answered.

"No. I couldn't. Are there any rooms left?"

"There are still vacancies because it is the winter season, but it is 100%

reserved. One room is enough, right?"

"No. two. We definitely need two."

He emphasized over and over again. Maybe the host couldn't understand his pronunciation, so he showed his index and middle fingers spread out. He didn't want to stay in the same space with Zenya any longer. They say that it can't be helped during the operation, but he wanted to be comfortable even when he was resting.

However, the host's reaction was not very good. Oh, and let out a low exclamation. There was a sad light in the eyes that captured Kwon Taek-ju. No, it must have been Kwon Taek-ju's own misunderstanding. It should be. All his nerves gathered in the host's lips.

Soon, the door opened and Zenya entered. Each strand of his fur coat delicately squirms as if it were alive. Shortly thereafter, a desperate reply came back from the host.

"There is only one room left."

The room we were assigned was too small. There was a table for two right in front of the door, and a bed next to it. That was all. There was no minibar, no closet, or at least no space for shelves or luggage. The only consolation was that the only bed was a bunk bed.

The two sat facing each other in silence for a long time. Only the eyes shifted diagonally and landed meaninglessly somewhere in the corner of the room.

He thought that once he got off the train, he would never be in the same room with Zenya. It's enough if he gets a separate room, and he won't ride the cross train again, so he just has to be patient. However, they ended up spending a few more days together like this. His mind and body were exhausted and he wanted to close his eyes for a while, but he couldn't relax because of him.

The warmth completely escapes from the mug. There was still nothing to say between the two. The air, which was awkward at first, becomes increasingly heavy.

He knows how to be comfortable. He just has to trust Zenya. It's because his words and actions are unusual, and he doesn't know where he will bounce, so he won't betray himself. He shook his head while rationalizing it. It's easy to say, but it wasn't going to be free.

Instinct kept alerting me. Unknowingly, he spies on Zenya's every move and finds loopholes. Because of that, he got tired quickly when he was with him.

Even though he know that they're on the same side now, it was like that. Is it because Kwon Taek-ju is an opponent he has never defeated before? His heart skipped a beat every time he jumped. He didn't know when or how he would throw off that mask, even though he was now a colleague.

While working as an agent, he met people from all walks of life. They became enemies due to complicated interests, but there were few people who could be defined as absolute evil. Everyone had their own beliefs, acted according to them, and only their own justice was injustice to others.

It wasn't Zenya. He said that what he wanted was the profit he would get from

'Anastasia'. But in reality, he didn't seem to be driven by money or power. Even in a rain of live action bullets, even in the middle of the tedious pursuit without proper rest and without proper results, he just looked happy. It was like a child who was obsessed with spying. He doesn't care how

much the game costs or how many people die. A thoroughly interested person, that was him.

If he lost interest in the present moment, he would withdraw without remorse.

For his neat finish, he could have pointed a gun at Kwon Taek-ju himself without hesitation. That was why the days, hours, and seconds he spent with him were as nervous as on thin ice.

"I can hear the head rolling from here."

Zenya suddenly hit the spot. He was stingy, but didn't show it.

"I was trying to organize my thoughts. This and that... ."

Pretending not to know and making excuses that are not excuses. Zenya nodded his head with an artificial aha. The smile on his lips was still there. One of his faces is so pretty that his eyes go to him, but when their eyes became entangled, he felt strange. It was because of his searching eyes. Like a reptile, he tightens his pupils and persistently examines the other person's expression, eyes, and actions one by one. If he continued to be observed, he felt like his thoughts would be exposed.

He changed the subject so as not to get involved.

"Do you know who the owner of the mansion Hong Yeo-wook is staying in?"

"Roughly. I saw the pattern engraved on the front door there."

It's a pattern he recalls from the landscape of the mansion in his mind. As Zenya said, there was something embossed in the middle of the front door.

"Every Russian knows it. That is the symbol of the Bogdanov family."

If that's true, he has come to the right place. It felt like he was just catching a floating cloud because he couldn't grasp the reality of 'SS-29' let alone

'Anastasia', but now it seems like he has taken the right step. It would have been possible to find out whether 'SS-29' was Anastasia or not simply by infiltrating the mansion.

It's insignificant, but it's comforting to have a harvest. Even the hardships of the past seemed like a minor thing. Kwon Taek-ju presented his future plans in a good mood.

"Good. Then, let's look for an infiltration route while monitoring breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

Zenya nodded calmly this time as well. "Did you do that?", he asked. He nodded and stood up as if waiting. Kwon Taek-ju watched him as he headed straight for the door. Was that tired gaze annoying? As Zenya was about to leave, he looked back.

"I heard Banya is here, would you like to come with me?"

Banya is a Russian wet sauna. He tried to refuse like a habit, but he fell into trouble. After being stuck in a small room for days and days, his whole body felt proud. Perhaps because of the injury, the blood didn't seem to circulate properly, and the hot compress was very tight in the severe cold. It was a compelling proposal. The problem was that Zenya would also be with him.

He wanted to refrain from being confined in a small space with him. Besides, it didn't matter if he used Banya first and then separately. Even so, the reason he didn't quickly reject the invitation was because of doubts in the back of his mind.

So far, Zenya has never been seen naked. Even during sex, only the other person would be naked, and he would only pull down the buckles and zippers. He wondered what he was trying to hide so tightly. Also, Kwon Taek-ju was not the type to just cover up a question that had been raised once.

"I will."

Water was poured on the pechka. The heated stones spewed hot steam. As the air rapidly warmed, he felt suffocated for a moment, but it quickly got better.

His frozen body started to warm up. It seemed that the accumulated fatigue was discharged along with the sweat. Sauna leisurely during the operation, there was no luxury.

Slowly rolling his eyes, he scanned the inside of the banya. It was small compared to what the host boasted about. If two or three men were seated, it would be full. He was still alone with Kwon Taek-ju, so it was enough, but when Zenya came, things would be different.

He glared at the awkward entrance door. He was waiting for Zenya, who said that a Russian could not imagine a banya without vodka, and would stop by the kitchen. This time, even he wouldn't be able to avoid undressing. He elated for a moment, then sighed. He wondered if he was so thirsty for the body of the same man. In the first place, Zenya was the problem. He doesn't wear out with a little exposure, so he doesn't know why he's so special.

He was grumbling inside, but the door suddenly opened. Zenya, who couldn't help but wait, went inside. The gaze, which should have been directed to his face, was suddenly fixed on the center. It was because he was too tall. That led him to face his alter ego first. Unknowingly, he frowned. Zenya's genitals had no weapons. He didn't even have an erection, that size. It was as if he finally understood why the people who mixed flesh with him were sick to death.

He consciously raised his head. Zenya smiled strangely. He seemed to have read his thoughts again. When he tried to pretend to be calm, he quietly sat across

from me, pretending to be fooled. A lump of reddish flesh could be seen between the knees of the man standing upright.

With just a glance, he could realize its texture and weight. He ignored him and tried to turn his head, but then his scrotum fell under the chair. Kwon

Taek-ju's pupils instinctively followed the moving object. Zenya did not pay attention to Kwon Taek-ju's stare, which was blatantly stuck in his crotch. It wasn't until he handed over the glass that he said he'd better stop.

"Once you put it on, you have to stick it in any hole."

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2

Kwon Taek-ju's gaze bounced up at once. Zenya split into slices and poured vodka. One after another, he fills up his cup and quenches his thirst. He tipped his glass and scanned every nook and cranny of Zenya's body over it.

It was a very unreal body. It was slim and solid, as if someone had carefully crafted it considering the overall texture. Every muscle was attached here and there, in the best possible shape and size, like intended art. The straight collar bone fits into the wide shoulders, and the clear neck belt, elbows, and raised wrist bones lead to a strong yet elegant line.

The serratus anterior muscle, reminiscent of a shark's fin, and the clearly split abdominal muscles were in perfect harmony as if they had had them since birth.

His skin was white and smooth, but his whole body looked so hard that if he pricked it with a needle, it would break.

There were no scars anywhere on his body. The same was true for skin diseases such as atopy. Looking at it that way, it was difficult to guess why he had kept his inner flesh tightly hidden. The lever had lost steam and grunted.

"What. I thought you were hiding something great by pretending to be so modest."

"Did you want to see my body that much? It's sinister."

It's called a pierced mouth. Kwon Taek-ju mechanically raised the corners of his mouth and poured a gourd of water into Pechka. A whitish steam rises with a chirping sound. Zenya's shiny face was covered for a moment.

Excessive steam rose up, and sweat began to flow like rain. Zenya's body was also slippery. With each breath he took, his shoulders opened wide and the muscles all over his body twitched. Each of them is intertwined with

each other as if they were both independent and organic at the same time. Kwon Taek-ju's own body was not much different, but his eyes kept going.

Zenya closed his eyes and tilted his head back. Sweat slipped from his chin and ran down her long neck. Vivid drops of sweat formed in clusters on the bones of the thighs, and soon crossed the ridge and tumbled down. What is it that makes me feel nervous?

Did I stare at it too closely? Zenya suddenly opened his eyes. Eyes were immediately entangled. No, exactly, he was looking down at Kwon Taek-ju's body, not his face. The iridescent eyes roll lazily under the watery, glossy eyelashes. Suddenly, the whole body became itchy. It felt like the snake's tongue was licking his skin.

Kwon Taek-ju put the towel around his neck over his head. The upper body is also tilted forward to block the naked gaze.

In the meantime, Zenya poured another glass of vodka. Kwon Taek-ju's lips were visible under the towel he was wearing. His lips, which were redder than usual, perhaps from the heat, sighed incessantly and let out a muddy breath. Is it simply because of vodka that the thick lower lip is shiny? He tilted her glass, staring at the barely visible tongue in it. He pours vodka at once and licks her lower lip. It looked like a hungry predator.

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2

"It makes a little sense... ."

He raised his head at the sudden self-talk. This time their eyes met. A gaze that is tough enough to be burdensome to receive soon falls down. Now, it was difficult to avoid it. As they confronted each other like a snowball fight, Zenya abruptly lowered his upper body. Then, their faces were placed only half a span apart. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju's pupils tightened up, Zenya giggled vulgarly.

"Your ass, it's a waste to depend on a man."

How could that goddamn snout be so docile? Kwon Taek-ju hit Zenya in the face with a birch branch placed on his Banya. Drops of water that had formed on the branches splattered. Zenya did not respond to his harsh retribution. He just quietly lifted his eyes and watched Kwon Taek-ju. Drops of water dripped from his hair and dripped onto the floor. The mouth, which had been parted shallowly until just before, was now hardened. He wanted to regret it belatedly.

Zenya's pupils twitch strangely. The moment he sensed his danger, he grabbed him by the wrist. He didn't even have time to react. In an instant, his arms snapped back and he slammed his face into the wall. His bones rang loudly with a thump. His vision also spun around. Zenya pressed his Kwon Taekju with his heavy body, and he quietly picked his breath against his ear. Towels feel fluttering in the struggle.

"I got it wrong." Zenya's face, which had rapidly cooled, remained as a dark afterimage. He tried to wring out his gripped arm, but he still couldn't resist his formidable grip.

Zenya didn't say anything for a while. He just looked down at Kwon Taek-ju while catching his breath. The straight nape of the neck and the stiff wrists in turn seemed to guess where the eyes would smash.

Suddenly, Kwon Taek-ju twisted his wrist even harder. With the instinct to protect his arms, Kwon Taek-ju's whole body tensed up. He naturally contracted his thighs and hips as well. The eyes glide lazily along his wet back, fixing on his hips. Because of his smooth waistline, his round mounds stood out

exceptionally. The thick flesh was even shiny with sweat. Before long, the madness passed from Zenya's eyes. What filled the place instead was a subtle desire.

Without hesitation, he reached out his hand to Kwon Taek-ju's hip. He could have grabbed it at once, but somehow his hand went out slowly. Finally, his fingertips were about to touch Kwon Taek-ju's swollen buttocks. Kwon Taek-ju, who had been silent for so long, shifted his weight back and shook off Zenya, then grabbed his wrist tightly and threw it away at once.

Zenya was helplessly knocked out by the sudden judo attack. Temporarily removing the strength from the body may have been for Kwon Taek-ju. The guy who was put upside down in an instant was back as a big-hearted colleague before he knew it. He picked up a towel that had fallen beside him and hung it around his neck again.

"Are you going to call your mother?"

He was about to leave Banya, but Zenya made a sarcastic remark. He responded at just that level.

"Okay. I will beg her to scold me."

The middle finger also seems to be lifted. When he left the banya and closed the door, he heard a cheerful laugh from inside. Crazy guy What do you think is fun?

He shook his head and headed for the locker room.

But after taking a few steps, he stopped. Raise his hand and place it on his left breast. His heart was pounding so much that it was difficult to breathe. Before he knew it, he even had goose bumps on his skin.

It was really dangerous this time. If Zenya hadn't been distracted in the middle, somewhere in his body would have been broken. He was not a great man who would be generous with his partner. If he's offended, he'll destroy anyone without hesitation.

He clenched his trembling hands tightly into fists. It was a feeling he had never experienced before. Until he faces his fear, he doesn't know its meaning. Kwon Taek-ju was like that too.

He thinks he needs to finish the operation as soon as possible. Completing the mission and breaking up with him would be the only way to be freed from these strange feelings.

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It was crazy no matter how he looked at it. Early in the morning, on the snowy lakeside, Kwon Taek-ju thought over and over again. The weather wasn't nice, and the man was buried in the snow and couldn't tell where he was, so cycling before the ceremony. If he accidentally stumbled on his foot, he would be stuck up to his knees. Wouldn't it be much easier for him to ski? At least he wouldn't look like a crazy person.

While grunting, a huge hill appeared in front of me. He had to go up there to look down at the mansion where Hong Yeo-wook was staying. He's going to have a good time, so he steps on the pedal that is stiff. He clambered up the slanted slope. The elongation wheel went idle and slipped several times before reaching the high ground. He sighed and checked the state of the mansion.

There was no sign of anyone leaving. It may have all been erased by the snow that fell overnight.

He flipped the goggles leg outward once. It emits a subtle mechanical sound and the field of view changes three-dimensionally. It was a special device that saw through a building or structure. He bent his leg, which is the controller, a little more and pulled the zoom to its maximum.

The mansion reminded him of a fortress. The chimney is connected to the basement rather than the roof, so steam is ejected through the ground. As the number of dense windows was large, it was too small for people to come in and out. The water and sewage pipes also all ran towards the cliff. In order to enter it, it seemed that they would have to climb up a steep cliff upside down against

the strong wind. It was an act of suicide. In conclusion, the passage was only the front door.

He took a cigarette out of his pocket and asked. He didn't light it, but the tip of the cigarette burns red. Soon, the yearly, quarterly, monthly, and daily wind direction and speed at the point where Kwon Taek-ju was standing were displayed on the goggle monitor. He had given up on it for a while, but it seemed impossible to infiltrate the roof using a helicopter or parachute.

All the methods he had in mind failed. However, the harvest of spying was not completely absent. As he personally checked the fortifications of the old mansion, he had doubts close to certainty. What are they hiding, why did they build such a protective barrier?

A smile of repentance spreads across Kwon Taek-ju's lips. The more tightly hidden an object was, the higher its value was. After watching the mansion for some more time, he quickly went down the hill.

"Bite it, bite it."

As soon as he returned to the guest house, he ate breakfast. He chews pelmeni like chewing rubber. He shivered for a while outside, but the price was only a bowl of pelmeni. Should I be comforted by the warmth? Even if the menu changed, I didn't seem to be happy. If so, it would have been one of lamb, herring, cabbage, or potatoes. All food is new and delicious to eat once in a while. Just smelling it made him think he had already eaten. Even so, the stomach was constantly hungry, which made it more difficult.

The hot and spicy soup was very tempting. He searched the seasoning box just in case, but he couldn't find anything that resembled red pepper powder.

Lever power is gone. He was so hungry that his stomach hurt, but he didn't want to eat anything.

He rests his chin on his arm and sighs heavily. He had just taken a hot shower, so his hair was frizzy, and he was barely wearing a single drose on his naked body.

He was arguing with the petty Pelmeni with a blanket over it.

Zenya came into the kitchen. Kwon Taek-ju did not look back at him and only poked at the poor Pelmeni.

"Still quiet. There is no one in particular who comes and goes."

He reported compulsorily. Zenya didn't respond much. It was just something rustling in front of the fire. He looked back involuntarily and opened his eyes. It was because what he had was none other than Korean spicy ramen. He was salivating just by looking at the packaging.

As he couldn't take his eyes off the ramen, Zenya lifted it slightly. Kwon Taekju's eyes rolled upward at the same time. Even when he throws it with the other hand and catches it, a nervous look follows him without fail. Zenya's lips drew a long arc.

"I heard that Koreans would die with just one of these, is that true?"

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it from the owner. Did a Korean who stayed there before give it as a gift?"

In the eyes of the host, did he look more like a Korean than Kwon Taek-ju himself? Why did he suddenly hand over that precious thing to him after he hadn't said anything about him? He just stared at the ramen while resenting the pathetic host.

Involuntarily, he held out his hand. A corner of his bag made a rustling sound as his fingertips touched. As if that was some kind of signal, he

suddenly stretched out his arm and aimed at his ramen. He didn't mind the blanket falling off his shoulders.

It would be nice if he pretended not to win, but Zenya raised the ramen higher and avoided it. He jumped without hesitation. Wave his hands as if blocking a ball.

However, it fell short of Zenya, who raised his arms and avoided cooking.

However, he did not give up easily. While jumping several times, he tries to snatch the ramen. Zenya, who had been sneaking out of the federation, broke into pieces.

"It seems right to die."

At that point, Kwon Taek-ju also stopped attacking. He gently brushed his disheveled hair. He took a deep breath and boldly demanded it.

"Come here."

"I just can't give it away."

Whirling around for no reason. There were no demons. Although Kwon Taek-ju was not happy with it, he quietly asked to confirm.

"What do you want?"

"It's nothing. It's up to you to think about it."

Zenya smirked around as if to break it. He then read the cooking instructions with his phone in one hand and a bag of instant noodles in the other. He seemed to be trying to interpret Korean using a translator app.

Soon a small pot of water was placed on the fire. The guy who had finely adjusted his firepower stood in front of him with his arms crossed.

Now Kwon Taek-ju's gaze was fixed on the pot. Saliva pooled at the ends of both of his chins. He was ready to salivate like a dog at any moment. That

said, he couldn't bite Zenya's bait. He didn't know what wicked demands he would make. While hesitating, the water began to boil.

Dissolve the powder soup in boiling water.

The strong smell stimulated the olfactory cells. Kwon Taek-ju pretended not to be interested, went back to his seat, and searched for Pelmeni, who had cooled down. Maybe his brain was creating temporary illusions. Maybe the smell can fool the tongue. He was so optimistic and soaked in pelmeni, but only the greasy flavor spread as if laughing at the modest expectations.

In the meantime, Zenya put the finished ramen on the table. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes silently scanned his figure. There was no ecstasy. It seemed that if he ate just one chopstick, his nagging stomach would burst open. The moment the Korean spicy taste touches the tip of the tongue, even the intense fatigue seemed to disappear.

He gently placed a fork on the edge of the pot. Then, without fail, Zenya pulled his pot and shook off his fork of Kwon Taekju. He tried again, but to no avail. As Zenya approached Kwon Taek-ju, he continued to put away his pot. He couldn't stand it and issued an outrageous warning.

"If you don't eat it right away, it will all blow up."

"It doesn't matter."

"....."

Yeah, it doesn't matter son of a bitch. The fist holding the fork trembled. His appetite, which had never been there, suddenly increased, and everything in his eyes spun around. Reason has also become blurred. If he doesn't eat it now, he doesn't know when he'll taste it again. It must be because Kwon Taek-ju bought it for nothing, Zenya's request could have been simpler than he thought. Can't he just listen to the story for a while?

While thinking about it, the ramen soup gradually decreased. He felt like he was going to have to eat it right away. The string of rationality that had been thinning is suddenly cut off. He got up right away and picked up the pot.

Then, as if the broth were the water of life, he swallowed it sweetly. The raised neckline swayed vigorously. As soon as the spicy soup touched the tip of my

tongue, it felt like his eyes cleared, his nose pierced, and his ears opened. The butter-covered stomach seemed to be released in one fell swoop.

Zenya leisurely walked behind Kwon Taek-ju's back. Kwon Taek-ju was inhaling ramen, so he couldn't pay attention to his approach. He lowers his eyes and slowly scans the back of Kwon Taek-ju's neck and shoulders. He commanded in a lower voice than as if licking the straight back, smooth waist, convex buttocks, and legs stretched out below it.

"Don't move."

Zenya's fingertips touched his back thigh. It was a light touch, as if dust had come and stuck to it. His earnest gaze followed my fingertips from beginning to end. The blue eyes didn't blink for a second, as if they didn't want to miss anything. Even breathing is suppressed.

In the next moment, his thighs were tightly compressed. It was because Zenya, who was gently brushing Kwon Taek-ju's skin, suddenly grabbed his thigh.

Kwon Taek-ju watched him with an annoyed face, then concentrated on eating ramen again. He guessed that he would make some pretty mean demands, but this was medicine.

But that was a very foolish idea. It was because Zenya's fingers pushed up the droz and burrowed into it. The hand that had been massaging only the thigh all along quietly traced the cheek line. Even his eyes, cold as his ice crystals, were now drenched in heat. He mashed the flesh, which was so tender that he snapped his fingers. As if he wasn't satisfied with that alone, he added a shameless demand.

"Try hard."

What do you mean?

It was the moment he was about to protest, frowning. Suddenly, a sharp horn sounded from the location tracking monitor. He put the pot down and checked

the state of the target. As expected, the red dot disappeared from the coordinates. It meant that the location tracker that stayed in Hong Yeo-wook's stomach had been discharged in some way.

He handed the terminal he was looking at to Zenya's chest.

"It looks pleasant."

Zenya had no reaction. He didn't even accept the terminal right away, he just looked down at his hand. It was an expression of regret, not knowing what it was. Could it be the dog chasing the chicken?

He smiled and patted his shoulder.

"I ate well thanks to you."

As if teasing, polite greetings are not omitted. Covering his shoulders again with the blanket that had fallen on the floor, Kwon Taek-ju left the kitchen with his rifle. Meanwhile, his pot was empty.

Zenya, who had been standing there blankly, let out a devastated laugh.

In the evening, Zenya went to reconnoiter the mansion's movements. Without him, he was able to breathe freely. Spreading out on the bed, he enjoyed the rest he had been allowed for the first time in a while. His body and mind were just comfortable. After all, Kwon Taek-ju himself seemed to be suitable for a solo mission. In retrospect, he was often helped by Zenya. But it was better not to have a partner who did more harm than good.

Suddenly, a vibration rang out from somewhere. He took out his phone like a habit, but it was just silent. Since it was the device that Zenya had saved in the first place, there was no one else to contact him. If it wasn't Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone, did Zenya leave it there? It may not have been a very important contact.

He might have mistaken the common wind noise for vibration.

Even while looking at other possibilities, he did not hesitate to go to the trouble of getting down from the bunk bed in search of the source of the vibration. He

lifted Zenya's futon. A cell phone came out from under her pillow. As expected, a new message had arrived. When he tried to check the contents, the lock function was activated. He pressed the password that Zenya had entered into the armory, thinking that it would be worth it to lose. Security is released like a lie.

"....."

After that, he became hesitant. Looking at someone else's phone is shameless.

Kwon Taek-ju's creed was not to interfere with others and not to be interfered with. Should I check the message while violating that? It may have been an extremely personal contact that had nothing to do with Kwon Taek-ju himself.

No, so, because of that, wouldn't it be an opportunity to see Zenya's true face?

The two ideas were sharply opposed.

At the end of django, he turned on his laptop and connected his phone. It would take a little longer for Zenya to return. He was reluctant to do something like this, but he needed reassurance in Zenya. What exactly does he do, did he join this operation just to get the blueprints as he said, and who are his close friends? He seemed to be able to overcome his doubts and vigilance towards Zenya if he had to know something properly.

He plugged his USB into the laptop slot. It was one of the few belongings that had been on his body since the hotel explosion. It was specially designed to withstand a tolerable amount of shock or moisture, but it was unknown if it would work properly. With a nervous heart, he went through

the list of files in the storage device. Fortunately, the hacking program is alive and well.

He ran the program and loaded all the files in Zenya's phone. When a specific command was entered, all information was output at once. Even files that have been arbitrarily deleted or changed are restored without any doubt.

Immediately, he disconnected the phone from the laptop and put it back to its original place. The unread message icon was still floating on the phone screen.

There was no way to find any traces of hacking.

Among the messages loaded into the computer, the most recent arrival was checked.

It was a long MMS.

[Finally fixed the error in SS-29. We are currently conducting additional checks to see if there are any other defects. The final results will be announced two days later, at a meeting with everyone present. Please come and brighten up the place.]

It was unexpected. SS-29. He knew that the weapon had been in trouble, and that the problem had recently been resolved. However, it was unclear why the message had reached Zenya. According to the contents of the message, all the recipients must have been involved in the development of 'SS-29'. Wasn't Zenya unrelated to him?

"You did something wrong."

"......!"

He was taken aback by the sudden voice. Before he knew it, Zenya was standing by the door. Suddenly, his spine felt chilly, and the back of his head tightened.

When did he come back? He couldn't detect Zenya's presence at all. It wasn't because Kwon Taek-ju's senses were dull. He's just like a ghost. Because of that, the hacking site was caught so that it could not be removed.

"If you had asked to see it, I would have shown it to you."

He was stunned by the nonchalant sound. He's a shameless guy by nature, but he wasn't in a position to come out like that right now.

"How did this happen?"

"I stole it."

"What are you talking about?"

"Do you remember that I met a woman named Olga when I went to the Bogdanov mansion? Before parting, he asked me to give him his contact information. While entering the number, I also installed a cute app. It is different from common hacking programs or viruses. Even an expert can't tell that it was installed, and it spreads naturally to other recipients through messages.

Thankfully, it seems that Olga kept in touch with her family often? Looking at all the incoming and outgoing messages on Bogdanov's cell phones like this."

Zenya explained as he took out his cell phone. He even unlocks the code by hand and throws it to Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju looked at him shyly and then moved his gaze to his cell phone. As Zenya insisted, all the messages exchanged by the Bogdanov family members with others were piled up. Not only that, but all personal information, from past call records to contacts, photo albums, notepads and schedules, was stored in folders. It seemed to be true that he had hacked the Bogdanovs.

"These days, even that is a weapon. They say it sells better than a big, heavy piece of iron."

The era of armed war is over. Countries around the world still continue to develop weapons and work hard to strengthen firepower, but most of them were only ideological acts. The means of conflict between countries has also been replaced by intelligence. In today's world where it is most important to preoccupy the latest information and confidentiality, Zenya's hacking program was welcomed. It is also worthy of praise for using the Bogdanov family as the first test subjects. However, the question has not been completely resolved.

"Good. All good. But why do you keep hiding this good thing? If I hadn't found it first, were you going to pretend you didn't know until the end?"

"I have no intention of sharing my business skills just because we held hands for a while."

Zenya laughed and drew a line. The words that followed sounded particularly fishy.

"Did you ever consider me a colleague in the first place?"

He had nothing to say even if he was criticized in that way. That was entirely right in Zenya's guess. He didn't even consider him a colleague, and he didn't share high-level information.

He is a sensitive guy. He couldn't have known that Kwon Taek-ju distrusted him.

Even so, he's not going to pinch him so openly. He lost the momentum to drive him further.

He returned the cell phone with a tired face. He tried to close his laptop as well, but Zenya stopped him. Then, with his upper body bent, he stared at his monitor. His head hovered near Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder. He was nervous for no reason, as if he had his neck exposed in front of a flying beast. He turned his head slightly to the side. The guy who checked all the copied files laughed. A tickling breath hit his neck.

"Even if it's temporary, you're definitely a colleague, and it was even hacked. Am I completely unreliable?"

He criticizes Kwon Taek-ju as he has. A naked gaze pecked at the cheek or temple area. Kwon Taek-ju did not bother to make excuses or apologize. All he had to do was close the hacking program that had been running and turn off his laptop.

Zenya's protest continued.

"If you treat me coldly, will I get hurt too?"

What is it?

There was a level of bullshit, but there was not enough expression to say that it was ridiculous.

He has given up on reacting in any way. Now was the time to focus on work.

Luckily, he got the information that the problem with 'SS-29' had been resolved, so it seemed like we should move forward in earnest. The problem was that they still hadn't found a way to break into the mansion.

"They seem to be coming soon, wouldn't it be easier to break in before then?"

"I guess so."

Zenya nodded dryly.

"When would you like it? Tonight? Tomorrow morning? Or maybe take a break and take a break in the afternoon?"

Anyone who sees him will know that he's planning a walk. He couldn't help but ask.

"What's so easy about you bastard? Wherever you looked, there was no corner to enter?"

"It's because you're just trying to hide like a rat. You should walk through the front door."

There wasn't even an empty laugh. Go ahead and ring the doorbell, and they'll be happy to welcome you back.

"That's easy. By what means?"

"We can use your plan against them."

"Are you taking advantage of my plan?"

"The hacking app you just checked is a product that is not yet on the market.

Few people think that this is real. Most of the weapons traded on this floor are lumps of metal that are specialized in hitting and breaking. It's time to improve your consciousness. lets think. Like a virus, it stays in a specific carrier and spreads naturally and without a trace through that carrier, extracting all information from the infected person in real time. Who wouldn't be stunned by a product like this?"

So, he's trying to fake transactions using that hacking app? Make a formal visit to the mansion as if he were an arms dealer. There was definitely a win. Judging from the fact that he is in charge of the maintenance of 'SS-29', the owner of the mansion must have a lot of interest in weapons.

"But what if they don't respond to our proposal? Aren't they busy preparing to receive guests by now?"

"It could be. However, if I tell you that it is a program jointly developed by the US and South Korea, you will want to watch it at least once."

"How sure are you? I can't easily believe your words over there. They say that trust is the lifeblood of military goods."

"I'm here, what's the problem?"

Zenya was proud.

"I seem to have forgotten again, but I am also a merchant who plays a part on this floor. There is no one who doubts the products I introduce."

"Because you're so confident, it feels like you're as strong as an ant's eyeball.

Are you okay? The damage would be great. You're unveiling a product you didn't even intend to release."

"There is no greater loss than not getting Anastasia."

If he thought so, there was no reason to decline. With all intrusion routes blocked, he couldn't find a better way.

Zenya, who is said to be in the middle of the arms smuggling market, introduces Kwon Taek-ju, a former Korean intelligence agency. Kwon Taek-ju presented the hacking app a moment ago, saying it is a joint program between Korea and the United States. As long as the other person's attention was bought, it would be easy to enter mansions as solid as fortresses. Unexpected problems may arise inside, but it is not too late to solve them then.

"Sergei Ilyaevich Bogdanov. the owner of the mansion. A man who is distantly related to Vissarion."

Zenya showed him a picture of a middle-aged man. It seems that he is quite famous in Russia, enough to come out if he searches on the Internet.

"He is very interested in weapons. Especially if it's made in the US, it burns the eyes first."

It seems that he is a known weapon maniac. The signs were good.

Late at night, he woke up quietly. Don't wake Zenya on the 1st floor. Carefully step on the ladder and come down. He seemed to be in a deep sleep, Zenya, unmoving. He peered into his face just in case, but the inside of his closed eyelids was just silent. His breathing is even and calm. Kwon Taek-ju left the room only after confirming that he was asleep several times.

He lowers his footsteps and passes through the dark hallway. Eventually, he arrived at the host's room. It was late, so he knocked first. From the inside of the door, there was a sparse presence, and the door opened quickly. The sleepy host stuck his head out. He bowed his head and offered a greeting and apology.

"Sorry for the late hour. Can I make an international phone call?"

Add the excuse that he dropped his phone in the toilet. Of course, the truth was different. He also thinks that the birthday of a single mother in Korea is today.

That too was a lie.

The host, whose annoyed expression was evident, reluctantly let Kwon Taek-ju into the room. Then he put out his phone and explained how to make international calls. After carefully instructing them on how to calculate the fare, they go out.

As soon as the door closed, he picked up the receiver. He rarely contacted the person he wanted to call privately. During the operation, he mainly used a

walkie-talkie, and for other business, he used SNS messenger. Because of that, he had a hard time remembering the contact information.

There was only a long beep sound from the handset for a while. Maybe he fell asleep early, but the other person didn't answer the phone right away. In the end, a voice guidance came out saying that the customer could not answer the phone. He pressed redial without giving up. It started beeping again. Just when he thought he should give up, he heard the voice he had been waiting for.

"Hello?"

"Yoon Jong-woo."

- Seo, senior?

At once, he realizes that it is Kwon Taek-ju and is startled. "What are you doing?"

His stuttering voice showed no emotions of joy or longing. He said he shouldn't have accepted it, and he didn't know if he was pulling out his stupid hair.

"I have a favor to ask you."

- I'm begging you... yo. this? so suddenly? Where are you now? What's the number again?

"I don't know that, just listen to what I have to say."

Hw couldn't explain the details to Yoon Jong-woo. Even colleagues belonging to the same organization were strictly prohibited from disclosing the contents of the operation. That was also why Yoon Jong-woo did not know where Kwon Taek-ju was and what he was doing. So he asked to look around as much as possible. Actually, the words were a request, nothing more than a unilateral order.

"I sent a picture to your e-mail, so find out what he is doing."

- Who is it?

"I must have called you knowing that? Huh?"

- Oh, yes. You don't know, so you're asking to find out.

Yoon Jong-woo laughed awkwardly and was embarrassed. A while ago, he sent a picture of Zenya to his e-mail. He hinted at how they happened to be together and suggested the direction of the investigation. If it was Yoon Jong-woo, he would be able to find out the profile of the person in the picture, as well as unofficial information.

Kwon Taek-ju looked back at his surroundings as if he were wary and emphasized repeatedly.

"If you found out, contact me on the number that is calling now."

- Did you change your cell phone?

"Well, something happened."

Memories from the day his cell phone disappeared until now flashed like a kaleidoscope. Every moment was a desperate moment. He touched the back of his head, which is almost healed. Even thinking about it again, it was easier to be alive. Even now, talking to Yoon Jong-woo on the phone felt unrealistic.

Yoon Jong-woo hung up the phone, saying he would find out as soon as possible. Except for his genius hacking ability, he was a clumsy junior. He felt sorry for him, and it was so cunning to be a human being that all the days he missed him came. He has to see an even uglier and dirtier figure before he realizes that he's healed.

After the call, he came out. As he walked down the hallway, a light leaked from the kitchen. The host's voice could also be heard intermittently. It seemed that he was even chatting with a guest who had not yet been able to sleep. He stopped by the kitchen for a while to get back after disturbing his sleep.

"Thanks. thanks... ."

He casually said hello and then stopped. It was because as soon as he entered the kitchen, his familiar figure caught his eye. Sure enough, Zenya glanced back.

A bottle of vodka and a glass were placed in front of him. It must have been him who had been talking to the host a while ago. He groaned as if he had done something he couldn't do.

Zenya asked vaguely, as if he had already heard.

"Who are you calling?"

"Mother."

"... aha."

He thought he would make fun of him, but the reaction wasn't very good. Did he notice something? It seemed better to leave before the atmosphere became more ambiguous. He hurriedly said hello to the host and gave Zenya a glance.

"Sit down?"

"A bit later."

Zenya shook the vodka that was more than half left. Fortunately, he doesn't invite him to have a drink with him. He shrugged his shoulders and left his kitchen. Zenya's gaze seemed to be fixed on his back, but he just ignored it. He also struggled to shake off the awkwardness that kept sprouting.

He closed the door and went up to the bunk bed. The blanket was also pulled up to his neck. He had a lot of thoughts. Could this lead to a nervous breakdown?

From tomorrow, the consumption of stamina will be severe. There is nothing better than sleep to boost my condition. I try to force myself to sleep.

As the toss and turns of Kwon Taek-ju subsided, the man became calm. Outside the window it was snowing again. There was also an intermittent noise from the kitchen not far away. At first it bothered me, but gradually the white noise felt like a lullaby. His whole body becomes languid, and even his eyelids hang down heavily. He lay down looking at the wall and fell asleep.

Snow fell, piled up, was blown away by the wind, and then piled up again. It's been such a long time. It was almost past dawn, and it seemed that it would break soon.

The door that had been closed all of a sudden opened. It was Zenya who entered. He walked straight to the bed. He was alone and he had finished a bottle of vodka, so it was a good situation for a good night's sleep. But he didn't go back to his seat, but he reached out and grabbed the second floor railing.

"....."

Since he was tall, Kwon Taek-ju could see the back of his head. His straight back slowly swelled and subsided as he breathed. He watched the extremely peaceful scene for a while. It was only for a moment, but his blue eyes glowed with a strange luster.

He stood there for a while and watched. He forgot to blink, and after watching him until he got tired of it, he bent over and went in to lie down. The air, which had been disturbed by Zenya's movements, quickly calmed down. The room fell silent again.

It was right after that.

"....."

Kwon Taek-ju's eyelids, which had been tightly closed, curled up. Kwon Taek-ju looked at the dark wall and thought for a long time.

"Shall we depart?"

Zenya stood in the doorway and asked. Kwon Taek-ju stopped tying his tie and nodded his head. He was wearing a suit for the first time in a while. He usually wears a semi-suit, but today he paid more attention. It's been a long time since he had buttoned up his shirt all the way. The tie that tightened his neck was very uncomfortable. As he put on his vest and jacket in turn and buttoned them up,

Zenya came up behind him. When he saw it curiously, he put his fur coat over his shoulder. Even for a guest, the appearance seemed shabby.

Natural hair gently wrapped around the skin. The weight was heavier than expected, as if wearing armor made of steel. Kwon Taek-ju, who was enjoying the texture of the fur, looked in the mirror and was shocked. He had never heard of being small in his life, but his reflection in the mirror was like an adolescent boy who had stolen his father's clothes. It was okay even if it was a little big, but the length was a problem. The hem of Zenya's coat, which had been fluttering around his ankle, was dragging on the floor.

"This...don't hesitate."

He took off his fur coat and handed it over to Zenya. The complexion of his face was grim. On the other hand, Zenya had a triumphant expression on his face. It was clear that he did it on purpose, from the eyes that were bent in jeers. He tickled for some reason, he was just a trick to make fun of others.

After glaring at Zenya disapprovingly, he took the lead and left the guesthouse.

The host came out to the door and saw the two of them off.

He tried to get into the back seat and moved to the front passenger seat. Kwon Taek-ju was a guest invited by Zenya, so it didn't matter if he sat in the back. But if Sergei Ilyaevich Bogdanov had been dating Zenya, he would have been suspicious. They probably knew that Zenya wasn't a great person to take someone else with them. It should not leave even the slightest doubt.

Zenya soon sat in the driver's seat. Without realizing it, Kwon Taek-ju straightened his back. His body froze as he was within reach of Zenya with an outstretched arm. It's only been a few days since they've been together, but it's been a while since he has been in the middle of a long time.

The car backed out and left the guest house. The wind blowing through the night blew the snow, obliterating all traces of the snowfield. The wheel of the wagon left a long track as it rolled over the roadless ridge.

When cycling against the cold, it seemed so far away, but quickly arrived in front of the mansion. Zenya stopped the wagon with the front door a stone's throw away. Glancing at Kwon Taek-ju, he seemed to be asking permission to go in right away. He took a low deep breath and then nodded his head.

"Go."

"As commanded."

After smiling, Zenya stepped on the accelerator without warning. The car bounced across the driveway and reached the front door at once. Cameras mounted on either side of the thick iron gate aimed at the wagon. While scanning the car's occupants, its lower-mounted muzzle was aimed at both of their temples. If he moved hastily, he would have a hole in his head right away.

Eventually, the camera returned to its original position and the iron door opened. An SUV could be seen through the crack in the door. It seemed that he had personally come to greet an unexpected visitor. Before long, the SUV's windows rolled down all at once, and guards in suits held out their rifles. He expected such a welcome greeting, so he raised his arms obediently.

The guards confirmed that they had no intention of rebelling against them and then nodded to them to follow them. At the same time, the SUV blocking the road while facing the wagon slowly reversed. Zenya moved the wagon to the same distance the SUV had retreated. When the wagon fully entered the front door, the heavy iron door closed again. He was completely trapped. Kwon Taekju and Zenya's gaze collided with each other, but they soon fell apart.

Contrary to its appearance, the inside was rather unpretentious, or rather crude.

The small garden created in front of the building had no wasteland. It seemed that it wasn't just because it was the middle of winter that the recordings couldn't be found. Is Sergei Ilyaevich Bogdanov not interested in building management? Or maybe he likes antiques. The building was cracked and weathered everywhere, like an ancient ruin.

The two were guided to the stairs in front of the building. The SUV stopped first, and armed men poured out from inside. As promised, they encircled the wagon.

Then, he opened the driver's and passenger's door and pushed the muzzle first.

The eyes of Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju crossed again. One of the guards could not stand the moment and pulled Kwon Taek-ju out. He was pushed against the body of the car and body searched. All of his firearms were confiscated, including the Colt he wore around his waist and the Glock 26 inside his jacket.

He also had to hand over a small knife that he thought could be used to cut fruit.

Zenya couldn't escape the same situation. The man who had been scanning every nook and cranny of his body for a long time tilted his head as he reached the center. It seems that what is inside is a part of the human body. It was an eye that suspected that he was hiding something else pretending to be a penis. The outline also looked similar to that of a firearm. Zenya smiled wryly at the appearance of worrying about whether he would take a look. Soon after, his penis twitched and swayed from side to side. The flagship man sighed and quickly retreated.

Around that time, a bountiful Russian came down with his minions. It was Sergei Ilyaevich, who was said to be a distant relative of Vissarion, the powerful man of the Bogdanov family. At one time he too was a member of the Duma, but he has long since become a past glory. He suffered from all sorts of scandals and gossip and hid himself here as if he was expelled from the political world. He said that it was from then on that he turned his attention from the world of power in the Yangji to the underworld.

An old mansion built on the land of Siberia seemed to represent his situation at first glance. It seemed that he knew that he had hidden the 'SS-29' under development here. No one would doubt that the Bogdanov family, the greatest Russian thugs, entrusted such an important thing to a distant relative on the outskirts.

Sergei Ilyaevich stood with his hands on his cane. It's because he has a lot of flesh, but his legs didn't look particularly uncomfortable. Therefore, a staff studded with large jewels was no different from an accessory. He stopped in the middle of the stairs and looked down at Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju also faced him calmly. The gaze to pry something out and the gaze to hide it are tightly opposed.

Sergei immediately smiled smirkingly.

"How did you get here?"

"I came up with something nice, so I thought I'd show it to you."

It was Zenya who answered the question. Sergei's eyes missed Kwon Taek-ju and turned to him.

"Is it a good thing?"

"Let's go inside and talk slowly. I don't think it's a product that will be released casually in a place like this."

"Well. The house is a mess right now... ."

He hesitates with obvious excuses. Zenya encouraged him with a confident tone.

"I'm sure you'll like it."

It was a voice anyone could hear. Is that why he's called a merchant? He felt strong conviction and confidence, and even the coolness that this opportunity is only available this time. Sergei Ilyaevich's expression becomes serious.

Hong Yeo-wook is currently staying at his mansion, and 'SS-29' is also hidden.

His position would be very embarrassing if he recklessly invited guests in and leaked related secrets or if there was any needless trouble. But to give up without even checking what Zenya had brought with him, he seemed very itchy inside.

Sergei laughed awkwardly and looked at Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju in turn. Then he hardened his thoughts and simply nodded his head. As he turned and climbed the stairs, he released the two men his minions were holding. He brushed off his wrinkled clothes and followed Zenya, who was walking

ahead. It seemed that he had succeeded in stimulating Sergei's interest. The start was good.

Before long, the two were ushered into Sergei's personal study. Sergei, who was sitting in the high seat, asked for a handshake.

"Long time no see."

Zenya nodded lightly and took his hand. Sergei glanced at Kwon Taek-ju as if seeking an explanation.

"This is from a Korean intelligence agency... ."

"It is for rent."

Kwon Taek-ju held out his hand first. Impersonate Lim without hesitation. If that were the case, he would be doing well in Korea, so there was no way he would be falsely accused of bringing it up this time. It may have been a bit of a pain because things got twisted, but that was the price to pay for pushing Kwon Taek-ju himself into this operation.

Sergei held Kwon Taek-ju's hand without hesitation.

"Okay. Nice to meet you."

The ring was worn all over the thick finger. He only had ten fingers, so if there was ever a sad earthling, it would be him. When he let go of his hand, Sergei's fingers, perhaps under an illusion, tickled the middle of his palm and fell off. He flinched involuntarily. As if he had been watching all of that, Zenya laughed without a word.

"We don't have much time, so let's get to the point. You said you brought something nice?"

Sergei asked with a grain of salt. Zenya also began a prepared explanation.

"It is not yet known in the industry, but there is a program that was created as a Korea-US joint venture about three months ago. The two countries, who recognized the importance of preoccupying information early on,

devised a way to spy like ghosts. With that program, you don't have to send elite agents to steal information yourself or break strong security nets with difficulty. It's technically a hack, but it never leaves any traces. You don't have to come into direct contact with the enemy at your own risk. All you need to do is temporarily borrow the communication device of one of his acquaintances. The moment the acquaintance sends a phone call, SNS message, text message, or e-mail to the enemy, the malicious code automatically transfers. This allows you to see all the information coming in and out of your enemy's phone in real time. The other party will never know that your information is being leaked. How is it? Isn't that interesting?"

"Hmm? Sounds like something out of a spy movie."

"Now it is a reality."

Zenya took out his cell phone and set it down. Sergei took it in his hand, dubious. The first menu he checked was Messages. As he went through thousands of messages one by one, his cheeks twitched intermittently. It was the same subtle expression that laughed the same and didn't. How would he feel if he found a message he had sent only to a specific person on a third party's cell phone?

Sergei immediately put down his phone and rubbed his hands together.

"This is so... It's troublesome."

"You don't have to answer right away. I can wait a day or so if you want."

He gives an end to the day. Sergei looked at Zenya with meaningful eyes and smiled. Still worried, he patted his forehead pensively. Occasionally, he would roll his eyes and alternately look at Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju.

The product itself is so coveted, but it seemed suspicious why he had brought this good thing to himself.

Sergei paused for a while longer, and finally nodded.

"All right. Let's think about it and decide. It won't be cheap, but it's a pretty attractive thing to just miss. In the meantime, could you please stay here, albeit in a shabby way?"

It would take at least a day for those associated with 'SS-29' to arrive. It was a matter that Sergei had to decide until then. If it's interesting, he can get his hands on it, and if he's hesitant to buy it, just let the two of him go. The only thing to be careful of was not to discover the existence of 'SS-29'.

In other words, on that day, until Sergei makes a decision, he must find 'SS-29'.

Kwon Taek-ju smiled and rightly accepted his offer.

"Of course."

As soon as he entered the room, he was busy. Standing with his back to the door, he scanned the entire structure of the room. As he walked along the wall, he looked around the windows. After carefully checking the shape of the window frame and the material of the glass, pull it in or push it out. The fixed windows did not budge. Besides, it was a steep cliff outside. All was as expected.

There is no way to give a nice room to a stranger. It seemed that it would be difficult to move anywhere in the mansion without going through the corridors guarded by the guards.

He took a lighter out of his pocket. It was a small device that used high-temperature heat to pierce glass or thin steel plates. It was also used in

Bogdanov's mansion before. When the crater was pulled out, a long tube came out. Bend it with a ruler and roll the flint wheel.

There were several flashes at the end of the crater, and then high-temperature flames soared. With it, he pierced a large hole in the glass window on the cliff side.

He put the cleanly cut part down on the window sill for a while, and extended his left wrist through the hole. He pressed his head against the glass window and pointed his watch at the sky. When he pressed the time control device on the side, the clock face opened and something shot up. The object that rose up in a straight line quickly disappeared from sight. Soon there was a click in the air.

Kwon Taek-ju opened the inner cover of his watch and took out a micro-memory chip. He plugged it into his phone and called up the saved file. Soon, a cross-section of the mansion was broadcast on the screen of the mobile phone.

As if looking through the mansion from the air, he could grasp the structure of the building at a glance. Spaces hidden in walls or floors were also revealed without filtering.

Kwon Taek-ju forwarded the cross-section to Zenya, and deduced the storage location of the 'SS-29'. There were three or four places he guessed. The cellar, the attic of the spire, behind the second bookshelf in the study, and in Sergei's bedroom.

Press the ear communicator to try to communicate with Zenya.

"I'll have no choice but to look for them one by one."

- I'm in charge of the study. The security there is especially strict, I think it will be fun.

"Don't kill innocent people. It's a headache when you clean up."

- I've never touched a petty person. I was just trying to protect myself rightfully.

'Political party' is not a word for you, man. He clicked his tongue reluctantly and ended the meaningless conversation.

"Then I'll start with the basement."

As soon as they finished communicating, they alternated between visiting the bathroom. He quickly made up his mind and headed to the bathroom. As the mansion was intended for, there must have been surveillance cameras hidden in the corridors and stairs, as well as fire extinguishers, picture frames hanging on the walls, and potted plants. Since an uninvited guest has arrived, the security must be tighter. In a situation where we were not sure where SS-29 was, he couldn't recklessly break through head-on. When outnumbered, it is best to avoid friction.

According to the cross-sectional view, it seemed that a ventilation fan was installed in the ceiling of the bathroom. Ventilation vents in all rooms were connected to one, and it was a structure that continued to discharge air as it was connected to the spire. The basement was no exception.

He closed the bathroom door and turned on the water in the shower. A cool stream of water poured out. Hide the member with an opaque shower curtain.

After completing a series of tasks, he stepped on the toilet and removed the fan cover. When he put his head through the air vent, he saw a dark passageway. It wasn't a lot of space, but it didn't seem too difficult to crawl.

He climbed up to the ceiling with ease. The low ceiling of the vent pressed right against my back. With just a little movement, a cloud of dust rose up and tickled his nose and throat. He buried his nose in his arm and sighed for a while.

He turned on the head lantern and looked ahead. He seemed to be able to discern about 1m in front of him. After taking a short deep breath, he crossed his elbows in turn and began to crawl. The ceiling was going to rumble, so he was careful and careful again.

After passing the room and adjoining the hallway, he heard the sound of a conversation from below. They seemed to be the guards guarding the front of Kwon Taek-ju's room.

Leaving behind the most personal chatter, he moved forward in a breathless manner.

Soon, a fork in the road appeared. Kwon Taek-ju briefly turned on his cell phone to double-check the cross section. He had to turn left to get to the basement. As he turned and moved to the left, a slanted slope appeared. It was like a path leading downstairs. He stretched out his torso, putting half of his weight on one elbow as before. At that moment, the floor went down.

"......!"

It seemed that he had reached for the bottom of the ventilation shaft, which had deteriorated and collapsed. He hurriedly held on to the wall to keep his balance.

The wind made a rather loud noise. Just in time, a guard passing by stopped walking. He could see him tilting his head under the mesh-like vent. He looked back somewhere behind him and tilted his head again. His colleague, who was ahead of him, asks what's going on.

"Did you just hear something?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I felt like something was rattling...."

He looked left and right again, then suddenly looked up at the ceiling. Then, he found an air vent subtly lowered. It's been like that for quite some time, but it hasn't been repaired yet. This is because the owner, Sergei, put off the important work first and said that he would do extensive repairs.

Did the rat pass by? It was a pretty heavy sound for that. The guard, unable to cast aside her doubts, tapped the ceiling with a rifle. If there wasn't something on it, it would sound hollow. The sunken vent would shake greatly even with a

light tap. He tries to touch other places as well. There was no sense of presence anywhere. What is the colleague who was so nervous about?

"There is nothing."

"I know."

"Don't mind. Where does it take a day or two for mice to come out?"

The guard looked at the vent with a puzzled face and was led away by a colleague.

Kwon Taek-ju was struggling in a dusty aisle. With only the tips of his toes on the floor, his head, back, buttocks, and both arms were pressed against the ceiling of the ventilation shaft and held up. His hands slipped little by little as he sweated. If he fell, the ceiling would rattle again. Before that, he just wanted the two guards to disappear from the hallway.

Even if he dismisses it as an illusion the first time, he won't just pass it over the second time. If the guards were determined and searched the passage, there was no way to escape. The problem was that he couldn't fix that uncomfortable posture right away.

Sweat pooled on his forehead and dripped onto the floor. His wet hands flowed over and over again. He couldn't stand it any longer. it was the limit.

With a thump, the body that had been holding on crashed. Her ceiling shook openly, too. He held his breath and looked at the dynamics below. Her heart beat fast. Each minute seemed like an eternity. He waited for a while longer, but there was no sign of him running after his noise. It seemed that the guards had completely left the hallway. Then he let out the breath he had been holding back.

"Haha... ."

He took a moment to catch his breath and move again. He crawled, turned, and crawled through a passageway that seemed to last forever. How far did it go?

Slowly the smell of moldy dust and moss rose. It seemed to her that she was finally underground. The vents in the cellar were vertical, chimney-like. If the height is 4m long, 4m, even if it is short, 2m seems good enough. He couldn't get her head first, so he turned around with difficulty. Then, without hesitation, he jumped down.

Falling speed and body weight worked together to shatter the vent cover. He rolled his body momentarily to disperse the impact of the fall. As soon as he landed on the floor, dust rose.

vision became blurred. He blocked the cough that was about to explode by pressing it with the back of his hand. Dispersing the scattering dust, he carefully looked around. In the basement, all sorts of odds and ends were piled up.

Among them, what caught Kwon Taek-ju's attention was something overlaid with a thick top. It was quite large.

He quickly approached and cleared the surroundings. He flipped the top cover that was covered at once. Dust flew again. This time he couldn't stand the sneeze.

When he opened my reflexively closed eyes, he lost strength in his shoulders.

What was covered in the tower was not the weaponry expected. It was just an antique piano. When he opened the cover, a group of red-eyed mice poured out.

He let out a sigh. He came all the way here to live and die, but I was completely fooled. He wanted to deny the reality in front of him. In vain, he searched all the boxes in the piano as well as the boxes there, but he couldn't find anything similar to firearms. Even when he pressed and knocked on the walls, there was no such thing as a second space.

What was even more disappointing was that he had to go back the way he came.

He stared blankly at the ceiling. When he came down, there was even a glimmer of hope, but now all that was left was hardship. It was a challenge from the 3, 4m vertical tube. How do I get up there?

Kwon Taek-ju, who was in agony, took out a special device that looked like a camera. He had been carrying it just in case.

Aim the lens area at the ceiling vent and press the shutter button. Then, the long string fired with the lens cap went into the vent. Seeing that it did not fall back, it seemed to be properly attached to the ceiling somewhere. He tried pulling as hard as he could to check, but it was firmly fixed and only the string became tighter.

Standing on top of an old piano. The line fixed to the aisle was connected to the belt. Then, while holding the rope with both hands and kicking his leg, he climbed up the single rope. He was used to it because he did it often when he was learning judo.

Kwon Taek-ju settled safely in the air vent and crawled back to the room for a while. He would pause and move on whenever he felt a presence below him. He was exhausted as he slowly moved closer to the room. He just wanted to go back and be scattered.

He had just passed the point leading from the hallway to his room. A knock sounded out of nowhere. Zenya never knocks, so the visitor must have been Sergei or one of his minions. After flinching for a while, he hurriedly left the passage.

A knock sounded again. By the time Kwon Taek-ju reached the bathroom vent, there was a sign of the door opening. There was no time.

After breaking into Kwon Taek-ju's room, Sergei looked around the messy interior. The sound of water was leaking from the bathroom. Did he not know that someone came to wash? Sergei thought about what to do and decided to visit again later. First of all, it was a guest, so it was polite.

As he turned and headed for the doorway, he stopped abruptly. Then, without thinking, he walked to the bathroom. Even then, he could feel the urgency in his seriously hardened face.

He pulled the doorknob down, but it was already locked from the inside.

Normally, the door was locked, not the bathroom. He had a bad feeling. Sergei immediately took his set of keys out of his pocket. He counts the many keys one by one to find the right one.

Then, the bathroom door opened. The steam that had filled the interior spewed out through the cracks in the door. The person who opened the door and came out was none other than Kwon Taek-ju. It was as if he had just finished taking a shower, so his black hair was thick and full of moisture. Even the tightly curved body was wet and shiny. It was a body that had been carefully crafted.

Sergei lost his mind and looked at Kwon Taek-ju. It was Kwon Taek-ju who broke the lengthy silence.

"What are you doing?"

"Ah, since it's almost dinnertime... Eating together... ."

Sergei's eyes slowly slid from Kwon Taek-ju's face to his chest, to his stomach, and down him. His thick lips were parted. Kwon Taek-ju unfolded a bath towel and wrapped it around his waist. Only then did Sergei come to his senses. The way he licked his lips seemed to be regretting something.

"Would you like to come to the bathroom to eat?"

"Oh, sorry if I offended you. No matter how many times I call, there is no answer, so I think something bad happened inside."

Sergei made obvious excuses. Then, when he ate together in the restaurant on the first floor, he hurriedly left the room. The door closed with a thud. The sound of footsteps that lingered in front of him for a moment soon faded away.

Without showing any sign of it, he put on his gown and staggered to his knees.

He let out a deep sigh of relief. He almost ran into Sergei covered in dust. His throbbing heart beats wildly. Tousled his irritable wet hair.

"How is that going? It wouldn't be easy to fix something completely broken. It would be a pretty great experience to proudly succeed at something everyone else gave up on."

"It's still in the blueprint revision stage."

"It took a long time from the original design. So it must be more valuable. Still, the well-crafted items are not betrayed. I won't betray even the lover I worked hard for."

Sergei burst into laughter at his own joke. Then, subtly tilting his upper body toward Zenya whispered.

"So, when are you going to reveal it to the industry? It is very troublesome."

"I am thinking carefully. For years...."

Zenya, who had been answering without hesitation, suddenly stopped talking. It was right after he met eyes with Kwon Taek-ju as he entered the restaurant.

Sergei also raised his head and looked out the entrance. He greets Kwon Taekju, who has suddenly become clean, by raising his hand.

"This way."

The dining room had a long table that could easily accommodate forty people.

However, the only people gathered there were Sergei, Zenya, and Hong Yeo-wook. Officially, it was the first meeting with Hong Yeo-wook. Their eyes met and they only nodded their heads. Hong Yeo-wook, who had been eating silently, also responded with silence.

It seemed that the place where Kwon Taek-ju would sit had already been designated. It was right next to Sergei. There was no doubt that this was the only place where tableware was set. The waiter who soon appeared also put Kwon Taek-ju's share of appetizers there.

Sergei nodded, saying, "Welcome." He was reluctant, but he had no reason to decline. He went to his seat in silence and stared at Zenya, who sat across from

him. He watched Kwon Taek-ju and hungrily, leisurely chopping meat. He doesn't even meet his eyes and shakes his head small. He, too, seemed to have made a fuss in his first search.

The gaze that had been fixed on Zenya moved to Hong Yeo-wook. He did not participate in the conversation at all and only filled his stomach. Then he quickly emptied his portion of food and left quietly. As he walked around the table, his gaze briefly touched the back of Zenya's head and then fell. It was a moment, but it was quite a sharp look. Did he reveal his identity? It was unnecessarily hot.

Sergei is a guest staying for the time being, he hinted. As if waiting for Hong Yeo-wook to disappear, he immediately changes the topic.

"Is the hacking program you mentioned being used in both Korea and the US?"

He seemed to be good at hiding his sinister intentions with his smirk. To hide a lie, it seemed better to speak sparingly than to repeat.

Kwon Taek-ju dismissed it while wiping his hands on a napkin.

"I would like to refrain from commenting on things other than weapon-related information."

"Ah, no matter what. I was frivolous."

Sergei apologized more profusely than necessary. Then, as if he thought it would be nice to have a casual conversation, he poured out very personal questions about hobbies and interests. He didn't know what the stranger was so curious about.

When he was looking for something to say in return, Zenya's eyes met frequently. He watched the two of them with his chin propped up on his arms, which made for a fun spectacle. He did not show any signs of naturally changing the topic or helping Kwon Taek-ju. When Kwon Taek-ju made an unspoken request, he laughed silently and quietly stood up.

"I will go in first. I've come a long way and I'm tired. The two of you will continue to talk."

Leaving only Sergei and Kwon Taek-ju behind, he threw himself away. It was clear that the appearance of staring at Kwon Taek-ju again and feeding on him was intentional. He was sobbing, but there was nothing he could do about it. All he could do was stare at Zenya's back, who was rapidly moving away. Because of that, he missed Sergei's question.

"....did you?"

"Ah? What did you just say... ."

"I asked if you were married. Like you have a lover?"

Sergei asked again willingly. He also makes a very friendly face.

"Does I have a lover or not, and does that have anything to do with making a purchasing decision?"

Pick asked with a smile. It was a rather cheerful smile. There was even a sense of composure in his tone, expression, and gestures.

At the unexpected provocation, Sergei's thick lips drooped. His hand full of rings gently covers the back of Kwon Taek-ju's hand. The sluggish movement of his thumbs and the squeezing of his hands made him very uncomfortable.

"Well, whatever the case may be."

He blurts out the end of the speech. In the meantime, his hand crawled inside Kwon Taek-ju's sleeve. Kwon Taek-ju, who had endured the naked indecent act, stood up from his seat. Sergey's hand fell off at once. The shameless face, as if something had happened, was disgusting.

"Excuse me. I'm in a hurry."

He smiled contrivedly, revealing his even teeth, and left the restaurant. Left alone, Sergei blankly watched the scene.

Before long, a servant served him dessert. It was a brownie topped with chocolate mousse. He could see the moist and chewy texture with his eyes.

Sergei, who was looking down at the brownies in a daze, finally put his fork down again, licking his lips.

He entered the room and stopped. Because Zenya was openly occupying his bed. As he did at the hotel in the past, he naturally recommended it.

"Come in without reservations."

Kwon Taek-ju glared at him with disapproving eyes before closing the door and entering. He immediately lowered his voice and asked how it went.

"What?"

"That's what you want to find out. You said you wanted to look around the study?"

"Ah, I went. I was personally curious as to why they defended it so double and triple. There was a single safe in the middle of nowhere. I haven't opened it myself, but I've inspected what's inside. At most, gold bars, cash, and documents?"

"Anything else?"

Zenya shook his head. Wasn't it Sergei's side too? Then there were only two places to look forward. The attic of the spire and the secret space inside Sergei's bedroom. If no traces of 'SS-29' were found in either place, this operation was practically a failure.

A day later, officials from 'SS-29' will come. If it became clear that the defect had been corrected, the 'SS-29' would soon be moved to another location. If Psyche Bogdanov was among the visitors, it was only a matter of time before his identity was discovered.

Of course, the scenario of Sergei spitting the bait back and kicking the two out was still alive. So, preferably within tonight, until Sergei's mind turns around, he

should take care of everything. If he doesn't take advantage of this opportunity, it will be difficult to even reveal the identity of 'SS-29'. He had to move fast.

Meanwhile, be careful.

However, it was not easy to approach the remaining two places. There was only one path to the spire. The vents we used when we went to the basement were connected to it, but the width narrowed sharply as we went up, making it difficult for non-children to pass through.

There is also a way to climb the outer wall of the building, but climbing up the steep cliff with his back against the fierce wind was tantamount to committing suicide. It seemed impossible to avoid the surveillance of CCTVs and guards installed inside and outside. In the end, he would have to use the stairs to get to the spire, but that couldn't be tolerated in the yard where even entering and exiting the room was censored. Especially if the 'SS-29' is stored there.

Sergei's bedroom wasn't easy either. The sun had already fallen, and Sergei would spend some time in his bedroom and fall asleep. It was obvious that the guards would become even stricter. There is no way that there are no security sensors or surveillance cameras in the bedroom. The longer he delayed, the more restrictions he had.

Kwon Taek-ju spoke out of frustration.

"Why don't we catch Sergei and beat him until he blows?"

"Before that, will our bodies become honeycombs? You still don't know how many bodyguards there are, don't you?"

In that part, Zenya was absolutely right. The only information the two grasped was the size and structure of the mansion. He doesn't know how many people are inside or what security devices are installed. Boris was able to make a bold frontal breakthrough thanks to lure him out. The case was different from now when he entered the enemy's lair.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't think of the right way. When he hovered outside the mansion, getting inside was the only problem, but once he entered, another obstacle arose.

"Sometimes soft power surpasses a gun and a knife."

Zenya blurted out the words. I looked at him with curious eyes. 'Soft power'

refers to the power of women, which is often distinguished from force. Wisdom, persuasiveness, rich sensibility and deep empathy in solving problems, etc. Of course, the world of beauty cannot be left out. History proves that no matter how strong a man is, he can be instantly captured by a woman.

But what use is that now? Kwon Taek-ju immediately refuted.

"That inspiration, the smirk seems to be crazy about color. How do you get reinforcements now? The only woman I met after coming to this island was the owner of the guest house."

Zenya, who was listening, smiled strangely. After raising her body, she narrowed the distance with one slow step. Kwon Taek-ju stood still, waiting for him to come right in front of him. But when he abruptly stretched out his hand, I unknowingly pulled his head out. I pretended not to, but I was still wary.

Zenya did not hesitate for a second. The outstretched hand finally reached Kwon Taek-ju's ear. Even though it had only been lightly brushed, hairs stood up all at once on the back of Kwon Taek-ju's ears. His skin was dark and he could see more clearly. Gently closing my eyes, I gently brush Kwon Taek-ju's hair behind his ear.

"Nothing to worry about. According to the scandal that Sergei Ilyaevich Bogdanov is driving, he enjoys sodomy. He prefers the darker skinned one, right?"

"What…."

"Isn't the gaze looking at you unusual?"

I pushed away Zenya, who was teasing me. As if to warn him not to talk more, he cleverly pointed his finger at him.

"Are you crazy? I don't have that much enthusiasm."

"Don't be serious, think about it. You can get into Sergei's bedroom without running, crawling, or rolling. Do you know I wonder if a guy who's drunk will brag about 'SS-29' on his own. I just want you to go to bed with his escort. After that, it didn't matter whether I beat him up too much or actually rolled around in bed. It's a thorough internal affair. It's a story that only the two people inside know. Isn't it?"

Zenya's persuasion continued. I mean, it's easy. If it were me, I would want to do it well with a perverted old man who kneads my hands like rice cakes.

Kwon Taek-ju stubbornly refused as he walked to the window.

"Don't keep driving me to the strange side. never do it."

"Are you assuming that this is real bullshit?"

Something flew out of my back. I reflexively turned and grabbed it. It was none other than a location tracking indicator. A red dot indicating the target was blinking near the origin of the coordinates. It wasn't completely overlapping. It meant that the target was hovering close to the locator.

He stared at Zenya as if asking for an explanation. He smirked and asked ironically who the clown outside your room was. It seemed that he had attached a location tracker to Sergei at some point.

Kwon Taek-ju shook his head again. He also threw the terminal he was holding onto the bed.

"Anyway, I don't... ."

"Know? Males burn the desire to conquer the more competitive females."

I'm going to firmly refuse, but I'm going to go in the middle of the day, and I'm going to have a good time. I backed away without realizing it, but at that moment, Zenya completely closed the distance. My back hit the window sill.

There was nowhere to run.

For an instant, the two's eyes became entangled. Zenya gazed at Kwon Taek-ju with strangely warm eyes. It was unfamiliar.

"The more coveted an object is, the more valuable it feels."

"What…."

Then suddenly there was a knock. Then came Sergei's voice saying, "Are you sleeping?"

"No."

I responded hastily. If there are frequent or long absences, there is a lot of room for suspicion.

I was about to head to the door, but Zenya grabbed my wrist. It was almost thrown back through the window by the terrifying pulling force. He tried to push right away, but he held on and wouldn't get out of the way. He openly imprisons Kwon Taek-ju while holding onto the window frame with both arms. It felt like a huge, solid wall was blocking my way.

What are you going to do?

His teeth were grinding. Zenya's lips drew a long arc. It was clear that he was plotting a heinous scheme. Soon, the sound of Jiik reached my ears. It was a fairly familiar noise, so I was shocked for a while after being puzzled. It was because Zenya's hand was digging through the open zipper.

"......!"

Desperately, I grabbed Zenya's arm. Despite the stubborn jersey, he didn't hesitate to push back and enter. At once, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's

genitals,

which were quietly pressed down inside. He was pressing so hard that at the moment his mind was dizzy.

I admire Kwon Taek-ju's weakened face, sweeping his still soft flesh as if milking it. Gently rubbed up and down the genitals that were gently wrapped in her hands. When I hold it, it hurts so much that it hurts, and when I stroke it gently, it only flinches slightly, as if it's not too bad.

"M, chin... ."

I grinded my teeth. Her body was so tightly packed that she couldn't kick or throw Zenya. She would have bitten the bridge of her nose if it were closer, but it was difficult to do that either. All I could do was grab him by the collar as if I was going to tear it.

Nervously, he pushed Zenya's chin away. Even as he was pushed away meekly, he rubbed his genitals, which were slowly getting hotter, more tenaciously. He even tries pulling the shell down. As the red-ripe flesh exposed his head, he watched intently. A cloud of Cooper's fluid pooled above the urethra. His breathing, which had become rough from shaking off Zenya, now became quicker in a different way. The two eyes that were glaring at him with the momentum to tear him apart blink dangerously as if they would close.

Zenya gently rolled Kwon Taek-ju's head and unzipped her zipper. His big cock opened his front and bulged out. A piece of flesh that would be too heavy to hold in one hand is added to Kwon Taek-ju's penis and rubbed against it. Kwon Taek-ju gasped and gasped.

"... ... !"

Just then, another knock rang outside.

"Mr. Lim?"

Sergei's voice carries questions. Kwon Taek-ju suddenly came to his senses and pushed Zenya away. The more he did, the more Zenya pressed her body closer and did not tolerate even struggling.

She was helplessly crushed between the locked window and Zenya.

Zenya rubbed her rapidly expanding levator muscle against Kwon Taek-ju's pelvis and erect penis. A rough pubic hair brushed against her pale skin, triggering a subtle sense of sympathy. Kwon Taek-ju's hips trembled.

"Ugh... eww... ."

The upper body was disintegrated little by little. The head also kept shaking.

Zenya didn't even allow that. He squeezed Kwon Taek-ju's chin and held it so that he could make eye contact with mine. I licked my lips softly as I watched Kwon Taek-ju furrowing his eyebrows. His genitals stood firm, boasting their unique majesty. The curved tip looked hard as if it could pierce through anything.

A chunk of flesh swaying through the federal hole slashed through the middle of the scrotum. At the unfamiliar sensation, Kwon Taek-ju frowned and frowned. A satisfied smile spreads across Zenya's lips. He licked the side of Kwon Taek-ju's face with his warm tongue. The blue eyes were full of bright red lust.

At that point, he seemed to have forgotten why he was holding down Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju's penis pulsated every time it was scratched by the bumpy veins on the surface of the large cock. Zenya squeezed his two genitals even more, clawing at Kwon Taek-ju with her own veins and tendons.

The overflowing copper liquid quickly made my hands soggy. Every time he moved his hand up and down, a wet squeaking sound rang out.

The sudden feeling of ejaculation made her entire groin stiff. Kwon Taek-ju covered his mouth to prevent the sound from leaking out. As his eyes turned

over and over again, he triggered a slight vertigo.

The heat of his whole body was quickly concentrated in the center. Something that had been rumbling all over the body suddenly exploded in white at the tip of the penis.

"... Aww."

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes closed tightly. The middle of his forehead was crumpled as well. A moan and a rough exhalation poured out at the same time on the palm that closed his mouth twice. Zenya gazed at Kwon Taek-ju's flushed face, and thrust her genitals into his dense thighs. As his relatively smooth skin was rubbed against him, his outer skin felt hot as if it were about to peel off.

However, right after ejaculation, she had no strength to fight against the terrible feeling of exhaustion.

It was then.

"Are you okay? I will go in."

Sergei opened the door abruptly. Entering without hesitation, he hesitated at the strange sight unfolding before his eyes. Kwon Taek-ju was half-sitting on the window sill. Zenya stood in front of him and straightened his clothes with her own hands. Due to the nature of the room where the windows were not opened, heat and a fishy smell floated in the air. A strange current flowed between the two of them.

Zenya turned to Sergei with a business smile.

"Come in. I just came to borrow a book or something."

As an excuse, he babbles and picks up a random book on the bed. Then he said yes and left the room. Just before the door closed completely, our eyes met.

Zenya smiled meaningfully at Kwon Taek-ju. I wanted to give it a shot right away.

I stared at the closed door for a while, but Sergei cleared his throat and reminded me of my existence. Then I got down from the window sill and approached him.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, that's actually... ."

Sergei was about to say something, but shut up again. His gaze was fixed on the center of Kwon Taek-ju. As Kwon Taek-ju bowed his head following him, his eyes widened. The pants were left unzipped.

Damn. I thought that Zenya would have tidied up the clothes first, but I was complacent. As he left the room, the guy's face flickered. He hurled all sorts of swear words inside and hurriedly pulled up his zipper. But Sergei took his hand.

He whispered meaningfully to Kwon Taek-ju, who looked at him with a stunned face.

"Actually, there is one thing I am managing. These days, everyone in Russia who is doing hangarak has a lot of interest in that stuff. They say that if you put it on the market, it will be worth the price. I'd like to hear Mr. Lim's opinion as to whether that piece of iron is really worth it. How is it? It is not a common object that you can see at any time."

There were three doors in Sergei's bedroom. The first door at the end of the hallway, the second door that comes out along the long aisle where the paintings are hung, and the sliding doors on both sides separating the bed space and the drawing room. Each pass required fingerprint and iris recognition.

Security cameras were installed at intervals of one character, monitoring the every move of the visitors. I wondered what the hell was hidden inside.

Sergei himself opened the last sliding door by flipping it on both sides. The space inside was quite spacious. The circular bed placed in the center was large

enough for ten people to lie on. Leopard skin stretched over the almost purple silk sheet. It was a skin that could have been close to 4m. Each turret seemed alive. The yellowish eyes also shone. Can I fall asleep with something like that underneath? I don't know if I know that it's the taste of people who are overflowing with money.

The room even had a spacious bathroom. It was a structure that revealed the intention to do it in a sloppy manner.

Kwon Taek-ju hovered near the bed, conscious of the secret space behind it.

According to the sectional view, there was a fairly spacious closed room.

"Would you like a drink? We have good Scotch whiskey."

Sergei offered a drink. The way he spoke changed as he entered the bedroom.

The eyes that looked at Kwon Taek-ju also became more explicit. I obediently took the glass he handed me. I could see white powder that hadn't melted around the ice block. They only pretend to wet their mouths at the obvious tricks.

Sergei passed Kwon Taek-ju and went to bed. After that, I sat down with his upper body relaxed and looked at Kwon Taek-ju piece by piece. It seemed to be a product displayed in a show window. The sticky look in his eyes from the top of his head to the tips of his toes was just unpleasant. He set the glass down on a nearby table.

"Where are the things you said?"

"It's hasty. It's not too late if you look at it slowly, right? The night is long."

I narrowed my eyes in an insidious way. As a drop of whiskey ran down the surface of the glass, she licked it with her thick tongue. Uncomfortable to watch, he turned his head away. In the meantime, Sergei poured out the rest of his drink and stood up. Then he started to take off his clothes one by one, looking straight at Kwon Taek-ju.

I take off my shirt and take one step, then take off my pants and take another step. I quickly became naked with only one brief left. The distance narrowed that much, and his panting breath reached the neck of Kwon Taek-ju.

Kwon Taek-ju quietly bit his molars and just endured it. Sergey walked backwards, gently rubbing his waist. Then, unexpectedly, he hugs his hard body. I grabbed his prominent chest over his shirt as if I was about to burst it, then let it go, sweeping down to his smooth abs.

I caught my breath while looking into the distant sky. If you endure it three times, you can avoid murder. As he struggled to hold on, something hard touched his thigh. I could feel the clear heat even through my clothes.

For an instant, I was thrown to the floor. Her chin also went into a frenzy. Sergei was completely unaware of this fact and rubbed his bulging apron against Kwon Taek-ju's thigh. He even let out a soft breath at the nape of his straight neck.

Small bugs seemed to crawl through his veins. He felt as if a pig in heat was riding on his back and panting.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been counting the empty space meaninglessly, suddenly opened his mouth.

"No way... ."

"Huh, huh, huh? Heck, what?"

Sergei, completely naked, pressed himself closer to Kwon Taek-ju and gasped.

The fat hand dug into his side moves toward his groin without hesitation. He held Sergei's hand tightly. Sergei licked the scruff of his neck with his tongue, as if he had mistaken it for Kwon Taek-ju to be with him as well. It was right after that.

Sergei's body floats up. The vision flipped in an instant. It was because Kwon Taek-ju threw him over my shoulder at once.

Sergei, head first, was thrown back as he reflected on what had happened to him. The fisheye was stunned by the unexpected development.

"I can't stand it because it's dirty. Perverts should be appropriate."

He muttered as he touched his disheveled shirt. I wiped the saliva from the nape of my neck annoyedly.

Then, suddenly, the cell phone rang. An unregistered caller number appeared on the screen. Somehow, the combination caught my eye. It seemed to be Yoon Jong-woo's contact information.

Come to think of it, there was something I asked him to do. She answered the phone without hesitation. "Hello," Yoon Jong-woo shouted before he could.

- Senior!

My eardrums tingled at the unexpected shouting. I took the phone away from my ear for a moment. Even so, Yoon Jong-woo poured out words that he could not understand for a long time.

"What is he saying now? How did you find out?"

- Who the hell are you with? He... Do you know!

"What are you talking about?"

I dropped the phone from my ear again. It's not even in an unavailable area, but the connection was poor. Is it a regional effect? If it was the cold of Siberia, it seemed that radio waves and sounds would be frozen.

More than that, who are you with? Are you hacking and watching the CCTV? I thoughtlessly looked back at the bed and was startled. Sergei, who had been scattered there, had disappeared somewhere.

I hurriedly looked around at the man, and Sergei rushed at him. He momentarily let go of his phone and grabbed his wrist. Although he succeeded in blocking the attack, he collapsed on the bed, pushed by the speed and weight of the attack.

Sergei pressed Kwon Taek-ju with his whole body. There was a syringe in his hand that was bound by Kwon Taek-ju. The inside of the cylinder was empty. It didn't seem like that from the beginning. Even if you just look at the clear liquid at the tip of the needle.

Kwon Taek-ju hit Sergei, who seemed to crush him, with his knee. Then, he pressed his vital points, which flinched momentarily. Sergei, who had been struggling and resisting, quickly became limp.

"Damn it."

Being crushed by the gigantic body, his organs were oppressed and he could not even breathe. He squeezed his arrogance and pushed Sergei's body away. With a thump, the heavy body fell under the bed.

After taking a deep breath, I got up from my seat. It goes straight to the bottom of the bed, the inside of the legs, the back of the backrest, and even under the leopard. It was to find the key to the secret room. But there was no key or anything like it.

There must be. Where did you put it, where did you put it?

Kwon Taek-ju, who continued his thoughts, looked back at the fallen Sergei. If it was something important to him, he would definitely carry it with him. But now that he was not wearing a single thread, he thought it would be a good idea to examine the clothes he had taken off.

I picked up the clothes that had fallen on the floor and tried to shake them off.

Sergei's belt was grabbed by his careless hands. There was something similar to a button on the square decoration. He pretended to be fooled and pressed it hard. Then the cover popped and the remote control appeared.

"Found."

A smile of repentance spreads across Kwon Taek-ju's lips. I grabbed my belt and stood up. My heart was excited at the thought of seeing the secret room I was aiming for.

"Uh…."

But it didn't take long before it stopped. She blamed the ping money on her head suddenly. She assumed it was a temporary symptom, but her vision soon shook. She staggered back and forth and sat down on the side of the bed. Her mind went blank in an instant. The thought circuit is also rapidly dulled. It was to the point where he couldn't even immediately think of why Kwon Taek-ju was here. He shook his head, trying to clear his mind.

Suddenly, the syringe Sergei was holding came to mind. The cylinder was empty, but I didn't take it seriously. I just guessed that the contents were scattered in vain during the scuffle. Was it actually right? I felt like the back of my neck was sore. The signs were not good. It was more so because I did not know what drug was injected.

Eventually, my head started to shake. Acupressure on the temples was of no use. He leaned his head, which was getting heavy, on the bed. The whole world started spinning.

How long has it been? Someone's leg came into the oblique view. Since when have you been there? Is it hallucination? I wanted to raise my head and check my face, but my body didn't follow my head's instructions.

I barely rolled my eyes open and slowly picked up the opponent's legs, thighs, waist, chest, and shoulders. It took a while before I could see his face. At the same time, Yoon Jong-woo's voice rang through the cell phone that had not been disconnected.

- ... It's him! Are you listening, old man? That's him.

The cell phone went into the other person's hand without a second question. He hung up the phone without hesitation. Then he slowly walked towards

the bed.

As his whole body was charred by the drug, his instincts furiously sounded a warning light.

-You have to run away.

"Oh dear."

It was a familiar voice. It was Zenya. His long shadow is cast over Kwon Taek-ju's head. He clicked his tongue, but felt no sympathy, pity, or pity. There was only light interest in the current situation.

Zenya jumped over the stunned Sergei. I saw the smiling face, but I was breathless. The guy in front of me was no longer an exciting colleague. He didn't change anything compared to a moment ago, but he wasn't exactly the same as he was back then.

I backed up with all my might. It was only the will. In reality, only a couple of fingers were snapped. In the meantime, Zenya came right in front of her. She tilts her upper body and looks down at Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju's black eyes captured him with difficulty. His lips drew a long curve. Soon, he put his hands under Kwon Taek-ju's armpits and hugged him.

He was thrown straight onto the bed. Goals echoed loudly from the rocking mattress.

"I was worried, so I came and saw it."

Climbing up his body, he stares at the sweaty Kwon Taek-ju. It was unclear whether it was Kwon Taek-ju or Sergei who was worried.

I couldn't figure out what was going on at all. On the other hand, it also seemed to know. Contradictory feelings and thoughts constantly collided and crossed.

The only thing that was certain was that if I stayed there, I would surely die.

Zenya picked up the belt that had fallen on the bed. You operate the buttons with your familiar hands. Then, a huge mechanical sound came from somewhere on the wall. In succession, a part of the opposite wall slowly began

to turn.

What appeared as the flat wall disappeared was neither a safe nor an arsenal.

There was only a large picture frame hanging there. It was a group photo of about 20 men. Many familiar faces were visible. These are Vissarion and his sons whom he met at Bogdanov's mansion. Sergei, who was lying on the floor, also occupied a spot.

But somehow, Psych Bogdanov was not there. It was just that a man who looked remarkably like Zenya was standing right behind Vissarion. No, it must have been Zenya.

When he sees Zenya, he sighs and droops his lips. I had to check. He raised his trembling hand and grabbed his shirt as if crumpling it. He just watched in silence as Kwon Taek-ju grabbed his collar. Deep joy wells up in the ice-like eyes of the guy.

I yanked the guy's shirt back. Buttons ricocheted off and mercilessly hit him in the face. Even so, without blinking an eye, I witnessed the truth hanging in front of me. There was a clear tattoo in the middle of Zenya's chest. It was a pattern she had already seen many times. From the Bogdanovs' mansion, from the back of Boris's hand, from the front door of this mansion, and from the forehead of the dead Agent Morgan.

"... Oh, this? I bet you didn't misunderstand that only you could use that fake camouflage technique."

Zenya's ridicule deepened.

He was not a bastard Zenya, it was Psyche Bogdanov.

"Ha... ugh... ."

He was short of breath. He could see himself panting helplessly in the ceiling mirror. Every time he breathed, the ceiling pushed up to my nose and then moved away repeatedly. My vision was greatly disturbed, and my stomach

turned helplessly. My whole body grew hotter and hotter. My brain water reached the boiling point in an instant, and the heated blood ran through my veins to my toes and fingertips.

The heat that engulfed the whole body did not disappear, and the body temperature continued to rise. His head was heavy and he stood up coolly. All senses were awakened to the extent that even a slight brush on the bed sheet would cause the limbs to flutter.

Many thoughts rushed through my mind at once. The first time I received the assignment, the moment I ran into Zenya, the memory of meeting the guy I never wanted to see again in the hotel bathroom, and the news that felt like a thunderbolt right after that. He has gone back and forth between a big-hearted, spiteful fellow and a silent, brutal killer. Even so, the reason I trusted him was because he was the partner I had designated by headquarters.

When Kwon Taek-ju's vigilance reached its extreme, he always created a situation where he had no choice but to consider himself a colleague. It was he who guided Kwon to the secret places of Bogdanov's mansion, and it was thanks to him that he found out about the existence of 'SS-29' through wiretapping.

If necessary, information that was secretly shared only between contractors was leaked without hesitation. Until he came here in pursuit of the whereabouts of

'SS-29', his support was by no means light. To the extent that it was absurd that the only purpose was to feed Kwon Taek-ju.

Where did you get it twisted? Could it be that the headquarters designated him as a partner? Maybe he wasn't a colleague in the first place. Is it possible that the design of this operation itself was wrong? I couldn't tell. It's just that I've come this far after twisting and twisting.

Stutteringly, he stared at Zenya. His appearance was the same as usual, but different. It was an irony created as soon as he recognized his partner as

someone to be avoided. Intuition and rationality, the current situation, and even Zenya's behavior all turned toward one truth. And yet, there are still things I don't understand.

"... Why did you keep me alive until now?"

"Did I keep you alive?"

Zenya laughed openly.

"You made a great mistake."

I was stunned by the blatant ridicule. Come to think of it, Zenya may have tried to get rid of Kwon Taek-ju as soon as the opportunity came.

After being introduced to Nom as a partner, the hotel where we were staying was blown up. The whole room was blown away, and I couldn't even get my belongings. Contact with headquarters was also lost. If he hadn't been immune to terrorism, he wouldn't have gotten out of there alive.

How was it when you were chased by a man who mistook you for Psych Bogdanov? He appeared in a helicopter and hit the minigun at random. It's a shame because the running car got stuck in the cold river, otherwise all the passengers, including Kwon Taek-ju, would have been beehive. My comrade fell into the water, but he didn't stop shooting. He didn't even attempt to save his colleague from drowning.

Is that all? At Bogdanov's mansion, the communicator he gave me made a strange noise, and on the crossing train, I was attacked by an assailant while looking for the missing person.

Looking back, it was absurd. Every moment he aimed at Kwon Taek-ju himself, but he mistakenly thought that he had been helped.

Meanwhile, new doubts arose. If Zenya had made up his mind and rushed in, Kwon Taek-ju himself would have been dead long ago. Still, it seemed that he

was not simply lucky to be alive. He just didn't want to kill him with all his might.

The reason, he dismissed it in one word.

"It's quite nice to see them struggling to survive.

Zenya's eyes softened. He was always like that If he disappeared, a difficult situation would arise, and when she escaped the crisis alone, she could find him watching from afar before she knew it. Even when Kwon Taek-ju's life was at stake, he was always so infinitely relaxed. To him, the life and death of Kwon Taek-ju was nothing more than a game.

"The dog ... ."

teeth were grinding Her fingernails dug into her flesh from her clenched fists. It seemed that his anger would not be relieved if he didn't crush his sloppy mug right away. I'm going to make a blood cake so that I can't boast like that again.

Determined, he swung her fist.

However, Zenya blocked the blow of conversion with one palm. Kwon Taek-ju's fist trembled. He gathered all his strength into his fist, but his hand didn't budge. At that moment, the smile disappeared from his face. The naked face of the guy he often encountered before is revealed. Even if he was slightly sarcastic, he threw off his mask without hesitation.

"It would have been nice if we could have looked at the situation and rushed at it. huh?"

The face turned with a thump. The impact on the left cheek was truly enormous.

In an instant, the stars in her eyes flashed bright yellow. He couldn't even groan.

The left side of his face felt hot and swollen in an instant. Something clicks deep in her nostrils. Before long, red blood flowed out. A fishy smell spread through her mouth as if her gums had been torn. Even if her skull was fractured, she seemed to believe it sooner or later.

If she continued like this, she would die at the hands of Zenya. Survival instincts beyond private anger began to dominate the whole body. I struggled without a second to suffer from the pain. However, Zenya held down Kwon Taek-ju's neck with one hand.

"... Keugh."

Zenya's fingertips tightened his breath. She frowned in pain and scratched the back of his hand. But the guy didn't budge. He just pressed down with the momentum to break Kwon Taek-ju's neck. Looking at his tightly constricted pupils, he seemed to have completely lost his reason again.

I hit him on the elbow to get away from Zenya. he was in vain. His outstretched arm didn't even move. However, the price of the reckless attack was severe. The upright man's blade was stuck in the pit of the stomach. His stomach churned violently. It felt like his stomach was about to tear. For an instant, my vision blurred and a cold sweat broke out. He lost the will to fight the pang of his lungs crushing.

Are you going to die like this? In a place like this, just like this?

During the mission, his life was threatened numerous times. There were a lot of situations that were much more unpredictable than now. Even so, he persevered like a madman. He never gave up even in a crashing plane, in an exploding lockroom, or in the depths of hundreds of meters. It certainly was, but now I was thinking about the end of my life. can't escape It was a strong conviction and an obvious fact at the same time.

I barely contained Zenya with my trembling eyes. There was no expression to be found on the cold man's face. Is he really Psych Bogdanov? Maybe I'm being fooled by his nasty pranks again. Throw in vain advice.

A tight vein stood up on his straight forehead. His eyelids also twitched nonstop. As if she had a premonition of the end, the warning light in her head rang breathlessly.

She closed her eyes, which were about to burst from the pressure in her eyes, and then opened them. He licked her quivering lips. Her squeezed voice continued in a precarious manner, as if it were about to break.

"You bastard... Yeah, he's really... ."

"Yeah, right."

Zenya nailed it. It seemed like a laugh. It wasn't unbelievable. He mingled with the wonderful Royal Family, and he could go wherever he wanted. Like Psych Bogdanov, he was well versed in the military industry.

He should have noticed when he looked at the bastard's arsenal that he had high-tech weapons on display. Besides that, there were countless moments where Zenya's identity could be questioned. His trouble was that he believed too much information from headquarters.

A self-deprecating smile spreads across Kwon Taek-ju's mouth. Even when he was out of breath, he burst into laughter. His bloodshot eyes glazed over, and his mouth, which trembled in pain, curled up. The laughter that should have come out coolly caught in my throat and purred.

Suddenly, a crack opens on Zenya's indifferent face. A meaningless smile flashed past. It was such an instantaneous change that she did not even notice.

Unexpectedly, he removed his hand from Kwon Taek-ju's neck.

"Huck, ha, ha, ha, ha... cool cool... ."

I was suddenly out of breath. Her chest jumped loudly and she took a deep breath. It sucks up oxygen in a hurry with its strong survival instinct. In the aftermath, I heard her breath and burst into her cough. Her face, which had been flushed with blood, turned bright red from a series of coughs.

Watching Kwon Taek-ju coughing with difficulty, Zenya lifted the hem of her trousers. Then he pulled out the dagger that had been secured to her ankle.

The sharp blade slowly turned over in the corner of Kwon Taek-ju's eyes.

It was a threatening act, as if at least one of his eyeballs could be easily gouged out at any time. Holding the dagger vertically, Zenya held the tip just above Kwon Taek-ju's eyes. The finely moving tip of the knife barely touches his eyeballs. During that time, Zenya's eyes didn't blink even for an instant.

Kwon Taek-ju's cough, which had hardly stopped, stopped. Instinct thoroughly ruled the whole body. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju, who was completely frozen, Zenya smirked.

Soon after, he put the knife in his mouth for a moment, then pushed his knee under Kwon Taek-ju's waist. His lower body was lifted naturally by his strong thighs supporting his waist.

Then, with the dagger he was biting, he tore Kwon Taek-ju's clothes north and north. The unstoppable touch slightly cut his pants, clothes, and even his skin.

But his panic-stricken head didn't even recognize the pain.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of a zipper going down. One after another, something heavy fell onto her thigh. It was Zenya's big cock. The penis, already erect, crushed Jindeuk's head against her thigh. The force that pushed up the dense skin was ignorant. As Zenya ran her finger through it to position it properly, it slipped through her buttock.

He nodded his red-ripe head and exhaled his snort with the force to pierce anything. The urethra, like a pore, could not overcome the excitement and opened up. Kwon Taek-ju realized Zenya's intentions only when his head was crushed by his own hole.

Zenya held down Kwon Taek-ju, who struggled urgently with her limbs flapping, and recklessly thrust her reddish genitals into it.

The thick, clotted mass of flesh in the dry hole could not be fully inserted and was crushed without any countermeasures. I pushed my saliva-soaked index finger into the hole that kept bothering me, widening the circumference. Then

she pushed herself again. It was only then that the dense wrinkles opened and the bulging glans were covered.

After removing his fingers, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's shoulders with both arms and pressed them. In that state, lift the waist up and insert the genitals all the way to the root.

"... ... !"

An indescribable pain flooded me. My eyes widened wide at the first-ever feeling of penetration, then quickly frowned. The buttocks that forcibly bit the ferocious pillar of flesh twitched. It was as if an iron stake had been driven into the center of his body and had been driven into it. Something dripped down her belly button as it heated up. Sliding along the massive pillar, it soaked all the rough pubic hair.

The holes were not properly loosened, and the surprised muscles contracted on their own, making the winding tight. Zenya wrinkled her brow and clicked her tongue. Because of the hole biting through the bottom to the extent that blood could not flow through, the surface of the penis was wrinkled.

A thick band of blood stood over his smooth forehead. If it was that painful, it would be better to remove it, but it seemed that he had no intention of doing so.

Instead, he bent his upper body in a circle and whispered fishyly.

"If you understand the situation even now, shake your butt. I might have the heart to save you."

The humiliation made the flesh under Kwon Taek-ju's eyes tremble. An uncontrollable anger welled up deep within. It seemed like it wouldn't be enough to tear Zenya to shreds right away.

Seeing Kwon Taek-ju grit his teeth and resent him, Zenya gave a more satisfied smile. Then, suddenly, I supported his legs with my chest and shoulders. As Kwon Taek-ju's waist was lifted, the tightly meshed bottom came into view at a

glance. The hole in which the penis, which was eager to go on a rampage, was hard to hold, twitched intermittently.

As I watched, the back goal was pulled. He lazily licked his lower lip and pulled his lower body back. As the tendon-stretched genitals scratched at the mucous membrane, Kwon Taek-ju closed his mouth tightly and turned his head away.

The next moment, he hit the lower half of his body and rammed his entire penis back.

"... Aww!"

Kwon Taek-ju's whole body fluttered. His cheeks and thighs were hit hard, and there was a strong frictional sound at the joints. Even that was not enough for Zenya to completely drive her weight onto Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju's knees pressed against his chest and lifted him up. As a result, the faces of the two faced each other at a distance of only a hand's span.

Kwon Taek-ju's face was very tired. His eyes were also tightly closed, and his teeth, which were tightly closed to endure the intense pain, made a clicking noise. His complexion turned blue from embarrassment and anger, and then reddened repeatedly.

Zenya kept his eye on the change and poked at it without stopping. The big muscle, swollen to the maximum, breaks through the stretching hole and mercilessly crushes and eats the inside. The tight entrance gradually loosened and began to reel in and out of the large muscle that came and went.

Every time Zenya plunged deeply into the hole, it felt as if his body would split in two. Kwon Taek-ju struggled to escape the pain pouring down on him like a heavy rain. The more she did, the more persistent she became. If Kwon Taek-ju twisted his waist even a little and tried to run away, he always pressed his lower body closer together and pressed him down, blocking all movement at the source. He was exposed to brutal violence with his limbs bound. He couldn't block or escape.

A squeaking, wet sound leaked from the hole where it was interlocked and struck again and again. The cheeks, which had collided with Zenya's stony thighs, were noticeably swollen. Zenya continued to stir without changing her position, as if not wanting to miss the change in her expression. Occasionally she turned her waist, stimulating her excited inner lining, grinding the still hard mucous membranes into rust.

Despite the terrible sense of defeat and humiliation, a fever continued to build up in the groin. When he relaxed for a moment, he always seemed to be tired of something. Kwon Taek-ju put a blade on his shoulder and curled up his whole body. Still, his head kept tilting back, and his toes kept growing. His breath purred at the tip of his chin as if it were about to pass.

"Hassssss, ahsssssss... Whoops, whoops... !"

He shook his head angrily. However, the tingling feeling that ran through her whole body did not dissipate at all. She was dizzy as her mind grew more and more hazy. Since then, the pain caused by the insertion has disappeared. She could only feel an infernal burning sensation. It was my body, but it felt like it wasn't my body.

"... ha."

Zenya straightened her back and took a deep breath. Her tousled hair was also effortlessly swept through, and she moved her lower body swaying. When her bursting flesh was completely wrapped in the lukewarm mucous membrane, the guy's pectoralis major and abdominal muscles twitched wildly as if reacting to the sweetness. The intense pleasure soaked through the sweat, making the curved body even smoother.

Zenya soon tore Kwon Taek-ju's shirt. As the fastening part was bent on both sides, the hard body was revealed. Slowly rolling her eyes, she scanned her bare body. Looking at the obvious man's body, I couldn't figure out why my mouth kept watering. She radiates desire without ceasing, but her thirst is not

quenched. Her head was spinning to the point of dizziness, but something was missing. She wanted more.

As Zenya straightened her back, the mirror on the ceiling projected the situation below her waist. Her shame turned her head away. To no avail, Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's chin again and fixed it in front of her. She shook her head, he shoved his hand away, but he didn't budge. Rather, he closed his eyes tightly.

Then he pricked my big cock and forced me to open my eyes.

"You have to listen. Please also consider the hard work of attaching the mirror to that ceiling."

Arsenic smeared all over Zenya's face. Unable to bear the insult, Kwon Taek-ju closed his eyes again, biting his molars. Zenya always hooked her up. To increase the depth of the insertion, I stuck my body as it was and recklessly crushed the bottom. It felt as if the organs in my stomach had been torn up and pushed up to my neck. My stomach turned and I was out of breath.

It didn't end there. I raise my knees and lift Kwon Taek-ju's waist. The hips dropped in front as the back was fully reclined. Through the mirror on the ceiling, the image was relayed without filtering. I could see the sweaty, glistening cheeks and the huge mass of flesh completely interlocked

between the curved crevices. Zenya moved slowly, openly directing the movement of his genitals into and out of the hole.

The hole he bit into his big cock was just wide open. The entrance, which would normally have been wrinkled, opened wide as if it would tear if touched. When the penis completely disappeared into the stomach, it was less uncomfortable.

However, as soon as I witnessed the flesh being pulled out endlessly, the nausea I had been holding back intensified.

"This man, crazy... Aww!"

Before he could even spit out a curse, his entire genital organ was bent into it.

The empty inner wall suddenly came in, making a loud sound of air escaping.

The genitals sped up and pounded the soft mucous membrane one after another. It felt like my stomach was being torn apart. Nausea and dull pleasure came one after another, and I couldn't come to my senses.

"Ahh, ah, hah... !"

"More than I thought... Isn't that bad?"

Zenya's voice was strangely excited. The two bent eyes also shone extraordinarily. His eyes were stained with excitement and madness as if he had just finished hunting.

"I thought it would be dry and tasteless."

I lowered my upper body while fucking my genitals with Kwon Taek-ju. He lightly pressed Kwon Taek-ju's arm, which he was trying to defend, and grabbed his chin and turned it to the side. A swaying neckline fell in front of my eyes. As if the plum had seen it, the tip of the lever's jaw pulled. He opens his mouth and holds his raised woolly bone. As he gnawed at the

sensitive skin with his sharp teeth, Kwon Taek-ju's arm in his hand trembled. He smiles and sucks the part he was biting into.

"... Ugh."

Kwon Taek-ju's face is completely distorted. His neck was bent, his breathing was unstable, and his whole body flinched at the sensation of his thin skin being rubbed against his soft tongue.

He licked his exposed neck for a long time, then suddenly set his teeth. Kwon Taek-ju's limbs fluttered again. A clear tooth mark was left at the site of the bite.

Immediately, blood was seeping through the inside of his skin. Kwon Taek-ju's chin shook. The muttering of "fuck," was clearly resentful.

Zenya spurred on the leisurely shoveling. The hole began to pierce violently again. The swollen entrance swallowed the big cock with difficulty and then vomited it out again, messing with it.

Since both arms were bound, every time he was prodded, his chest was also shaken. The shiny nipples drew attention. Zenya held Kwon Taek-ju's chest without hesitation. The flesh that filled her hands was firm and soft. As she kneaded the dough, the flat nipples gently raised her head through her fingers.

He laughed at that and said, "You're vulgar."

"Your nipples are so big, they seem to be begging you to suck on them."

Kwon Taek-ju's ears burn with shame. Raising her shoulders, he slapped Zenya and struggled to shake it off somehow. But against her will, her body stretched too much. because of the medicine. Zenya lightly suppressed the beating Kwon Taek-ju and gently squeezed his nipples with her tongue.

"... Crazy man!"

A vein rises on Kwon Taek-ju's neck. The indignant swear words were not able to pour out and were rolled up in his throat. His head twisted as he

pressed down on the sensitive flesh with the tip of his tongue and the mucous membrane tightly wrapped around it. The abdominal muscles were also tightened.

Enjoying Kwon Taek-ju's disgusted reaction, he stood up and gnawed at his nipple. Kwon Taek-ju's waist was constantly excited at the subtly spreading pleasure. The more she struggled and resisted, the more Zenya stubbornly mashed and sucked the nipple. Even the nipple on the other side, which was not bitten, hardened. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes gradually softened at the unfamiliar stimulus from an area that had never been attacked before.

"Aww... huh... ah!"

He lifted Kwon Taek-ju's chin, which was slowly receding, and dug into the other shoulder, which kept getting tighter. He raised the tip of her tongue and licked her areola, then bit into the tense nipple. At the same time, he pressed his knees and shoulders, which flinched from the tingling sensation, and also squashed the tinglingly stimulated nipples. The saliva-covered nipples were swept away

by the naughty tongue. The hard texture was softly crushed, and the tingling sensation triggered there echoed thickly up to the crotch.

"... Ugh, ah, ah."

Zenya, who had been bullying Kwon Taek-ju's nipples, suddenly stared down. It was because something hard touched her waist. Kwon Taek-ju's penis, which had been erected before he knew it, was showing off his presence by covering his body. The corner of her Zenya's mouth twisted up.

"Let's see how swollen it is."

Heat rose to his face at the naked sarcasm. Grinding her teeth, she pours out swear words that Zenya will not understand and vows to kill them. Meanwhile, Zenya teased her, who had stopped for a moment with her satisfied face, measuring her waist. She slithers and rubs against Kwon Taek-ju's cheeks until it hurts. Her long, thick penis exploded in and out of

the hole. It wouldn't be strange if the skin on her stomach, which swelled with every insertion, was torn apart.

Zenya, who was sprinting like a last spurt, suddenly slid his back. Then, not only the soft skin around the hole, but also the mucous membrane inside came out with the guy's genitals. Zenya's lips drew an arc as he looked at the pale pink mucous membrane that had bitten his genitals. The guy gently touched the smooth mucous membrane with his bodily fluids, then pierced the bottom without warning.

"... Aww!"

A nervous moan erupts from Kwon Taek-ju. Even in the situation where his consciousness was clouded, he threw himself away convulsively and scolded to get away from Zenya. He doesn't care about the situation and holds on to Zenya, who is poking her stomach as much as she can. It was a meaningless gesture.

Kwon Taek-ju widens his knees and engages his lower abdomen tightly. He centered himself with his arms and pushed his upper body further towards Kwon Taek-ju. He was pushed into a place where his genitals had never reached before. The waist of Kwon Taek-ju, who was floating in the air, twitched. A lot of blood rushed to his frowning face. It seemed that he couldn't even catch his breath.

"Take a harder look. You have no intention of keeping him alive."

Suddenly, he scoops up his insides and whispers. My head was dizzy at the sensation of a rumbling in my stomach. Zenya's genitals showed no signs of cooling down. She was at a loss as to how much longer she would endure her excruciating pain.

I lost consciousness several times and then woke up. Time seemed to have passed quite a bit, and it seemed as if it had stopped. I couldn't tell if it was a dream or reality.

Whenever her vision was open, Zenya would always climb on top of her body and bind her limbs. One after another, she was overcome with terrible

pain, and she screamed and fainted repeatedly.

It was not Kwon Taek-ju's will to move his body. It was only threaded by Zenya and thoroughly stirred by him. His throat was so hoarse that it was difficult to swallow. There was no sensation in the groin or buttocks. He didn't even dare to move his legs. It was because of the slimy bodily fluids sticking to the buttock bone and around the hole. The whole crotch was slippery, and if I moved rashly, it seemed like it would flow down my leg.

Soon after, the bed rocked. It was because Zenya came up again. In his hand was a thick handmade cigar. After taking a sip of his lit cigar, he sat down next to Kwon Taek-ju.

"Now, let's answer your questions one by one. Wouldn't it be unfair to die without knowing the circumstances before and after? I have that level of recognition too."

how kind you are Kwon Taek-ju's eyes twitched at Chi-mi's anger. Her hands, which had been lethargic, were also tightly clenched into fists. Zenya watched Kwon Taek-ju joyfully and then stretched out her hand. Kwon Taek-ju shrugged his shoulders. Ignoring it, he reached out his hand and touched his disheveled hair.

"The Anastasia you've been looking for, let's start there."

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, which had been blurry, became much clearer. Zenya laughed at him for not letting go of his duty even in this situation.

"There is no Anastasia. It never existed."

Kwon Taek-ju's brow twisted. That was impossible. It was clear that Zenya was trying to make fun of Kwon Taek-ju again.

"Don't make a fuss. Then what will SS-29 explain!"

"It's an SS-29... I don't know how I misunderstood it as Anastasia, but Anastasia is too wasteful to compare it to that ballistic missile."

Kwon Taek-ju's face becomes empty at his relaxed reply. Is the 'SS-29' really just a ballistic missile? 'SS-No.' in Russia I knew that the serial number of the method applies to intercontinental ballistic missiles. Still, the information about

'SS-29' I encountered at the Bogdanov mansion reminded me of 'Anastasia', so I thought they must be the same. It is praised for boasting unprecedented firepower, but in reality it was assumed that it would be similar to existing nuclear weapons.

But are they completely different? Anastasia wasn't there from the start, and Kwon Taek-ju himself fell for Zenya's ploy and misunderstood? Questions biting tail after tail ate in my head.

"The research on Anastasia has already failed. There were several problems with the design. I wasted an incalculable amount of money, time, and manpower to develop it. Well, if you look closely, it wasn't just a negative investment. The whole world was excited just by the rumor that it exists or that it will be completed soon. Just looking at the fact that you and your colleagues were sent from both Korea and the US, isn't it true?"

With a smile, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's body and turned it around. As soon as the strength was exhausted, the body turned over without hesitation. His hand, which had been stroking his calf in reverse and gradually moving up, slipped between his thighs. The limp, limp penis was held in Zenya's hand.

"There's no need to be too disappointed," as he playfully rubbed his soft penis.

"You know? About Anastasia, the last princess of Russia. There is still a lot of talk about her end. It's because the death of the royal family was shrouded in mystery, and her corpse was not properly recovered. After she was shot in a basement, her entire family was abandoned in a mine shaft….That's the widely known miserable words of her or the Romanov family. Of course, being widely known doesn't necessarily mean being obvious. Things that are not clear always create 'fakes'. Indeed, after her Anastasia death, many of her women claimed to be her. Anna Anderson was

one of them. At first, she too was dismissed as an impostor seeking the royal family's wealth. But little by little, evidence and testimonies began to appear that she might be the real princess. What was the result?"

Stop talking midway and ask. When there was no response from Kwon Taek-ju, he squeezed his genitals and said, "Huh?" and demanded an answer.

"... Aww! Damn, what do you know!"

He laughs as if he finds such an intense reaction funny. Then, he gently caressed Kwon Taek-ju's scrotum, which had swollen from the previous pressure. In his white hands, round balls are randomly crushed and molded. It was a friendly

touch right now, but I didn't know when it would be capricious again. Zenya continued to explain, inserting her hand deeper between Kwon Taek-ju's legs as he tightened his grip.

"Decades of tedious court battles continued. People split in half. To those who believe in Anastasia's return and those who don't. Time passed, and Anna Anderson died. She had a futile life, but she has something left. It made countless people over the decades think that Anastasia might have really been alive."

What do you want to say? I couldn't get the gist of the story.

"There is one character that always appears in Russian folktales. Koschei the Immortal. As the name suggests, he is strong, and nothing can kill him. It is an obstacle that the protagonist must overcome and a crystallization of adversity.

In all the stories, Koschei kidnaps her beauty, and her warrior storms into her bastard's castle to rescue her.

But he always fails. Of course, Koschei also has weaknesses. Only Kosicei himself knows that. Coming to the conclusion, he always gets killed by the hero.

It would be foolish to fall for beauty and boast about my weaknesses without hesitation."

I listened silently to try to understand Zenya's intentions, then frowned. It was because her thighs were suddenly pressed heavily. Zenya, who had been fiddling with the genitals of Federal Kwon Taek-ju, rode up on his body again.

Both of his legs, which were crushed by him, were blocked at the source.

Zenya's eyes were fixed on Kwon Taek-ju's back. The line that fell from his broad shoulders to his slim waist was straight. If Kwon Taek-ju swayed even a little, his sweat-drenched back muscles would also move. Her buttocks, which came close to her waist, boasted a smooth curve like a ripe fruit. Her eyes, which calmly contained all of them, took on a dark color.

I tore down my upper body and pressed my lips to the nape of Kwon Taek-ju's neck. It was a soft touch, quite different from before. The smell of Kwon Taek-ju hit the tip of his nose. He couldn't stand his growing appetite and bit the nape of his neck. Kwon Taek-ju hunched over his neck. He laughed softly and whispered in his ear.

"You are not beautiful by any means, but I will tell you. Koschei's weakness."

I thought it was still a dream. That's also true, the stories Zenya spreads are connected without contact, and it feels like I've been dreaming each one in succession.

However, the senses of the whole body were so clear that they could not be mistaken.

Zenya's voice also reached clearly without waving or being hastily disturbed. It was not a dream. Clearly, Zenya continued to say enigmatic words whose meaning was unknown.

"There is an uninhabited castle on a vast land. You can't go there raw or on foot, you can't reach it unless you become a fish or a worm or a flying

beast. And there is a very tall and old tree in the castle, the age of which is the same as that of Koshchei. There is a large jewelry box to the south of the tree, and that jewelry box is filled with smaller jewelry boxes. There is one jewelry box that no one is looking for. It's not too much or too little compared to the others.

Koschei's heart may or may not be in it. But if you find it, Kosice's hide will be in your hands. You can become a Koschei yourself."

Zenya lowered herself a little more. At the same time, his thick chest touched Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder blade. Their sweat-soaked bodies clung to each other, and their body temperatures overlapped. Kwon Taek-ju shrugged his shoulders in annoyance.

"You did enough. Shut up, please."

It sounded like a growl. But Zenya just laughed it off.

I put my hand under Kwon Taek-ju's belly and rolled up his penis. As he slowly peeled off his skin, his glans was revealed. I'm going to take a look at the urethra. Kwon Taek-ju's back swelled. The mouth that had been barking vigorously was also closed.

The penis that had fallen into Zenya's grasp trembled with subtle anticipation and fear. Zenya looked at him as if he were an adult and lowered her lips to Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder blade. As it was, the dots along the straight back kissed each other. When his lips reached the mound, Kwon Taek-ju's body stiffened. He lightly held his stiff ass once, then released it.

"I want to live up to your expectations."

In succession, Kwon Taek-ju's hips widened to both sides. His semen-stained hole was exposed with nothing to hide. Just being in contact with the outside air makes me flinch. The overflowing semen in her belly came out all the way to her entrance, filling almost all of the tight wrinkles. Even if he tossed and turned just a little, some of them fell while licking his perineum for a long time. Kwon Taek-ju's head is buried deep in the pillow at that excruciating sensation.

Zenya put the homemade cigar back into her mouth. Then he inserted one of his fingers into the hole. Semen, as thick as the size of a finger, came out. He straightened her fingertips and scraped the inner wall. The semen that clung to the mucous membrane was expelled. Kwon Taek-ju's crotch quickly becomes shiny.

Zenya, who had been digging a hole willingly, lifted Kwon Taek-ju's face out of nowhere.

One after another, she opens his mouth with her long fingers and presses his tongue. In her mouth, she passed the cigar I was smoking. Kwon Taek-ju, who could neither suck in nor spit out his cigar, groaned heavily and clenched his fists. Swearing leaked from his tightly clenched teeth.

"Haha... Damn."

It was because Zenya opened her hips wide and immediately licked the bone.

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The rusted hole was successively brushed against the guy's tongue. The senses were maximized to the extent that each taste bud could be felt at the unfamiliar stimulus. Zenya counted every wrinkle on her mouth with the tip of her tongue.

Kwon Taek-ju's back wriggled wildly every time her hardened tongue pressed down on the hole and was shallowly inserted. The cigar she was barely biting on slipped out of her mouth early.

I was hit with a terrible pleasure beyond the tickling feeling. Zenya's legs kicked off the poor sheet.

Zenya gripped Kwon Taek-ju's side as if he were going to break it, and firmly fixed his body as he tried to escape. While grunting at the smooth pleasure that comes from the cove, she secretly presses her lower abdomen against the bed and rubs it. As a result, the penis was quickly erected.

It seemed crazy. It felt like my whole brain had been ripped out. The humiliation of being recklessly invaded into a depth that even I have never reached. The blood that flowed through his body seemed to have become sticky like semen.

Dense saliva overflowed from his mouth as he bit the pillowcase to hold back his moaning.

As time went by, it seemed that he became more sensitive to stimulation than dull. By the time Zenya sucked in the thin skin around the hole with a squeaking sound, the lower abdomen's thrusts became more intense.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was wriggling at the stimulation from the front and back, suddenly covered his head and gnashed his teeth. The next moment, his spine stiffened. His thighs were also tight and tight.

"......!"

Zhenya suddenly raised her head. I looked down at my hand, which had been splashed with something. Semen smeared between her fingers.

Unexpectedly,

he alternately looked at his wet hand and the wheezing Kwon Taek-ju. Then he twisted the corners of his lips and smiled.

"Did you go because you sucked a hole?"

Kwon Taek-ju shuddered at the swear words. He thought he'd fight back at least once, but he couldn't stop. Is that all? Seeing that it reacted like it was burned to even light touches, it must have been completely intoxicated. At first I thought it was a muscle relaxant, but now I see it seems to be an aphrodisiac. It was obvious that Sergei was doing it. Since he wanted to be hugged by Kwon Taek-ju from the beginning, he must have intended to kick his dick first.

Zenya laughed at Sergei, who was still on the floor, and spread Kwon Taek-ju's legs a little more.

"Let me go one more time. Only the back."

As soon as the words were out, Zenya's penis extended and crashed into the inner wall. As soon as it gets messy, the messy entrance absorbs his big cock at once. I couldn't get used to the feeling of my stomach filling up at once and the pressure on my spine.

"... Aww!"

I tried to hold it in, but a moan that was no different from a scream erupted. This time, Zenya inserted her genitals all the way to the root and looked at the junction. At first glance, it looked like a small life form. The inner mucous membrane was also tightly adhered to the surface of the penis, creating a subtle sense of adsorption. I try to draw a point where two distinctly different skins interlock. Kwon Taek-ju's back rang even at that level of hand gestures. He's usually blunt, so each and every small reaction was interesting.

He stretched his arms straight out to support his upper body. Kwon Taek-ju had only to catch Zenya with his legs spread wide underneath. He was

exhausted, but not as raging as before. Rather, it was as if he was waiting for the terrible moment to pass quickly. So it wasn't fun.

Zenya, who had been enjoying the tightening for a while, grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the back of his head. The lower abdomen tightened even more. The penetration deepened as his ass squeezed up. As he pressed down with all his weight, Kwon Taek-ju groaned. He started a full-fledged loin as it was.

Zenya's big cock struck again and again with the momentum to pierce Danjeon.

Kwon Taek-ju ripped off the bed sheet with his angry hands. The pillow was also slammed to the floor.

Zenya's eyes gradually took on a different color. She felt a strange excitement at the sight of the helpless, wriggling creature beneath her. The exhilaration of catching a fluttering tuna with bare hands, the pleasure of cutting the head of a reindeer struggling to live are similar. The heat that radiated from the center quickly surged up to the nape of the neck and violently to the head.

Soon, the composure disappeared from Zenya's face. She frowns even between her eyebrows and concentrates only on blending her flesh. A shrieking sound resounded from the skin that was roughly peeling off. Her body fluids, which had been pooling in her, turned white and stretched like a spider's web over her hips and pelvis. As she storms herself, she runs the tip of her nose all over the nape of Kwon Taek-ju's neck and around his ears. Her thick body odor fueled her lust.

It seemed that the compressed intestines were about to explode. Every time the big cock pushed in, my stomach felt helplessly bloated. A tingling, yet tingling, burning sensation made her breathless. My sharpened fingers ripped through the bed sheets.

Every moment, the bright red passion ate away at my head. Zenya did not hide her overflowing lust. They bite off Kwon Taek-ju's ears as they please, or bury their faces in his black hair countless times. As he radiated the heat

of boiling the inside, his whole body became sweaty, and his spine felt chilly.

"If you want to walk out of this room on your own two legs, you'd better hunker down and shake your ass or howl like a dog in heat. I get hotter when I see someone who rebels fearlessly. They say that you have to trample on that cute thing to get rid of your intuition. You gave me an excuse that you were drunk and out of your mind, Sergei. huh?"

"Haaa... Aww!"

Kwon Taek-ju, who was in a fit of anger, screamed again. It was because of Zenya's lower half of his body pressing down on his waist when he was excited.

The sinewy, gnarled big cock mercilessly poked through the overworked hole.

He was driven so deeply that he sometimes lost his way and got crushed by his thighs.

It was as hot and hard as a heated iron pole, and it seemed like it could easily pierce a hole in my thigh. The genitals, which had been hit only in the farthest part of the federal urethra, find their place and pierce them at once. There was a sound of wind blowing from a place that was deeply engaged.

"......!"

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes widened. For an instant, a corner of the stomach rang loudly. In bewilderment, he erected his upper body. However, Zenya suppressed the gesture that was close to the fit and put his chest behind Kwon Taek-ju's back. The sweat-soaked skin clung to it. At the same time, Zenya's big cock also dug into a more secret place.

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's trembling waist and tightened his groin more. The glans, which had been opening the cramped inner wall, suddenly pulled

up somewhere on the mucous membrane that it had never touched before. Right after that, Kwon Taek-ju, who was under Zenya, jumped all over.

"... Ha ha!"

"......?"

Zenya flinched at the unexpected reaction. He gently removed the upper body that had been pressed against Kwon Taek-ju and looked down at the back of his head. Kwon Taek-ju was completely buried in his pillow. However, he couldn't hide the redness of his ears or the nape of his neck. His body trembled from the indescribable burning sensation he had just encountered. Even the hole in Zenya's genital slit didn't drain his strength.

Zenya's lips drew a long arc. He immediately pulled out his genitals from Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju's body trembled as the tightly packed inner wall suddenly became loose. Cells that were very tense are rapidly relaxed and soaked in futility of unknown cause. He could see the strength draining even from the shoulders that were tightly drawn.

Kwon Taek-ju opened his buttocks to both sides while paying attention to all the changes. The swollen hole barely opened his mouth. He rubbed his genitals, eager to get in right away, against his hip bone. Kwon Taek-ju's head is buried deeper every time the hot flesh is rubbed against each other. Even his hands holding the sheet turned white.

Zenya had a little more patience while shaking his neck. Kwon Taek-ju's hole clinked incessantly with the lingering aftertaste of the intense stimulation.

"Come to think of it, there is one thing I've been curious about before...."

He wanted to blur the end of his words, but without warning, he stabbed his genitals. Kwon Taek-ju's body, which was shaking nervously, went into a frenzy.

Zenya's big cock wriggled as if enjoying an encounter with a sweet mucous membrane. Then, without hesitation, he raised the point that made Kwon

Taekju sting. Immediately after that, a subtle tingling sensation ran down his spine.

"Ah... !"

Kwon Taek-ju turned over again. His whole body throbs and he groans not knowing what to do. The sensation of being charged with electricity gnawed

through the cells of his entire body. Just as the tightly contracted cells were about to unravel, Zenya abruptly pulled out his penis. The hugely distended intestines suddenly feel empty.

Just when Kwon Taek-ju felt suspicious, Zenya rubbed his genitals against his ass bone again. As soon as the fever rose, the flesh that had risen clamored for help. His patience was running out, and he began to burn vigorously. He was more anxious, but his lower abdomen and groin ached so much that he couldn't hold out for long.

Again, he plunged his genitals into Kwon Taek-ju's hole. He presses down the flinching Kwon Taek-ju and pokes the bottom as he likes. The heat of friction seemed to melt the skin.

A quick breath flowed involuntarily. His lungs were sore and his upper body collapsed in half. He frowned bitterly as he grabbed and pulled out his genitals that were about to burst at any moment. The entire groin was sore, encouraging insertion. Her head was all dizzy. Still, he perseveres to the end. It was for ultimate pleasure.

Anxious from the successive feelings of collapse, the hole left in his body but at least the glans. Kwon Taek-ju's genitals were only dripping with mucus like mouth-watering.

"Can you kill a person just by committing a crime?"

Zenya muttered as he let out a heavy exhalation. He looked at his liver as if to pull out her glans. Even then, her tongue burned tightly.

There was no response from Kwon Taek-ju. He quietly pushed his back and looked further into the hole. Like a lie, the inner wall tightened and wrapped around the flesh. He resists the temptation and withdraws again.

Then he did the same thing a couple of times and kicked it.

Out of nowhere, Kwon Taek-ju's body descended towards Zenya. It was a completely instinctive move. Zenya watched the scene with an unexpected expression. With Kwon Taek-ju's will, his body opens up and swallows the ferocious big cock. After taking a bite to the roots, he even metallurgy the joints as if he was satisfied.

A satisfied smile spread across Zenya's face. Kwon Taek-ju only trembled with humiliation and shame.

"Ah...."

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's hair. He heard the face buried deep in the pillow.

The entire distorted face was flushed red. It was a mixture of arrogance and emotion. It had been a long time since her eyes had been melted and clouded by the aphrodisiac. It was clear that he was feeling it properly when he saw his butt clinging to him even as he flinched.

Zenya was no longer arrogant. He gorged on Kwon Taek-ju's hole that he had been tantalizing. His big cock, reddened by the rush of heat, exploded in and out of the tight entrance.

"Ah... Ah, ugh... !"

"Ha ha, kueuk, ugh... ."

The moans of the two men mixed in a mess. Zenya teased his waist without rest, then suddenly grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder and turned it around. Kwon Taek-ju's body was halfway back with Zenya stitched up. As soon as the interlocking part turned around, Kwon Taek-ju vigorously shook his head. He lifted his leg over his shoulder. The flesh embedded in the inner

wall stirs the inside and gives a different stimulation. He squeezed Kwon Taek-ju's chest as much as he could.

The shoveling gradually picked up speed. The breathing of the two people was unstable as well. The moans that had been bursting out in succession collapsed

terribly. Kwon Taek-ju's toes mercilessly burned at the burning sensation that controlled his entire body.

What was rapidly pooling towards the exit was about to explode. Zenya's situation was not much different. He spurts up and devours Kwon Taekju, and at one point he slaps his groin. A tingling sensation like an electric shock exploded.

"Ugh... !"

"Haha!"

No matter who came first, he roared and emitted the remnants of desire.

Unusually sticky semen splashed onto Kwon Taek-ju's chest. At the same time, something deep inside the inner wall was splashed.

Kwon Taek-ju was soaked with a terrible sense of exhaustion and could barely breathe. That alone made his whole body go numb. He didn't have the strength to even lift a single finger, nor the energy to run his genitals softly in the thick aftertaste.

Zenya, intending to spurt out what was left, hit his lower body hard several times. Even after the ejaculation, his genitals that did not go out were engraved with vigorous energy and vomited generously. The semen that couldn't fill his insides slid along the perineum.

After finishing his errands, he shook Kwon Taek-ju's leg off his shoulder. His long legs collapsed helplessly. Kwon Taek-ju was still lethargic and only breathed.

He put his cigar on the sheet in his mouth. The bitter smoke went down his throat and warmed his stomach. After enjoying a cigar for a while, Zenya lazily scanned Kwon Taek-ju's body. No matter how he looks at him, he's no different from a guy, so why does he keep getting bullied? If he repeats it until the question is solved, the answer will come out by itself.

"It might be a good idea to test whether a person can die just by doing this. After all, you will die here today."

The moment he said it, he already thought it was a waste.

He has done it three more times since then. He almost passed out the whole time, so it could have been more than that. He thought that if he gave up his body a few times in one night, would it really die if he caught a person and fucked him for three days and three nights?

His blood and bodily fluids would dry up before he starved to death. For some time now, there was no feeling below the waist. The feeling of self-excitement subsided as if all the energy of the injected medicine was gone. All that was left was utter pain.

Heblifted his eyelids as he felt the bed rocking. In his blurred vision, he saw Zenya walking somewhere. He walked openly to the secret room behind the bed. It was the same wall on which the pictures of the Bogdanov family hung.

Standing in front of the picture frame, he flips it aside without hesitation. Then another door appeared behind it. Enter the password with a familiar hand. The door opened with absurd ease, making a distinctive mechanical sound. Inside, unidentified glass bottles were lined up. Zenya took out one of them and went back to bed.

"Do you know what this is?"

He gently shakes the small bottle in his hand. He didn't answer. He didn't even have the energy to lick his lips. Zenya didn't even pay attention to the silence.

"It's polonium-210. Shall we call it a relic left by the failed 'Anastasia'?"

At the word 'polonium-210', Kwon Taek-ju's eyes widened. It was a material with thousands of times more alpha particles than radium. Only about 100g is produced annually in the world, but the toxicity is so strong that even a small amount administered to the human body is fatal.

Zenya slowly raised Kwon Taek-ju's hand. He murmurs as he picks up his straight fingers one by one. The tone seemed to be humming.

"How can I do it? Shall we cut off all the fingers first? A body found in Lake Baikal. Not bad. The naturally frozen corpse will be collected by your comrades.

I've been trying to get in touch with you somehow. I'm sure you'll feel pretty bad about getting beaten up."

Colleagues, who is he talking about? There was no one who came to mind.

However, there was a person who was associated with the expression "I must have felt bad because I was beaten up."

Was he Kwon Taek-ju's real partner?

Zenya did not give Kwon Taek-ju a chance to think for a long time. In front of his eyes, 'Polonium-210' is put into the syringe. The piston was pulled and the cylinder was filled with clear liquid.

"Anyway, do you think you're hated on that side too? My name was mistakenly sent to a place called the National Intelligence Service... It can't be."

It was confusing. Too much information was pouring in at once in a desperate situation with death on the verge. It wasn't just because he had a premonition of the end that his heart raced. An ominous intuition of unknown origin clung to his brain and could not be shaken off. It seems that there was something that Kwon Taek-ju himself missed. What is that?

Zenya tapped the syringe to get the air bubble out.

"Something like finding out about the corruption of the boss you don't want to find out."

While guessing, press the piston. Drugs gushed out of the sharp needle. Zenya raised Kwon Taek-ju's arm one after another.

His strength went into the whole body. Are you going to die like this? It can't be.

He couldn't die like this without knowing what was going on. However, the body did not even have the strength to try one last time. It seemed as if a sharp needle would touch it at any moment.

At that time, Kwon Taek-ju, who had been silent all along, pushed Zenya's shoulder.

He doesn't know where that power came from. Even Zenya seemed surprised by his sudden counterattack, but he wasn't too taken aback. Kwon Taek-ju, who is struggling desperately, is subdued at once. Then, without hesitation, he inserted the needle into his neck.

"Kuh... !"

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes furrowed at the sharp feeling. He stabbed him so brutally that blood flowed from where the needle had been inserted. Even inside the syringe cylinder, red fresh blood spread like ink. Zenya smiled and pushed her piston all the way down to inject all of her medication. All the liquid that had been glistening inside the syringe was pushed into Kwon Taek-ju's body.

His head spun in an instant. The arms that were fighting against Zenya also fell powerlessly. The field of view split into pieces and then dispersed. does this end In my distant ear, he felt the presence of something opening and closing, click, click. It was a sound he should hear somewhere. Was it a cigar cutter?

A pleasant hum was heard not far away. They held onto their ring fingers in succession. The snapping cigar cutter came closer. Soon, a sharp pain

radiated from the ring finger.

"Foolish zainka."

A deep laugh rings in his ears. Perhaps the gear had been cut off, and a terrible pain continued to rise from his ring finger. What happens now? Leaving empty advice behind, his consciousness sank into a deep abyss.

counterattack.

A faint hum was heard. A shadow swaying to the rhythm fluttered over the eyelids. Fingers are cut off. One after another, the limbs and torso were split in half. The body, which was cut like a fish, quickly lost its body temperature. All the blood circulating all over the body was pulled out, and only the bloodless lump of meat washed in bleach was left. I didn't feel any pain. My mind was still blank. I'm going to die now. Only vague thoughts stuck in my mind.

The limbs were frozen solid. The body seemed to float in the vacuum, and the heat seemed to sink into the water. The strong smell of alcohol brushed the tip of my nose, and soon a distant dark battle came. All the holes in the body were filled with cold water. It smelled fishy.

A black snakehead appeared in the dark. One, two, three...They continued to flock, flashing their eyes.Swirl around and search for thrown prey. Then, when one of them rushed in, they began to eat the flesh that blew white at once.

Black phosphorus glistened in the blurred vision. But he couldn't see his face or hear his voice. As he approached to take a closer look, he always backed away that much. A certain distance was maintained. The black figure circled around.

Slowly at first, quickly so that he can't chase the movement soon. His eyes seemed to be spinning. His breath became rough. When the rotational force reached its peak, the black figure was scattered in vain.

–Don't forget your appointment with your father.

Asrai disappeared, a certain sound was conveyed in the blisters. It wasn't a human voice. He hurriedly turned to the side where he heard the sound. But once scattered black figures did not reappear. Am I completely out of breath? Is that why the spirit of the dead can be seen and even the voice can be heard?

Why does consciousness not evaporate and still remain?

It was floating in a daze, and a huge blister that suddenly occurred quickly passed by. He turned around quickly. The blisters that had retreated quickly formed a shape. It was more massive and barbarously dynamic than he had just seen.

It's him. As soon as he realized the identity of the figure, his body retreated reflexively. The more he did, the bigger he became.

Don't come.

Silent cries shake the space.

The next moment, a huge figure hit in one breath. The whole body is sucked into the dense ink. He was suffocated with a snap. The pain he had forgotten came back to life. The joints and joints of the whole body seemed to be cut off well.

The skin, which had lost its flesh, was unbearably hot. The black figure, which had eroded the body in an instant, soon broke white and gave a cold sneer.

–A foolish zainka.

“……!”

His eyelids opened wide. The dim view gradually became clear. His eyes were all white. Is there a visual problem?

He closed his eyes and opened them again. Nothing changed. Still white ceilings, the sound of a humidifier that is not intrusive, the familiar smell of

disinfectants and the hard-backed texture of bedding. Putting together the detected information, it seemed to be a hospital.

Raise his hand. There was an IV needle stuck in the back of his hand. Two injections were also taken. He even brought an oxygen tank just in case. It was clear that he died and came back to life.

How far is the illusion and where is the reality from? His head couldn't remember anything clearly as if it had been washed away. It was difficult to tell whether the afterimage left in his mind was real or not. What could be certain

was just before getting off the transverse train. When he tried to recall the memories after that, his headache was as if it were going to break. He groaned quietly, grasping the bandaged head.

"Are you up now?"

A strange voice burst in. He was startled and bitten on the upper body. The hand groped around the waist like a habit. But the guns that were supposed to be there were gone.

Kwon Taek-ju, who confirmed his opponent, quickly lowered his guard. He was also in a bad condition. The cast, which began on the shoulder, was wound up to the wrist. The exceptional lift of the head was due to the cast around the neck. The eyelids were black and blue, swollen, and the lips dried up with congestion. The head was bandaged, and the torn forehead and cheeks were covered with bandages. Judging from the fact that he had crutches, his legs seemed to be not good. At least 12 weeks of recovery seemed to have come out.

But somehow, the familiar face caught his eye. He thought it was an illusion, but he couldn't get rid of a strong sense of vision. Before long, the identity of the man came to mind. He couldn't recognize it, but he didn't recognize it right away because of the disastrous look.

It was Psyche Bogdanov. No, it was a man who thought it was him. On the day of the hotel attack, Kwon Taek-ju, disguised as a paramedic, chased

himself. At that time, he was believed to be Psyche Bogdanov. Now he knows it's not, but what the hell is he talking about? At least he wouldn't be close to him, seeing that he was fierce from the bazooka without hesitation as soon as he faced Zenya.

"Who are you?"

"Quickly asking."

"I should have had a chance to ask somewhere."

"Ah, it wouldn't have been possible. You must have been busy taking out the tail without recognizing your partner."

“…Partner?"

Kwon Taek-ju's brows were frowned upon. The man had only come face to face with him.

He heard from Manager Lim that a partner was assigned arbitrarily. Considering the attention of the people around him, the partner will approach him naturally, and he will send the picture at the right time. Two images were sent the next day. One was a picture of Zenya, and the other was a picture of the man in front.

Zenya talked to him at the right time, and he thought he was his colleague. He was quite well-rounded, and he received help on the first day of his arrival, so he didn't doubt him much.

How can he be so mistaken if things get twisted. The important picture was a crazy harmony created by the mistake of the headquarters and the timing of encountering Zenya at that time, when he forced his unwanted partner to be attached.

But there was still something confusing.

"Why didn't you identify yourself earlier?"

"Did you have time to light it up? If you have time, why don't you tell me? How the hell should I have approached you with Bogdanov? When I waited for the time when I was alone and approached, I almost stepped on the Hwangcheon-gil while trying to explain it by moving to a quiet place. I told you not to go in the water, but did you forget that I beat you until you passed out?”

He gives a blatant sarcasm. Anger at Kwon Taek-ju often came out. Why not? It was all because of Kwon Taek-ju himself that the man's appearance was to that extent. He couldn't raise his head because he was embarrassed by what he had done.

"It may sound like an excuse now, but I have this and that situation….Ha, what an excuse. I'm sorry I didn't recognize you. I certainly apologize for that."

"I think you're being teased because you're so obedient? This is the only price I've been struggling with for days."

"I was mistaken for a colleague, so I passed the crisis several times.If that doesn't comfort you, you can hit me a few times right away."

He popped out his left cheek. It wasn't empty talk.I was going to be obedient if the man wanted to. The man clenched his fist as if he was choked up. But he soon loosened his hands. He also said that it was ridiculous.

"I'd love to, but I'll let you off the hook. That's not fair enough."

The man clicked his tongue in disapproval. Is it enough to arouse pity for him, who is nothing short of a return letter? Kwon Taek-ju then raised his hand and groped his face and body. That alone gave me a clear idea of his condition. The head was bandaged, just like the man, and the band-aid was thick around the forehead, cheek, cheek, earlobe, neck, and collarbone. Just tossing and turning his body slightly made his lower back very stiff.

Come to think of it, what about my fingers? Kwon Taek-ju, who was looking back on his memory, opened his hands. The ring finger, which had

felt severe pain, was bandaged. As expected, that's how it happened.

"Fingers....”

"I hear it's broken."

Yeah, well, then….Yes?

He nodded and stared at the man foolishly.

“…What?"

"Are your ears tired, too? It's broken. Is it your first time wearing a finger cast?"

"Didn't you cut it?"

"Is there any reason to be cut? You've watched too many mafia movies."

Shake his head with an expression of absurdity. Before losing consciousness, he was strongly shocked by the first word of the ring finger. He certainly heard the click of the cigar-cutter. He thought he would get his finger cut, but a simple fracture. In addition, all the fingers except for the ring finger were fine. He couldn't believe it, so he turned his hand upside down.

"But Morgan's body was cut off by ten fingers?"

"He did, but you're alive. He's dead. So you don't have to be upset that your fingers are all stuck together."

He wondered. Just as Zenya killed Morgan, Kwon Taek-ju himself thought he would handle it. How on earth does he live?

"How did I get here?"

"I heard it was abandoned on the riverside near Alhorn Island. Just in time, the Bogdanovs moved there, and our agents who were after them found you.

According to the doctor, your heart would have stopped if I was a little late."

That's right. Zenya did not save Kwon Taek-ju himself. It was just that Kwon Taek-ju himself was not interested in dying and living. He didn't even know that he was joking to save his life if he was lucky to be rescued.

No, is that right? The shot he had before he lost consciousness came to mind.

When he felt his neck, he found a band-aid attached to the area. If it was

"Polonium-210" that was really hit at that time, he couldn't open his eyes.

"I got polonium-210"

"Who said that?"

"At that time, I'm sure that Zenya....”

"Zenya is that crazy guy? Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov. His best friend."

He is sarcastic, saying, "We are old friends. Zenya, Zenya...." He repeated his name several times.

"How can you call such a guy by a nickname? Even his skin wouldn't refer to it like that."

He clicks his tongue with a fed-up look. What does he mean by a nickname? He was about to lose my temper, but he closed his mouth again. It was because there was something vaguely coming to mind. From the beginning, he introduced himself as Zenya. Of course, he didn't think it was his real name.

That's why it's not a popular Russian name. So he thought it was just an alias that he usually uses. As arms trafficking is his main job, he seems to be hiding his identity like a habit. In some parts, he felt similar to Kwon Taek-ju himself, and he also felt homogeneity.

He also knew that "Psyche Bogdanov" was a notoriety made of reputation.

Nevertheless, he forgot that Psyche would have a real name.The nickname of

"Yevgeny" is "Zenya" While learning Russian, he was also educated on ethnic composition, history, society, life, and culture. But he didn't have much of a nickname in mind. At that time, Kwon Taek-ju himself did not know that he would come to Russia or call the Russians by his nickname.

What did he think when he told me his nickname? When does Kwon Taek-ju call him a nickname without any doubt? He gave a hint to doubt his identity openly, and how much fun it must have been to see the moron who believed to be a colleague. How much he flirted with him while climbing the wall upside down to complete the mission, cycling in Siberia in the middle of winter, and passing through a dusty vent.

Zenya's face, which was smiling like a devil, was glistening. His teeth are split.

The clenched fist shook.

"Zenyaaaaa!"

Condensed anger explodes. The man watching flinched his shoulders. Kwon Taek-ju went wild with rage. The bandage on the head was half-released, and the cluttering injection knocked down the cradle to collapse. The pillows and blankets on the bed slipped down to the floor. He doesn't get angry even with that, but he has been struggling for a long time.

"Calm down. You didn't even get the P of polonium-210 you were worried about.

It was just an anesthetic. Although it is said that the drug's effect was so strong that it would not have been able to wake up to any shock."

The man dissuaded Kwon Taek-ju with a look of embarrassment. Kwon Taek-ju lowered his head and picked out a poor breath. The flowing bangs

covered his eyes, so he couldn't tell what his expression was like. After a long time, he suddenly asked, "What are you doing?"

"What?"

"Yevgeny, that punk….What the hell is he doing?"

He lifted up his head. His sharp eyes were already sharper. The man shrugged and said, "FSB, you've heard of it, right?" Instead of answering, he nodded. The FSB was Russia's federal security service.During the former Soviet Union, "KGB,"

which was famous for its notoriety of "once you enter, you can't come back alive," was the predecessor. They can investigate various organizations without a warrant, and they often send spies abroad or fake companies to collect necessary information. They even enjoy the privilege of not being monitored by other agencies. Officially, they carry out counter-terrorism and counter-terrorism missions like the National Intelligence Service, but unofficially, rumors abound that they kidnap and assassinate their main enemies.

"FSB"?

He's rushing, but he has a hunch that he's close to certain. If Zenya belonged there, as he said, the government official was strictly a public official. It was

suspected that it was the national prestige of a country that entrusted public affairs to such a crazy person.

Kwon Taek-ju's face suddenly turns sour. The man went on with his explanation regardless.

"There are two special forces under the FSB. Spetzgurpa Alpha and Bimfel.

Among them, Spetzgurpa Alpha, commonly known as Alpha, is made up of top elite agents. Most troops are stationed in Moscow. Although it is a unit, it is a group with independence enough to have its own investigative power.

They are made up of five units, each consisting of a minimum of 150 to 250 troops. The important thing is next. One of the five units has only one member."

The fact that only elite agents gathered 100 people was proof that the work was difficult and complicated. But there's someone who handles the work that has to be shared by that many people alone?

No way. As soon as he had ominous doubts, the man put a wedge in.

"That's who he is."

There was a laugh. Is that possible? He wouldn't have been talking nonsense to make fun of Kwon Taek-ju himself. In addition, it was worth being called

"Psyche Bogdanov" by everyone. However, it was still too out of common sense.

Did the Russian government or the "FSB" allow such manpower deployment?

The man removed Kwon Taek-ju's question with a simple question.

"Would you want to team up with him?"

No way. I didn't like Zenya from the start. If I hadn't sent the wrong picture from the damn headquarters, I wouldn't have run into him. Even if I encountered it unwantedly, I would have avoided it thoroughly by following my instinct. I don't remember spending a day with him and sleeping comfortably.

"There is no reason why the modifier 'hack' is attached. Even if you're a little slow, your hands will go out first, right? So what kind of shit is there? I heard that if you make a mistake, your allies will be crushed."

"And you would argue that it is self-defense."

Kwon Taek-ju helped with his familiarity. The man beckoned that it was.

Now he understands a little. On the day he entered the country disguised as Hiro Sakamoto, the reason why Zenya saved him. The reason why he met him again at a hotel where he had a luncheon with Russian representatives. He was on the phone with someone at the time.

"…No. I did come, but I thought it would be boring."

It sounded like an excuse. Maybe he was quenching his bitter opponent. A working-level official from Gazprom, who he saw on his way to the bathroom, was struggling with his cell phone. Did he say that no representative showed up at the luncheon?

"Let's be clear about what we're talking about. If you're going to take care of it."

That's what Zenya used to say.

In the end, he knew Kwon Taek-ju and saved Hiro Sakamoto because he was the third son of the Bogdanov family. At the request of Gazprom's representative father or brother, he came to the hotel to "clean up the mess," and only reunited with Kwon Taek-ju himself on the spot.

In other words, he found something interesting unexpectedly after being pushed on his back. Hiro Sakamoto takes a meaningful look at his picture. He would have seen that it was not as unusual as he was a member of the "FSB." It was also because Gazprom's agent did not show up at the luncheon that day.

The puzzle, which was rarely in sync, went back to its place. All the abnormal behavior that Zenya often saw was explained. As he said, Kwon Taek-ju himself was only purely lucky. He never had a moment when he threatened his life.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was organizing his thoughts, suddenly breathes a long sigh.

The face facing the man with his head up has regained its original calmness.

"So, what's your name?"

"What's the point of making a clear statement now?"

"It's Kwon Taek-ju."

He asked for a handshake regardless of the man's anger. The man tapped Kwon Taek-ju's hand with a disapproving look.

"Salman. Salman Basayev."

As he tossed and turned a little to shake hands, the muscles of his whole body screamed. In particular, his lower back was unbearably itchy. Salman shook his head as he groaned and rolled his eyes.

What more should I say to a patient who just woke up after wandering around.

Get up and rest. I did it.

Kwon Taek-ju looked suspicious.

"Are you just going to go?"

"What if I just don't go?"

"I have to plan how to move from now on."

Salman became a ridiculous face. The gear bursts into laughter. Such a zombie-like figure, he mentions plans and the like. Even if his condition was at its best, there was nothing different. Would he ever think of taking it back after barely preserving his life from Psyche Bogdanov. He may be in a state where a complete accident is impossible due to a head injury.

Salman clicked his tongue openly.

"You still don't get it? This operation is a failure."

"No....”

"You want to deny it. You want to make up for your mistake. But we don't have a chance left. The headquarters' support will also be suspended for the last time.

So if you are treated calmly, go back to your home country."

He tried to protest right away, but Salman raised his hand as if he would not listen any more. Then he limped toward the door. He tries to open the door and step out, but he stops for a while. When he thought of something, he looked back at Kwon Taek-ju and split it in a mean way.

"He must have liked your ass quite a bit? But seeing that he even suffered lacerations."

What?

The door closed before he could ask. He looked at the door that closed in a stupefied way. Apparently it was a laugh mixed with jeers and jeers. Where the hell is that?

He paused after pondering Salman's words. I'm sick and tired of being shy with the saps. The forgotten, shameful memory was quickly restored. He punched the bed. He didn't feel any better. An angry roar rang out throughout the hospital.

"I'll kill you, madman...!”

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"Why?"

Vladimir Visariovich has questionable eyes. The next owner of Gazprom visited the FSB headquarters early in the morning. It was to meet his skin, whose face-to-face meeting was nothing short of an annual event. The main character, who used to live up to his name, was peacefully picking his ears.

"I think someone is talking about me."

Whatever you talk about, you listen to me, and you just say something bland.

Vladimir pressed his throbbing head. The ever-wrinkled brows became even more frowned upon.

"My father is so disappointed."

"It's a day or two."

He fumbles immaturely as if he knew he was being scolded. Moreover, it was not wrong. How many years has it been since Zenya had dealt with the accident?

After puberty, it will be okay, it will be better when you become an adult, someday he will grow up, and he has been patient for decades with optimism. It didn't matter what kind of scoundrel he was doing outside, unless he dragged the matter into the house. But Zenya had no bounds.

Vladimir clearly remembered the first time Zenya laughed. It was a long time ago. There was a time when the white duke, which the youngest loved, disappeared. It was a bird that was raised by creating an artificial growth environment in the garden. Soon he was found in the background. The fur was sinned out and left naked. Next to the duke, who stumbled helplessly and fell down, was Zenya, surrounded by white feathers.

"Look at him, brother. You pretended to be elegant by yourself, but it's totally unseemly."

It was less than ten years old. Zenya smiled brightly. As if it's really fun, as if he can't stand it. If he finds anything of interest, he goes to great lengths to destroy it. Then, when it was completely ruined, he immediately turned to another place.

When Zenya's destructive instinct was expressed in humans, his father Visarion made a decision. He put a string on the FSB and stuck him there. His violent tendencies didn't matter as much as there. The problem is that sometimes jobs don't cover it's not covered by a job.

So was the case with this time. As Gazprom became the biggest beneficiary of the Russia-Japan contract, dissatisfied forces emerged. Since the operation of interrupting work has not been boring for a long time, he was worried that even Japanese VIPs would be harmed. That's why Vladimir asked his direct secretary to meet a Japanese employee who entered the country a day earlier than the visiting group.

It was not until he arrived at the hotel that he found out that the man he escorted was bought by the disturbing forces. He immediately sent Zenya to the airport. It was a mistake. Even if he couldn't help it once, he shouldn't have called out Zenya to the luncheon. That morning, of all things, Visarion collapsed due to a chronic disease.

He barely let him go because he was young and comfortable, but he was absent from the luncheon and playing espionage with Korean intelligence agents. He even leaked confidential information about "SS-29" because he openly showed up to invite only major figures. That's all. There was an untimely gunfight and hostage crisis at the party.

It made him dizzy to think about it again. A deep sigh escaped from Vladimir.

"The disturbance you made also embarrassed Bazim's position. The president and ministers gathered together, so what did he do? What the hell are you thinking? He was kidnapped by you that night and died…."

"Oh, come to think of it, how did you deal with him?"

"…I heard that the Korean agent killed you and him while running away as hostages."

Zenya burst into laughter. "Who takes who and who as hostages?" asks the disgruntled Vladimir again.

Anyone who knew Zenya would not immediately believe such an obvious lie.

And yet he was just letting it slide. In Russia today, money is power, and power is a corporate society. It was the Bogdanov family who proved it.

"Why didn't you remove the Korean agent immediately when you knew he was a spy?"

Vladimir asked with a grain of salt. Personally, he was also curious. Why did he keep him alive when he was able to hunt freely for the first time in a long time.

Even if Kwon Taek-ju, a spy, was found as a dismembered body, no one would object. Even in Korea, where he was dispatched, the issue would not be an issue. That was the fate of spies, and the practice of intelligence agencies.

Zenya shrugged his shoulders in a casual way.

"I thought so, but he believed me too much? I didn't think it would be bad to play with him."

"With such a light heart, so much noise....”

"It's more fun to watch him struggling to survive…It's a waste to kill him with a single stroke. It's kind of lame."

“…Yeah, let's say it is. I found out he was being treated at a small hospital in Irkutsk. If you've played enough with him, you should clean it up. Why did you keep him alive?"

"I didn't leave him alive in particular. If it had been discovered late, he would have died without moving."

"Anyway, you must have been hiding when you left your hand. Isn't it your way to brand and steal and throw away your fingers and body? You've never been wrong."

He smiles strangely at Vladimir, who is persistent.

"What the hell are you so worried about? Who's gonna barely hold his breath, you're gonna fight back? Never mind. I won't do such a cute thing."

He drew a line conclusively. Vladimir closed his mouth as he tried to say something more. It was already done. There was nothing different about arguing about this and that now. Some confidential information may have been leaked to South Korea, but their operation was already inoperable. He wouldn't have known that the boundaries would have been tighter.

Zenya came to say such a thing with a bored face, and he did. In fact, there were many reasons why he wanted to meet him. As the eldest son of the Bogdanov family, one of them was to admonish the family's troublesome Samnam. But there was a real purpose.

"Is 'Anastasia' not complete yet?"

Zenya grinned at the direct question. His bent eyes showed signs of jeering. It was this kind of relationship. Even if they meet for the first time in a long time, they are more curious about the progress of his work than about each other.

There is nothing new.

Zenya didn't answer the question and twirled.

"Who's so curious about that? Father? President? Or other big hands?"

Vladimir did not reply. Everyone in the cabin was paying attention. A 'second Anastasia' to be created based on the failed 'Anastasia' design.

A few months ago, North Korea and Russia agreed to destroy all evidence related to the Anastasia study. The design, which was created over the years by leading weapons developers, was the top target for disposal. All officials were slaughtered, and weapons, weapons, and designs under development were blown up. Of course, only Bogdanov's family remained strong despite the brutal destruction of evidence. It was the price to complete the disposal work and remain silent forever.

Like the Bogdanov family, which was not purged, there was a rumor that the design would remain somewhere. The Bogdanov clan remained silent.

Ironically, their unclear positions heightened external awe.

Vladimir was curious, too. Rather than the existence of a blueprint, whether it can be reorganized to create a real "Anastasia" Only one person, Zenya, knew the answer. This is why the current Anastasia design exists in a form that can be interpreted by him.

Whenever he had time, he asked Zenya when he would release the completed Anastasia. Zenya took a reserved stance, saying he would think about it if he felt like it. Vladimir reaffirmed Zenya's intention, recalling the conversation at the time.

"Doesn't it still work?"

"I even thought I'd play with it when this was over."

"But?"

"Looking at it today, I think it's better to leave it unattended? It's quite acceptable that everyone's fretting like a dog in need. Not too long ago, a guy came running at me saying he was going to avenge my father. He doesn't know that his limbs are being ripped off one by one, and he barks at the rest of his neck to kill him….Let's see how it looks, I wish you had seen it."

Vladimir turned away from Zenya, who was genuinely amused.With a sigh, press down on the throbbing temples.

“…That's why you killed Hong Yeo-wook."

Zenya didn't reply. There was nothing but a vague smile. Beyond the cheerful expression, extreme eyes reach. For some reason, he felt like his clothes were being peeled off one by one. The appearance surrounding a man named Vladimir seems to be revealed in detail. It was unpleasant.

Vladimir caressed my collar for nothing. Zenya, who was sitting on the sidelines, suddenly regretted it, and asked

"Suddenly what?"

"Then, do you regret sending me there?"

It was a meaningful question, but it was answered without difficulty.

"I regret trusting you. I regret being optimistic that you will only do what you are told to do obediently. Me too, my father."

Despite the family's disappointment and resignation, the laughter remained.

"Don't regret it in real time, and don't drool while looking at others. Now that's mine. I don't intend to use it for other people's success. Keep it until you're tired of it and break it with my own hands. So stop pouting your minnows. Until now, I've overlooked it in consideration of brotherly friendship, but if you keep doing this, I can't stay still."

“…….”

Vladimir stared at Zenya in silence. There is an insensitive look between the two brothers. A distant silence ensued.

How long has it been? Vladimir's cell phone rang. One after another, another vibration was detected somewhere. Vladimir, who was trying to answer the phone casually, paused and looked around. Before long, Zenya's trembling cell phone came into his sight. An ominous hunch crossed my mind. Press the call button with his eyes fixed on it. Like a lie, the two phones were silent at the same time.

Vladimir, convinced, went to Zenya's desk and snatched his cell phone. The cell phone that he didn't touch was connected to the phone. The calling number on the screen was also the same as mine.

"Are you spying on your family now?"

It was ridiculous. Zenya made no excuses. He just got up from his seat and opened the door calmly.

"Take a look."

Vladimir left the office with a threat that he would sue if he did not stop hacking.

The door closed as soon as he went out.

Peace finally came when noise pollution disappeared. Go to the window and watch Vladimir huffing into the car. The playful smile soon faded away.

Slowly turn around and look around the empty office. The clock on the wall indicated that it was still morning.

"Boring, boring."

He murmured to himself. Oddly enough, time seemed to slow down.

***

The window, which had been rattling nonstop, burst open. The curtain fluttered violently because of the collision. In his sleep, he pulled the blanket to his neck and curled his shoulders. However, he couldn't beat the cold that penetrated deep into the flesh. He fell asleep. It was likely to be found on the invoice in the morning. In the end, he stands up in spite of his annoyance.

When he stepped on the floor, his whole body roared again. He thought the hawks were pretty good, but he must have been mistaken. While unconscious, his physical strength also dropped to the point where he was, and it took quite a long time to recover to this point. He trudged to the window and closed the fully reclined window. Only then will the wind stop. His shoulders trembled automatically.

He went back to the bed half asleep. The mat is hard, and the blanket is too short, so he has to curl up as much as he can to cover his whole body. Still,

it is a single room, but the facilities were too poor. He was determined to properly question the headquarters if he returned safely.

While he was up, he moistened his throat and lay down again. For the time being, he wanted to take a good rest without thinking. He closed his eyes and went to sleep, but suddenly his hair fluttered. At first, he thought it was because of the steam from the humidifier. However, gradually, everything from hair to patient clothes, IV hoses, and blankets began to flutter violently.

If it's a window, it's definitely closed? He raised his eyelids with a quizzical face.

"……!"

He raised his upper body in amazement. The window, which had been tightly closed, was opened again before he knew it. Someone's silhouette shone through the fluttering curtains. He thought he knew who it was even though he couldn't see his face. His heart sank. The whole body's pulse fluttered violently as promised.

"Is this your cave?"

He grinned. Go over the window frame with long legs. Kwon Taek-ju's hospital room was on the fourth floor, but it didn't seem to be a problem for him. He cut the curtains and walked in. The peculiar smiling face was so creepy, instinctively backed away. But soon a cold, hard wall touched the back. There was no place to back off.

"Uh, how….You're here, man…!"

The voice that bursts out like a seizure is squashed. It was because he reached out and strangled him. Somehow his body seemed to have doubled. The power to hold his breath was also like a monster. Eyes that could not withstand the pressure popped out, and the mouth opened wide. He struggled to escape his grasp. He didn't budge. There was only a gentle tone of voice.

"It was boring to throw away toys. I don't think it'll be a problem to take care of it neatly."

His eyes looking down at Kwon Taek-ju while licking his dry lips were strange.The serene glistening eyes were just like that of a giant reptile. He barely opened his eyelids, which he was trying to close because of breathing. The red energy was spreading around his eyes. It was a desire. It's a sign of lust.

"I've heard enough, so I should say goodbye, right?"

As soon as he sensed the danger, his body spun round. The strangling hand crushed the back of the hand. His head was helplessly buried deep in the pillow.

The bottom became loose without even realizing it. Something hot and hard touched him, picking through his rigid butt, fluttering desperately.

"Can't you quit? You've done enough to bite me if it's a rape, you bastard!"

He tilted his head when he shouted in spite of himself. He sometimes rubs his heated flesh against his hip bone and makes sarcastic remarks.

"Do you call that rape? You liked it, too? On a number of cheap topics."

With a cold sneer, enormous pressure came up, crushing the spine. The lungs and intestines were crushed helplessly. He screamed in terrible pain. He knew that it would be useless for anyone to come, and he spoke as if he wanted anyone to listen.

However, the higher the voice, the more the voice was buried. In the deep water, or as if in a deep swamp and screaming. It was not heard by anyone. No one came to help. A distant sense of disconnection came.

“…Oh my god."

He opened his eyes with a strong breath. Now he could see the ceiling that he was quite used to. All the breathing holes were opened, and the hair all over the body stood on edge. He felt for the floor with his trembling hands.

He felt a familiar touch. He was still on the bed in the hospital room. The window, which he turned in a hurry, was closed tightly.

Was it a dream? He was lying down and felt every corner of his body. There was no particular pain except for a stiff sensation. The same was true of the feeling of strangling.

He sighed, sweeping down his sweaty face. Even if he had a dream like that.

It was a long time before he sat up. The sweat that had formed on his face fell down. How short of breath he breathed, his throat was dry. He's feeling down fast. His head was heavy, too. He felt like he had to take a shower.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was going out of the bed, soon faltered. The middle of the blanket stood upright. No way. He whipped up the blanket at once. Sure enough, the thin front end swelled like it was going to burst.

Damn it, damn it, damn it.

He jumped out of his seat and went into the bathroom. He turned on the shower head without taking off his clothes. The pouring water cooled him off.

It's crazy. It must have been crazy. Is it possible to have such a nightmare? Not once or twice. Rather, if it were only today, it could be rationalized that the body reacted abnormally to fear. However, there was no excuse for the repeated phenomenon.

He hit his innocent head in shame. Before losing consciousness, it was clear that the drug Zenya injected was not just a sleeping pill. Otherwise, it would not have been possible to be promoted from time to time.

Naturally, Zenya's face came to mind. The face he saw in his dream, the cold sneer, is vividly reproduced. The flushed fist clenched in the cold water.

As Salman said, he didn't know it would be a good thing that he saved his life.

He knows he can't beat Zenya. Aside from his wealth and power, he was pushed back from absolute power. He knew everything, but it didn't comfort me. At this rate, he was going to die of anger.

Despite the anger, the head-on breakthrough seemed reckless. It was impossible to suddenly visit Zenya and fight with him. The hotter his heart became, the colder he had to make his head. A hasty judgment will only ruin things.

Is there any way to screw him? He's strong, and there's a way to make sure he gets a punch from an extraordinary guy.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was squeezing his brain, suddenly became blank. As he continued to think, his past memories were summoned with a deep sense of foresight.

"…It's powerful, and nothing can kill it."

It was a recent story. Who brought it up?

There is a character who always appears in Russian folk tales. "The immortal Koschei."

It was Zenya. It was definitely a story he told me. When he thought of the speaker, he was naturally reminded of the situation in which the story came out.

His face flushed with more vivid memories than necessary.

He shook his head to shake off all his thoughts and recalled what he had said step by step.

"Koschei, of course, has a weakness. Only Koschei himself knows about that."

What else did he say?

"In conclusion, he is always killed by a warrior. He's tempted by beauty, and he talks about his weakness without hesitation, foolishly."

He also added such words.

"He's not a beautiful woman no matter how you look at it, but I'll tell you.

'Weakness of Koschei.'"

An immortal weakness.

Kwon Taek-ju went back a little bit and looked at the situation where the topic came up. Before he mentioned Koschei, he talked about Anastasia, the Russian princess. Prior to that, Kwon Taek-ju confessed that the development of the weapon "Anastasia," which he had been searching for, failed. Anastasia that does not exist, Anna Anderson, who impersonated the last Empress, and the weakness of the immortal Koschei. Each story, which he thought had no special contact point, began to connect little by little in his mind.

After the production of "Anastasia" failed, everyone involved in the development was slaughtered. However, only the Bogdanov family was safe.

Why were they not purged? Also, has Anastasia, which was praised as the first weapon of murder, really disappeared without a trace and forever? Or does he also exist somewhere, in some form, like the Bogdanov family that survived.

"Anastasia? I don't know why you're looking for it."

When he met Boris of "Sonchev," he responded with a confused reaction. He even glanced at Zenya with a strange smile. A pretty significant look came and went between the two. What is it? Kwon Taek-ju himself has been missing.

Something seemed to come to mind.

He locked the noisy shower.Then the memories of the past sprang up and filled my quiet head.

"Psyche Bogdanov. He's like a hack in Russia."

"There's no reason why the modifier 'hack' is added."

Nuclear.

A man like a hack.

A man who is nothing short of nuclear himself.

He advanced his thinking step by step and opened his eyes. There was a strong penetration into the mind. Why didn't he have that in mind?

Much water runs by the mill that the miller knows not of. The long-awaited object is often found right under the nose. He doesn't know if the truth will work again. As soon as the thought reached it, he stormed out of the bathroom.

Kwon Taek-ju visited a library in Irkutsk. The gaze of the stranger in the patient's uniform stung. He didn't care. He was worried that there might be too few books or only sections in the old facility, but unexpectedly, there were high-quality materials inside.

He accessed the Internet through an information retrieval PC. The speed wasn't as fast as expected, so patience was needed. Click on satellite pictures on the portal site that just popped up. The address entered in the top search box one after another was Bogdanov's mansion in Moscow.

After waiting a little longer, a picture appeared. It was a picture of Bogdanov's mansion and its surrounding streets. He zoomed in to the maximum. Although it was difficult to accurately identify due to the image quality, the appearance of the main building, the outer garden, the central garden, and the main gate could be distinguished. Mumble to himself as he points out the blurred picture.

"An uninhabited castle, a tree of the same age as Koschei, a jewel box in the south, a small jewel box in it....”

Suddenly, the eyes widened. His heart beat fast. Maybe not. There was also a good chance of speculation. Somehow, it was just a terrible coincidence that the situation was right. He had to check it out.

Stepped out of PC and headed to the bookshelf. Stretch past a few bookshelves and stop in the architecture section. Mainly, all the data on housing patterns have been taken out. Then, he went through the index list of selected books.

Only the mention of Bogdanov's mansion is re-–

There were about five or six books left in my hand. He opened the page pointing at the index. Friendly, the photographs of Bogdanov's mansion, the architectural style used to construct the building, the designers, the materials used to construct the building, etc. were detailed.

The features of the mansion in the picture were different. Some were green backgrounds, some were winter scenes with bony branches. There was also a book that posted photos that seemed to have been taken at night, explaining the local lighting that surrounded the building.

“……!”

He stopped looking at the pictures over and over again. He thought it was an illusion, but he checked it again and it was clear. No matter what period of time it was taken, or from any angle, the lights were always on in one of the innumerable rooms of the mansion. The curtains had always been pulled back.

I found it. Koschei's heart.

When Kwon Taek-ju visited, Salman was just taking off his cast. The doctor in charge nailed him that he should never overdo it because he has not yet recovered. Only when Salman decides to do so, he goes outside. Salman glanced at Kwon Taek-ju and moved his arm awkwardly.

"I heard that the nurse's words have been invisible since dawn. Where have you been?"

"Are you really going to end it like this?"

When asked, he doesn't reply and presses. Salman shrugged his shoulders as he stared at Kwon Taek-ju.

"What if you don't finish?"

"What are the benefits of completing this mission?"

"You're a man of no public opinion. What's the use of it now?"

"I think it'll be useful, so tell me."

He couldn't figure out why it was like that at once. Salman searched for Kwon Taek-ju without answering. For some reason he was furious. Did something happen all night?

He thought it would bother him more if he ignored it, so he answered gently.

"Decided to receive independent funding."

"Are you from Chechnya?"

He just nodded to the questions that followed. Zenya said that the Russian himself joined the operation to obtain a blueprint for "Anastasia." He said it was worth it, but it was hard to believe it right away. It was because it was dangerous enough to risk its life, and even if it completed its mission, it would be a traitor.

Certainly, Salman's story was much more convincing than the one who was already in the establishment.

It was also understood that he and Salman knew each other. The "FSB" to which he belongs was regularly monitoring Chechnya's movements. One Alpha unit was stationed in Chechnya in the name of preventing unrest. If

South Korea and the U.S. contacted separately and attracted it to the operation, it was possible to guess how influential Salman was. It would have been a thorn in the side of the Russian government. He's sure he's no better than Zenya.

However, after knowing Salman's identity, one question arose. Lim ordered to secure a blueprint for "Anastasia" if possible.The same request would have been delivered to Salman. So when two people run out of plans, who does it belong to? Korea Sent Kwon Taek-ju? Or the U.S. with Salman?

"What happens after you get our hands on Anastasia?"

The next moment, Salman suddenly pulled out his gun. The black man's gun is aimed at Kwon.

"I had one more mission."

Salman's expression was stiff.His clear eyes stuck to Kwon Taek-ju. The straight arm was not shaken either. It was the eyes of a sniper. There was a story that came to mind again when he faced a cold face as if he would pull the trigger.

"By the way, I guess you're hated by them, too? You accidentally sent my picture from a place whose name is National Intelligence Service...It can't be."

At that time, he listened lightly and spilled it. He couldn't afford to consider that.

"You found out about the corruption of your superior you didn't want to hear about."

It was only Zenya's guess. He didn't have a clue. However, it would be good to check it out while it's like this.

"Is that an American directive? Or Korea?"

"I can't tell you."

"Can't you grant the wish of someone who will die soon?"

He appeals to him in a good way. Salman, who didn't think he would budge even if he stabbed with a needle, lowered his gun and smiled.

"What's the point of doing that when it's already over?"

"I'm asking because it's already over."

"Only if you want to know. It was the Korean side's. It was the U.S. side that talked about the independence fund. Come to think of it, I was pretty curious too, what the hell did you do in your home country? What did you do to get here and almost get killed?"

"I know. You want to know."

Salman looked dumbfounded. Not that it wasn't, but Kwon Taek-ju also couldn't figure out why he was subject to removal. As for him, he was going to go back to Korea and ask him thoroughly.

There was something else that was important now. He recalls what he had come to Salman for. He hasn't finished organizing his thoughts yet. Because of that, the story was rambling.

"Zenya….No, the Psyche guy shot and killed a politician who was at his party. I thought I'd be wanted right away, but nothing happened. Don't you think I'm pretty strong enough to be formally invited to Bogdanov's mansion? How could that be?"

"I heard the news, too. Believe it or not, that's what they are."

"Then what about leaking state secrets knowing that I am a spy of another country? Is that because they're Bogdanov?"

"It's a state secret. It depends on the gravity."

"I heard Russia is developing a new ballistic missile. Like "SS-29"? A major defect was found there, but a North Korean engineer recently came

and solved the problem. I thought it was Anastasia.That's why I followed him to Alhorn Island."

Salman, who had been listening quietly, looked mysterious. He took the opponent to a party even though he knew he was an intelligence agent from another country, and killed even a leading politician because he was insufficient for leaking confidential information related to the latest weapons. In addition, he did not hesitate to act against the state by acting as Kwon Taek-ju's colleague.

However, the news that Zenya was disciplined or embarrassed was not even heard of by Sal. No matter how bad the Bogdanov family is, it can't be. When Salman's appearance raised doubts, Kwon Taek-ju raised some possibilities.

"Isn't there a reason why whatever you do to him is acceptable?"

"Whatever you do, it's acceptable?"

"For example, he has 'Anastasia'."

Salman is dumbfounded by the unexpected reasoning. Soon after, he strongly refuted the claim, saying, "It's nonsense.

"That's impossible. It's a weapon that Russia and North Korea have worked on over the years. There's no way I'd let it go until a kid under 30 took over."

He handed over the data he had brought to Salman. Articles related to various incidents and accidents were briefly organized there.

"The deaths listed there are all those who participated in the development of

'Anastasia'. Coincidentally died the same day, in an inevitable accident or in a way whose cause of death is unknown."

"Are you saying this is all murder?"

"If everything Psyche said is true. Think about what would have happened if Anastasia failed. Russia and North Korea would have hoped the news wouldn't leak out, an unprecedented weapon of destruction. That title alone made the whole world nervous. The proof is that you and I are facing each other like this.

On the contrary, if "Anastasia" is not completed in the end, the repercussions are not limited to the fact that it has failed. It will damage the power that Anastasia had before. Even if it is developed again afterwards, it is difficult to gain the same awe as before. Maybe that's why he tried to cover up not only the research results but also the fact that he had started development? In order to do so, those who knew the identity or development achievements of

"Anastasia" in detail should have been controlled first. "

Salman's brow creases. When he looked young, Kwon Taek-ju nodded and decided.

"I killed them all. Don't let them know that Anastasia's development has failed.

Once again, no one can develop such a weapon anywhere."

A low sigh broke out from Salman. It was possible for both countries. No, he's sure he did.

"I would have had to deal with dozens in a short time. Without any sound. Who would have been in charge of that?"

"If that's the case, of course at FSB....”

"You couldn't send anyone. It was such a special situation."

When Kwon Taek-ju mentioned it so far, there was only one person that came to Salman's mind. The third son of the Bogdanov family, who was the only member of the Alpha 3rd Unit, a special unit belonging to the "FSB", and who gave enormous funding to the development of "Anastasia". No one

seemed to be more suitable for the final stage of the study, the destruction work.

Perhaps the government intended to wipe out Zenya and his family as soon as he came back from completing all the work. But it failed to do so. The Bogdanov family remained strong after that. No, the influence seemed much stronger than before. That part was confusing. Why on earth is the Kremlin carrying such a time bomb.

Perhaps the reason is for Zenya. For example, he didn't fully listen to the instructions to slaughter all the developers and remove the design. If the failed design fell into Zenya's hands, and assuming that he found the problem factor based on his extensive knowledge of weapons, the answer came out. He said it is a powerful weapon enough to rebalance hegemony around the world. If it was in Zenya's hands, even the Kremlin would not be able to help him. No matter what he's done, I'll overlook it.

"But it's only your guess....”

He's going to argue, but Kwon Taek-ju stuck out something else. It was a local paper in Irkutsk published yesterday. Decorating the first page was an article about a mysterious dead body found in Lake Baikal. It was small, but there was a picture attached. The unidentified deceased is believed to be Asian and was found with torn limbs. There was no sign of using blades to damage the body, so it was tentatively concluded that it was attacked by wild animals.

Salman, who read all the articles, looked puzzled.

"What's wrong with this?"

"It's Hong Yeo-wook. A North Korean engineer called in to solve a flaw in the

"SS-29." I saw him at Bogdanov's villa. And....”

"And?"

"His father was also on the Anastasia developer list."

"What does that mean?"

"Hong Yeo-wook came here to meet Psyche, not just to fix 'SS-29'. Sergey will call the Bogdanovs and government officials when the device glitches are resolved. It was like that in real life. Maybe he recognized Psyche when he got on the Trans-Siberian train. I just pretended I didn't know. Eventually, we met again at Sergey's villa on Alhorn Island, and I think he was beaten in reverse while trying to avenge his dead father. Looking back, Hong Yeo-wook seemed to be very conscious of Psyche."

If Hong Yeo-wook had no other reason to attack Zenya, his death was proof of speculation so far. His head became complicated and he was wide open.

Kwon Taek-ju proudly demanded Salman, who is far away and only reads newspapers.

"Collaborate. Then I'll make sure you get the money you promised."

He was full of confidence in his tone and expression. Does he have something to believe in? He looked forward to it for a while, but he shook his head when he saw Kwon Taek-ju's face. He imprinted our situation as if he had already forgotten about the age of fifty.

"I would have told you? The headquarters' support ends with hospital bills."

"I don't need any support from the headquarters."

solo contrabass.

"Is this your cave?"

Zenya slowly looked around the office. He was still full of extraordinary relaxation. The margin ate some Kwon Taek-ju. His fingertips trembled. The blood that had been flowing throughout the body seemed to rapidly boil down.

"You should have dug more. Deep enough that you can't reach it."

He raises himself with a murmur. Kwon Taek-ju, who had been hardened, visibly moved. The wide-open eyes were not blinking for a moment. Sirens seemed to be ringing in both ears.

Zenya wasn't hasty. He only gradually narrowed the distance, laughing at the frozen Kwon Taek-ju.

It's not too late to run away now. Running away at full speed had a chance of winning. Of course, there were a large number of police outside the fence.

Nevertheless, he thought it would be better to be caught there.

Zenya is another step closer. Perhaps because of the sensitive hearing, the atmosphere was recognized more clearly. His heart, which seemed to have stopped for a while, also shook violently. He couldn't be cool at all.

He was about to take another step. The gunfire rang unannounced. Smoke rises from the end of Kwon Taek-ju's colt. Threats to shoot if they move couldn't work. If you don't kill him, you'll die.

However, the bullet aimed at Zenya went to the innocent wall and hit it. The one who slightly turned his head and avoided the bullet smiles. He clasped tightly at the thin trembling colt and warned uselessly.

"Don't come near me."

He took another step as if to look. The smile of what to do now is young because of the shiny face. He took his cell phone out of his pocket and showed it to him.

"Come one more step. I'll send you this picture."

Zenya's eyes glide to the cell phone screen. There was a photograph of the interior of the room, which was quite familiar. It seemed to have been left as a photo before the explosion of Anastasia.

Only half of the plan was taken. The rest is with Salman. As soon as he gets on the plane to Korea, he will send the parts he has. For Kwon Taek-ju, it

was worth his life. He didn't expect to use it like this here.

Did the threat work? Zenya did not approach further. He just stared at Kwon Taek-ju, who was very nervous. Then he smirks as if it's ridiculous.

"How are you going to prove that it's Anastasia's blueprint?"

He frowned at the unexpected question. The picture itself is the design of

"Anastasia," but what more proof is needed.

"Who knows that the room you blew up is a blueprint for 'Anastasia'? At best, it's me and my own flesh and blood. Do you think they'll just admit that Anastasia was stolen? They're not that naive, they're not. Of course, your partner who ran away could make a fuss about getting "Anastasia". The problem is that no one will believe that. It's a cancerous bunch that threatens peace in Russia, right? It will be regarded as a trick to undermine the authority of this country. Then there's only one person left to reveal the secret....You don't have to worry about that either. That one guy can't get out of here on his own."

The blue eyes bend. The hand holding the colt was more intense.

"If it didn't matter if the blueprint was exploded and leaked, you wouldn't have come running without the tail like this. No one knew where the blueprint was, which means no one confirmed its existence. This country was just in awe of you because of rumors that you had it. But what if there is a rumor that the blueprint

has disappeared. Most people don't believe what you say. But someone will doubt it, and your position won't be the same now. Horses are scary. If you keep going around, you'll make things that didn't exist and your fiction will be solidified. Like the Anastasia princess you spoke with excitement."

"Well, it could be. But can you watch the situation? Thank you for worrying about me, but why don't you think about your situation first?"

"Even if you die when you die, you don't die alone."

He moved his finger over the transfer button. The black eyes were blazing with fighting spirit. All the senses set the edge on every move of Zenya. He completely forgot to breathe in and out.

Zenya burst into laughter again. But it felt strictly different from a while ago. His long fingers are flickering. He didn't respond and stepped back half way. Their eyes met with each other. The tension that was about to break was tightly compatible.

All of a sudden, Zenya's hand gestures stop. At the same time, his face, which had been shaking all the time, hardened cold. There was even a blood vessel on his forehead that had never been seen before.

The next moment, he walked in defiance of Kwon Taek-ju's warning. He backed away in a hurry, but the distance between the two shrank sharply. He ran away recklessly and hit his back against the wall. Then, he accidentally pressed the transfer button. When he saw Kwon Taek-ju, who was embarrassed, he stopped tall.

"....."

"....."

For a moment, the noise around me completely evaporated. There is a long silence. The lifeline to survive has disappeared in vain. The corners of Zenya's mouth twitched as if it were twitching.

He jumped at him at once. In reality, he only walked with a stride, but it seemed like a tiger was coming in. If he stayed still, he would bite his neck. He pulled the trigger without hesitation. But he avoided the easy-to-fly bullet. The same was true of several shots in a row.

"I don't know how many shots there are left, but you'd better see the end in it."

He fired before he could finish his arrogant advice. However, the bullet barely brushed his hair and collar. It was not easy to aim at the target

because of the injury. The distance between him and him diminished. Eventually, the view fills up with his face.

He bit his molars and pulled the trigger again. However, he was kicked in the beak before the bullet could be fired. As it was, the colt fell off and shot into the air.

While he faltered, his shadow came. He was stifled by a snap of his neck. The unique body odor stuck to the mucous membrane in the nose. He turned his head because he was choking.

"Now shall we claim compensation for the damage?"

The blue eyes wriggled with extraordinary expectations. It was thrown into the cabinet before it could be prepared. In a violent collision, the files piled up on top poured out.

"...Ugh."

The back on the handle seemed to split in half. His head rang thickly, too. His legs clattered without any time to lose the shock. His sprained ankle was itchy, so it was not easy to get up. He was going to stand right by relying on the cabinet, but Zenya was just around the corner. He trampled Kwon Taek-ju's right shoulder with his shoe foot.

Shoved back into the cabinet. He seemed to have a big affection on his shoulder. He pushed Zenya's leg to escape, but only the pressure on his

shoulder was added. The bone was about to be crushed. His teeth clenched by itself.

"Why? Are you dying already? It's not something that you did without this much determination, is it?"

"...Ugh, it's the result of your arrogance."

"It's also the end of your little pride."

Twitch and squish his shoulders. The pain in the joints raised eyebrows. His forehead was wet too. The sound of grinding repeatedly leaked from the interlocking Itsae.

Just before the bent bone dislocated from the joint, the ruthless shoe fell. But no relief was stepped on the center. The shoe nose, reminiscent of an alligator's snout, squashed the groin as it was. The upper body tilted sharply forward.

"Argh...."

"I thought you wouldn't do such a cute thing, but it was a mistake."

The pressure applied every time you spit out a word or phrase also increased.

Kwon Taek-ju's body also folded. He hurriedly grabbed Zenya's shoes with both hands, but it was useless. The genitals seemed to be squashed into shape. His nerves are on edge from severe pain. He couldn't breathe hard.

Zenya stepped on Kwon Taek-ju's thigh well. Still, it was right not to provoke him to live and to survive somehow. But he couldn't take it anymore.

He punched Zenya hard in the shin. It wouldn't be just a pain to ignore, but he didn't put up with it. It was just completely embarrassing.

Shortly thereafter, his face turned into a violent shock. The smell of fishy blood is mixed with the spontaneous exhalation. His whole body was drained. It has even broken the will to fight violence that does not allow any resistance.

The shoes that had been heard for a while fell into Kwon Taek-ju's lower abdomen. His pointed shoe nose lifted the hem of his shirt. Zenya's eyes, which were staring at his toes, strangely wiggled. Move his foot up a little more. As much as the shoes dug in, the tightness of the shirt bulged.

"There is a lack of espionage, unauthorized intrusion of houses, assault, terrorism, theft, impersonation of public officials, and even damage to public property....You've been going around in various ways."

The crimes are listed as if they were staring at Kwon Taek-ju's whereabouts. The glances of his eyes grew more languid. Tuk. The button in the middle of the opening that had been opened to the maximum was bounced off. As the hem becomes loose, a smooth abdomen is revealed.

Zenya didn't stop and moved his foot. The shoe nose passes through the struggling abs and reaches the pit of the stomach. The shirt opened up again.

"I don't care about that. But you should have picked up my warning. I explained it in a clear way. Just don't touch mine. Is it that hard?"

Another button bounced off and ground Kwon Taek-ju's chin. He stared at Zenya with his eyes closed in annoyance. Soon after, he dropped his head and groaned. It was because Zenya's shoes stepped on her chest. He couldn't breathe as his lungs were compressed.

Two buttons fell off one after another on the creeping shoe. If he kicked like this, his ribs would have fractured and stabbed his lungs. Without luck, the heart might penetrate in a heartbeat. Life and death were back to back.

Kwon Taek-ju remained still, pressing his breath. Just like waiting for a full tiger to get interested and retreat calmly. Zenya's eyes, staring down at him, were infinitely still. He couldn't read any emotion.

The shoes threatened the last button. The button that has been narrowly tilted is shaking. Kwon Taek-ju's eyelashes were also thin, just like the illusion. At a moment, Zenya's pupils tightened.

"If you ruined someone else's, you have to pay the corresponding price, right? I don't want to lose business."

The last button came off. The shirt was fully opened, and the sleek shoe nose touched Kwon Taek-ju's chin. Naturally, his jaw was lifted and his

eyes were tangled. He looks at the anxious black eyes and clicks his tongue with pity.

"From now on, you'll have to figure out how to live diligently."

He was pushed onto the desk and fell. All the office supplies were swept away.

The right cheek, loose chest, and abdomen touch the cold top. Before he got used to the shock, his lower body became loose. He struggled reflexively with his legs, but was soon pressed by Zenya's weight. Then the hot, heavy pain cracked underneath.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

He let out a tearful scream. The ten-year-old pushed his head in regardless. The hole, which had hardened due to tension, forced open and forced him to stay.

The irritating head was pressed back. The lungs were crushed as they were, so it was not easy to breathe. The ball, which was pushed to the fullest, flinched like a twitch. In spite of the stiff resistance, the flesh crunched a hole. Finally, the thick thighs and cheeks are in close contact.

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhh...."

His jaw trembled. The pointy fingertips repeatedly scratched the innocent desk.

His stomach was so full that he felt nauseous.

The bottom, which was wide to the maximum, was barely biting the genitals. If it was swept like this, the unhealed spot would be in tatters.

Zenya's chin falls on his stiff shoulders. The temperature of the skin dropped sharply, giving him goosebumps. Zenya lifted Kwon Taek-ju's chin with his long fingers. The tightly closed jaw shook unsteadily.

Zenya, who was enjoying the tightening of the inner wall, suddenly wiggled his head. His eyes were closed with that keen sensation.

"Are you used to crying?"

Whisper in a dismal way. The hip muscles contracted. A low smile broke out from Zenya, who was moving away. Shortly thereafter, the genitalia, which had escaped in a single stroke, hurt its spine and hurt its bottom.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

A distant scream broke out. The fingertips of scratching the desk also turned white. Even a large blood vessel stood up on his neck. A hole tightened with terrible pain tightened Zenya's genitals mercilessly. He was about to squeeze everything in it. He thought he could cut off his genitals and eat them as they are.

The ease gradually cleared up even in Zenya's face. A grinding sound of teeth leaked from it. It was painful. From the point of interaction with Kwon Taek-ju, it felt like cells all over the body were moving fast. His back bone ached as if blood were flowing back. He didn't see anything in front of him.

Pull out the genitals and hit them up in a heartbeat. Kwon Taek-ju's entire body was in a deep sense of penetration. He felt anxious because the hole was not loosened. He held the dense cheeks on both sides and poked underneath. A series of inserts began to loosen the tight hole little by little. The act, which was only full of pain, was given a subtle pleasure. Kwon Taek-ju's arm, which struggled to escape even after being stung like that, was caught and bent, and his waist was raised to measure.

The deep and fast waistline attracted the desk and scratched the floor. He got stuck between the desk and Zenya and opened his body without any countermeasures. Even though he struggled desperately, he couldn't overcome the overwhelming strength. He shook his head nervously. A series of groans broke out in spite.

"Argh! Argh, argh...! Sighs... Oh, my...!"

There was a sound of wind falling out of the hole where his mouth was helplessly. He couldn't stand it without screaming. However, even if he shouted as hard as he could, the pain did not decrease at all. It was different from when he was out of his mind due to the medicine. It was nothing but desperate pain, with no room for pleasure to intervene.

Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju, who was scrambling to get away from him, and flicked his lower abdomen.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

Kwon Taek-ju shook his head and fell asleep at the deeper insertion. Both legs kicked aimlessly in the air. He put his angry back on his chest and kissed his dark hair frantically.

"How did you decide to come back?"

Yeah, he's poking under the federation. The thick earbuds pounded under the navel without rest. Each time he was pushed in, his entire abdomen was greatly swollen and his stomach was bloated. He keeps coughing at the end of his chin because he feels like vomiting.

It absorbs Kwon Taek-ju's body odor deeply. The irritation that inevitably matures the mucous membrane of the nose soared to the brain at once. He felt like his head was getting mushy. The blood that was flowing all over the body boils up.

"That's pretty cute for the thought that came out of your head."

Zenya's mouth twisted up. Even a child who got a strange toy that he had never seen in his life would not be as excited as him.

He unexpectedly bites Kwon Taek-ju's neck. His thighs, irritated by clear pain, also grab like he's going to crush and come in and out quickly. The reddish genitals carefully chopped up the rusted mucous membrane. It seemed to be trying to make a mold exactly the size of the cramped inner wall.

As soon as he was about to become a little dull due to the sensibility of his stomach being indiscriminately shaken, a strong shock was applied to his right cheek. He flinched, slapped the cheek again. There was greater pain in the same spot.

"What the hell... Stop it, you son of a gun...!"

Physical punishment was carried out in spite of the bravado. Zenya went in and out of Kwon Taek-ju as if riding a horse, scratching only his right hip. The flesh that had been coldly tangled in his palm was coldly thrown out. The affected area quickly swells up in the shape of the palm. It was so painful that the outer skin was about to peel off.

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arm, who was swirling to prevent a ruthless attack.

Then he whipped up his genitals and hit his right hip again. The red cheeks trembled as they turned red. Kwon Taek-ju hits his innocent head in humiliating pain. The way he swallowed something that was about to burst and clenched his fist tightly gave him a strange pleasure.

The giddy genitals were dripping Cooper fluid. The hole got wet first, and the entire genitalia that had been crushed into it became shiny. Every time the cheek and pelvis were hit, a clear sound of friction was crushed.

The desk rattled more violently. Because of that, his vision was also shaken. The sense of shaking the flesh became clearer as the genitals dug into the eyes. His gasping breath and reluctantly bursting groans sounded more verbose. He was going to die anyway.

He clenched his fist and held it in, but Zenya grabbed his shoulder and turned it around. The tangled flesh was swept away. The numb feeling opened my mouth and let out a murky breath. Zenya supported Kwon Taek-ju's thighs, which became sticky with sweat, with his chest. Eyes met between the legs that naturally opened.

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes were visibly fluttering. Zenya grinned as she licked at his broken face. His pupils wriggled strangely. It didn't seem like the man at

the moment.

"I don't know if you're worth replacing 'Anastasia'...."

Hit the right hip again. It was a bittersweet just by touching it because it was a part that was beaten repeatedly. He thought it would be better to get a shot than to be so persistent.

He shot it because he was emotional, so he hit the innocent cheek again. Now even the muscles inside the skin throbbed. The stinging pain causes the knees to wincereak.

"If you've caused trouble to others, you should be punished"

He's splitting it. The blue eyes shone strangely. His jaw dropped. He felt like a frog thrown into an innocent child's hand. It is also a frog with its white belly tied up. There is a sense of crisis that he could really die there.

The tension made the hole close. That makes the genitals more painful. Zenya hit his swollen cheeks one after another as if to relax. His muscles twitched wildly because of the pain. He kicked his leg and complained of pain.

"It hurts...."

Even if left alone, he grabbed a handful of twitching hips. Then Kwon Taek-ju swallowed his breath and flinched. Even when he bit his molars, he groaned. It seemed a little watery.

Zenya raised the corners of his mouth and squashed his stopped lower body.

The embedded genitals scooped up a corner of the mucous membrane like a shovel. Kwon Taek-ju's waist was also excited. At that moment, he pulls out his genitals and pushes them back and breaks down Kwon Taek-ju. The insertion speed also accelerated, slowed, and hit off.

Whenever something that had filled the inside was swept away, a rich sense of excrement gathered. The rusty mucous membrane stuck to the surface of the genitals and seemed to be sucked out. In fact, whenever Zenya's genitals

were pulled out, some mucous membranes near the red-cooked entrance were also attached. His knees met with fear that the bottom would fall completely. His abdomen was also unsteady.

Kwon Taek-ju's thighs were tilted more and hit the bottom. At that moment, Kwon Taek-ju's shoulders flapped as if burned.

"Ha...!"

Even if he bit his lips, he couldn't stop the bursting groan. He seemed more surprised by his reaction. In contrast to the gesture of stepping back trembling as if the electricity had risen, the hole bit the genitals more tightly. Zenya, who was unfamiliar with the sharply changed attitude, smiled.

Anxiety struck him. He stamped and pressed Kwon Taek-ju's arm to defend, and hit his genitals in the same way as before. Then Kwon Taek-ju's waist shook violently.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

The whole body is sharpened. Zenya's thighs in contact with her chest also flinched at the afterglow. The toes were completely choked, and the wide-open eyelids trembled with astonishment.

Zenya, who was watching the scene, suddenly tilted his upper body toward Kwon Taek-ju. As the degree of insertion deepened, a smooth face was placed in

front. When he faced the naturally bent eyes, he felt sick. The foreboding was not easily missed.

"Devil...Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The fluttering genitals were constantly poked into the same course. Press Kwon Taek-ju, who is repeatedly in a rage, in half as if folding it, and grind it persistently. The insides quickly detached and created a sense of numbness.

Stimulation from the pelvis soared fiercely to the head and to the tip of the toe.

He tried to hold it in, biting his lips, but he couldn't stop the terrible moaning.

"Ha, Ugh, Ugh... Oh, my...! Oh, my...!"

He gave him a rough ride. His eyes flashed before his eyes. He felt like he was going to go crazy if he kept going like that. He struggled to escape from an unbearable thrill. Zenya completely carried his weight and interrupted his modest attempt. He was completely crushed by him and couldn't move. In the meantime, his genitals exploded underneath and crushed the soft mucous membrane. The saliva that couldn't boil hung out like a spider web in his mouth.

Zenya's chin, which was attacking Kwon Taek-ju, is getting sweaty. The brows were distorted by mellow pain. However, the lips alone still drew a line.

He wanted to break it down more thoroughly, and destroy it. All he wanted to do was open his rebellious body over and over again and crush it completely.

The red excitement eroded his consciousness. He threw himself away with a thud. Thus, he stabbed himself to the deepest point of Kwon Taek-ju and burst his inflated desire.

"Oh, my."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

Kwon Taek-ju's thighs were firmly fixed, and his lower body was rubbed against his closely attached buttocks. The genitals, which had expanded for a moment,

spewed out semen with thick concentrations. Kwon Taek-ju's waist was raised further so that not a drop could be lost.

Kwon Taek-ju's lips were moistened by the deep aftertaste. The seething saliva finally flowed down the chin. He felt like his hair was on edge. as if the whole body's heat had evaporated at the time of shoveling. The steam heated up in the body seemed to soar at once through the sweat holes of the whole body.

The electric current that penetrates the whole body still remains in the body and sends a tingling stimulus.

Zenya didn't stop there, but hit his genitals again. The remaining semen erupted and flowed gently to the entrance. The hole, which was crushed by the force of the force, was small and then swallowed it again. Zenya, who was watching the scene satisfactorily, gave a vague sentence.

"You'll cry your eyes out today."

The man's genitals, which were still inside, suddenly increased. His stomach filled up in an instant. Kwon Taek-ju, who was stunned, is horribly distorted.

The consciousness was interrupted several times before continuing. The boundaries of each day were unclear. Even when he came to his senses, he couldn't tell whether it was in a dream or alive. Suddenly, he felt a sharp cold, but it was hard to guarantee that it was real. Suddenly, a completely different landscape brushed by the open view. The last memory was that the son-in-law was all white.

When he woke up after a long time, his body was wrapped in soft fur. There was a strong heat coming from nearby. There was also a smell of hot, burning firewood. Is it a pekka? As if to add conviction, the lights that were wandering nearby repeatedly died down irregularly and then brightened.

Someone's silhouette passed in front of it. It was a relaxed move. Soon after, a heavy weight was placed on the bridge. The unique body odor also deepens.

The pungent smoke poked his nose as if he had bitten the cigar. Cohiba Behike.

His unique scent raised his presence.

He breathes heavily. The strong scent died down weakly and quickly thickened again. Soon the poem came close to Kwon Taek-ju's lips. He turned his head and avoided the annoying touch. A smirk breaks out at the bedside.

Zenya's hand slipped. Passing through the upper body, down...Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, which used to capture strangers, spread a mean light. When he looked down in ominousness, he saw a cigar loitering over a withered genitalia.

Slowly twirl the burning cigar as if it were envious. Kwon Taek-ju's thighs naturally flinched in a sense of crisis. Zenya's lips draw a long line.

"If I put it up, I can reach it."

When angry at the fishy warning, the flapping approaches, weighing on his shoulders. Then he naturally clenched his chest. Unexpectedly, a slippery and hot mucous membrane hit the papilla. After secretly adsorbing small flesh, apply force to the tip of the tongue to draw a thick circle. The entire tongue was used to flatten the upright papilla. If he sucked like that, he could get used to it, but he was rarely used to unfamiliar and intense stimulation.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...Oh, my...."

Kwon Taek-ju's body was excited. Even if he shook his head and struggled, he couldn't move his bound limbs. It was just as fast as the chest was clearly showing. The numbness from the sensitive area has grown into the center of the wriggle. The moaning and grinding of teeth that had not yet been swallowed came out of the tightly closed genital. The fierce burning sensation on the groin rubbed their knees together.

Still, the cigar hovered above the genitals. His whole body's senses became clear with a nervous heart. Every time the nipple was fast, something seemed to be pulled out of it. The sensation was still burning in the genitals, encouraging

erections. The stiffened genitals seemed to touch the cigar at any moment.

Kwon Taek-ju nervously examined the situation below. He forgot to breathe for a moment. The nipples chew in the breaking tension.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

Kwon Taek-ju's neck and forehead were blood vessels in the painful pain.

Almost at the same time, the genitals raised its heads. Strong heat was detected around the shaking flesh. It was on the verge of reaching. He held out with strength to make his thighs stiff.

Zenya licked his lower lip with a happy face. There was a slight taste of blood.

Small drops of blood were formed at the end of his papilla, which was shiny with his saliva. He kissed him around pretending he didn't know.

Whenever the sharp tip of the nose brushed, the injured papilla trembled. Fear, or expectation, triggered by a hunch. He smiled and pressed Kwon Taek-ju's wrist harder. Then he held the injured nipple again.

"Ugh...Oh, my.....!"

The more sensitive flesh is lumped on the dry tongue and then inevitably becomes round. The stinging pain and subtle pleasure came up in a mixture.

The legs, which could not withstand the stimulus, slid one after another.

Zenya's wrist turned white and jumped up. The more he did, the more persistent he was. Press down on the limbs and inhale the nipple so that it makes a sound.

"Yes, ugh...Oh, come on...Chew, ugh...!"

He tried to shake it off, but he couldn't. Even if he struggled desperately, only the trapped body was throbbing. Zenya repeatedly took a nipple and washed it again, as if to punish vain resistance. His lungs became stiff as he

was breathing less and less with the pleasure of spreading lumps. An unbearable urinary pain was concentrated in the groin that was numb.

Kwon Taek-ju's abusive language, which is mixed with shit and resignation, is pointed out. The next moment, his limbs, which had been shaking, were pulled back.

"Ugh, Ugh...."

The lower abdomen flinched and splashed, spouting semen intermittently. At the sound of low pain, Zenya stopped talking and caught a glimpse of his trembling genitals.

"Don't you love sucking up your milk?"

Twist the corners of one's mouth to the fullest. He caught and twisted his fist in a fit of anger. Then, it is bent to the maximum and licks the inside of the trembling arm long. Kwon Taek-ju's skin gave him goosebumps. It would not have been strange if Zenya set his teeth up and bit his wrist with an artery.

Kwon Taek-ju's arms were lifted up and fastened tightly with a belt. Then he shook something to him, glaring with a mixture of fear and anger. Made of gold, it was in the form of a ring sandwiched in the middle of a slender rod. He felt unpleasant even though he was just watching.

Zenya kept quiet about Kwon Taek-ju's wet urethra and opened it to both sides.

"Since the days of the KGB, FSB has been training sex spies. You can penetrate the deepest part of the target without looking at the blood. About 80 kilometers from Moscow, there is a city called Clean, where they teach sex techniques for three weeks. I worked there as an instructor for a while."

"Ugh....Oh my god."

Suddenly, Kwon Taek-ju's upper body fluttered. It was because Zenya pressed the tool into the open urethra. A metal rod rushes in, scratching the

urethra narrowly. Kwon Taek-ju's abs were strained by the eerie stimulus. The remaining semen inside acted as a lubricant and swallowed the metal rod

smoothly. Soon, the tool reaches the innermost part of the male root. The ring hanging in the middle tightened the unswelled male muscle tightly.

Kwon Taek-ju's heart opens wide. Holding his breath, he hardened his whole body. If he moved hastily, he felt like his body would collapse somewhere.

Zenya only shook his eyelashes, looked at Kwon Taek-ju, who could not move his eyelashes, and gently swept over the flowing hair.

"It means you have a good opinion of making people cry."

Shortly thereafter, Zenya's knee dug under his thigh. His rigid legs lifted up and his genitals were thrown into the hole at once. Kwon Taek-ju's entire body was pushed up by the radical insertion. Covering Kwon Taek-ju's mouth that opens up to the temple with his own hands, he appreciates his face growing closer.

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes opened wide and soon frowned at the heaviness of his stomach.

He looked down at his eyes full of myself and popped up. The genitals, which had been sucked out with only their ears left, quickly bent back in. The inner mucous membrane, which was heated by the previous chusawing, was torn.

The cells in the body were already sensitive enough to become sensitive.

Despite the weak stimulation, the lower part of the lower part became stiff, causing heterogeneous pain.

He shook his head impatiently. A scream that had not yet been screamed rolled back into his throat and held his breath. The bottom has been eaten up as it continues to unfold. He remembered exactly Kwon Taek-ju's

weaknesses. As soon as he brushed the area, he restrained his body, which was startled and frightened, and openly poked at the point.

"Ugh! Yeah, uh....Oh, yes!"

He was about to make a mold in a person's stomach. The smooth mucous membrane was kneaded and crushed, and it seemed to be crushed in the shape

of his giant muscle. Unlike his two struggling legs, the inner wall, which wanted a deep sense of pleasure, hung on to his genitals even more.

Zenya's eyes glistened. The corners of the mouth also drew clearer and clearer lines. He licked Kwon Taek-ju's armpit without hesitation. As Kwon Taek-ju shuddered with grinding his teeth, he sucked out more starkly sensitive skin.

Subsequently, he bit the smoothly chopped chest muscle to the point where it would stain, and then held the papilla under it. When he absorbed it with a sound of breaking, his hard waist began to shake. He held the waist firmly and inhaled the nipple persistently. It didn't stop hitting the bottom either.

"Ah, yes, ha....Yes, ugh!"

Kwon Taek-ju's head is constantly tilted and bent. The completely exposed bone struggled. He shook the sharpened nipples as if they were going to sink them with the tip of his tongue. Even though he went in and out like that, he has tightened his genitals so that his tight muscles are still cold. It seemed stiff, but it was wrapped pleasantly, making my eyes dizzy. It was hard to keep his mind intact.

The genitalia, which had been rushing in, suddenly slipped next to the hole and rubbed the light skin inside the thigh. Kwon Taek-ju swallowed his breath when the sense of the genitals, which had been filming the inside, suddenly disappeared. Zenya rubbed his genitals against his thighs as he watched the helpless stranger. Soon the tender skin flared up with a slight fever.

In the meantime, the ball was tightened and the goal was closed. Zenya pushed his hips open without difficulty and pushed his genitals back into a narrow hole.

Kwon Taek-ju wrinkled his forehead and screamed. The evil groin swirled until it collapsed into thin air.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Yeah, uh, uh...!"

He couldn't resist the groans. The knees were rubbed against each other knee after knee. The blood kept pouring into his groin and it was driving him crazy.

The urethra was completely twisted and blocked, so the inside of the testicle felt stuffy. The light went off in his head. If he didn't apologize properly, he felt like his testicles would explode. He pushed Zenya in a hurry, but he stood like a rock and didn't move. Rather, he just licked the veins on his neck and clung more.

The two bodies that are sticky with sweat completely overlap. His sizzling genitals were constantly pressed and swept away by his abs. Despite such a situation, he trembled with tremendous excitement as he stood up his tendons and veins. He couldn't stand it any longer. His toes are soaking white. Even in a flashy situation, Zenya's genitals hit the inside without a break.

His whole body shook off the devil that pressed him and fluttered desperately.

He struggled to get out of it somehow. Then Zenya hit the bottom hard and gave a blow of satisfaction. Kwon Taek-ju's limbs, which had been in a rage, were shaken once. Pushing straight, he folded his knee toward his chest. Naturally, the buttocks were lifted and the interlocking area was rubbed.

"Yes, yes, ha...."

Kwon Taek-ju struggled to hold out by biting his molars. Even when he tried to run away, his legs were firmly pressed by Zenya. Urgentness was detected in the two white fists. Breath was clattering from the throat.

Zenya rubbed the interlocking part slowly. Kwon Taek-ju's eyelids, which were opened dangerously, were cramped. A tight vein of blood rose on his sweat-soaked forehead. He was staring at his face, which he couldn't breathe and looked nervous only to him, and suddenly raised it underneath.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

A nervous groan broke out. Dense saliva slowly flowed along the quivering chin.

The chest opened wide, and the shoulders hardened tightly. The snowballs seemed to melt in a limpid shape. The brain, which could not be heated, seemed to flow into a dense mucus throughout the body. Moisture became wet

from the inside of the open eyes. When Zenya hits his waist once again, what has formed is trickling down.

A grin spread around Zenya's mouth. He licked back the water that came down the side of Kwon Taek-ju's face and gently pulled out the tool that blocked his urethra tightly. The ring and rod, which have been tightened enough to hurt the genitals, escape lightly. The rod was shiny with an unknown liquid.

At the next moment, Kwon Taek-ju's genitalia, which he couldn't beg for, shivered and spewed out ripe semen. The semen, which was heated as much as it could be, erupted little by little and irregularly. The inside of Kwon Taek-ju's thighs, which had been hardened, shuddered together. He covered his eyes with my hands tied to misery.

"...Ugh."

"You've lost it properly."

He lost his energy and tapped his trembling genitals with his fingertips. Then, the semen buried there is applied to the hole where he was still bitten. He also took the remaining ones thoroughly and rubbed them against his roots. The genitalia, which had been quietly embedded, suddenly inflated its body. Soon the inner wall is tightly packed. The speed became rapidly bloated.

Zenya smiled as he lifted Kwon Taek-ju's legs over his shoulders, which were strewn with fatigue.

"It's a problem if it's already a wind of tears. There's still a long way to go before I get angry."

He thought it would be less hopeless to be sentenced to death.

He managed to lift his heavy eyelids. The surroundings were darker than before.

He had no idea what time it was or how many days it was. Every minute and second felt like a million dollars. Even if he was thrown into hell, he wouldn't feel as helpless as he is now.

His back was so stiff that he didn't even dare to move. It was clear that the spine was completely wrong. He was so sure, but he soon realized that he was mistaken. This is because the stomach, which was full, suddenly became loose and immediately. Zenya was still chiseling.

The brows wrinkled by themselves. The low swearing rang in his throat. His consciousness returned, but his tightly closed eyes could not open.

It was not long before a sound came in. There was a clatter of ironware. Zenya seemed to be preparing something with his genitalia in someone else's stomach. His shadow was flickering on his back.

Soon his hand reached the lumbar region, just above his hips. The guy who was sweeping around suddenly put strength on his fingertips. Shortly thereafter, something sharp penetrated the skin.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...Oh, my...."

The sensation of picking raw flesh with a sharp thing rattled his limbs. The delicate area stung unbearably. A sharp needle came in with its skin scratched and was intentionally hurting. Then he put a thick dye in the place. It stung like crazy. Zenya carefully carved a pattern, pressing his struggling body to escape the pain.

"Some say it's a symbol of desire."

Again, dye the tip of the needle and start engraving the most important part.

The loose eyes became sharper than ever. He suppressed his breath in silence.

"It's just a contract that connects us."

"What are you doing, you punk! Argh!"

Kwon Taek-ju, who was shouting in anger, stamped his head on the bed. This was why Zenya snapped up his stopped waist as if responding to the pain. A heavy burning sensation often spread as it pressed the spine. His fists trembled with white.

"It's instead of the design where your body flew away, so I have to make it clear who the owner is."

Zenya, who was looking down at the engraved tattoo, has a satisfied smile.

Soon, he slowly raised his back, biting Kwon Taek-ju's neck.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...Ack, ack, ack...!"

Now there was not even a finger left to lift. It was just being sewn by Zenya and shaken, groaned, and squashed without countermeasures. The movement behind the back grew more and more intense, and the mind continued to grow distant.

He encountered a certain echo in his dream. It seemed to be the sound of the wind, or the beating of the heart of a huge creature. The melody, which was almost breaking, made the frozen air vibrate magnificently.

Someone seemed to be playing an instrument. It's obviously a string instrument, but it wasn't as technical and colorful as the violin. The sound of heavy sound weighed down the whole body. It's frustrating, but it wasn't just uncomfortable. The exhausted body grew fatter. His consciousness is fading away.

Even though he couldn't do that, he fell into a deep sleep even though he shouldn't. There was no concern or fear. At that moment, he felt like he was in a perfect and safe space.

His eyes were cold even though he was closing his eyes. Unconsciously lift his eyelids and close them tightly again. The sun was pouring down his face. It wasn't hot, but it was very bright. He raised his hand to shade his eyes, and looked around.

The first thing he saw was Pechka. It almost died down, but the embers remained. In front of it was a large furry, and an empty-white sofa was also placed. The feeling of the fur was quite familiar, and what he rolled around there

seemed to be no illusion. He still doesn't know where the dream comes from, and where it's true.

Did I fall asleep? I may have been confused for a while. He stammered back to my past memories and looked at the surroundings again. He couldn't see Zenya.

He sprang up his upper body. Immediately the dull pain came up. Every inch of his body and his knuckles were painful and painful. As he felt terrible muscle pain, past events came to mind. Was it all real?

He swept his face away with misery. It's crazy. How did he get caught up by a guy and come down from under him who wouldn't want to kill him right away. It was not as weak as it was on Alhorn Island. He poured it out over

and over again as he was subjected to violence in his sober mind. Even if it was a dream, it was a cruel and obvious reality that would be a dream.

"Do you call that rape? You liked it, too? On a number of cheap topics."

Zenya's sneer, which he once faced in his dream, was recalled. His teeth split on their own. In the meantime, he slept comfortably. Then it was terrible to think that it would have been better if it was medicine or alcohol. He ruffles his hair in the stampede of shame.

He sprang up. As soon as he took a step, something slowly flowed down from the inside of his hip. He bit his dry lower lip with a terrible feeling. The middle of the forehead is also wrinkled. When he came to his senses, his thighs were shiny with unknown body fluids. His stomach was full of semen and seemed to be crawling.

"...Damn it."

His clenched fists turn white. Nervously struck the innocent wall. But the anger didn't go away at all. Rather, it would not have been as shameful as it is now if it had died at the time of Zenya's hand. It may be in the same vein that he kept Kwon Taek-ju himself alive.

He hit his head against the wall like he was self-inflicted. Nothing changed. The foolishness of the breath remained intact, and only the unpleasantness became clear.

He breathed out a long breath and raised his head. It was an unfamiliar space even if he looked at it again. The air itself was quite different from the Korean embassy. It was not only because of the bare body that gave him goosebumps.

He strode to the window. Every time the two legs crossed, a subtle bitterness rose from the inside of the hip. It looked like it was crawling. While walking vaguely so that the flesh doesn't get in each other's way, he suddenly ran to the window and stuck his forehead. His brows, which had been frowned upon like a habit, were wide open. This was why the scene was unbelievable even when he saw it clearly with his two eyes.

It was all white everywhere. Wherever he looked, it was only Seolwon. Not one of the common trees was seen. There was only pure white snow all over, so it was difficult to detect the distance. It was no different from the open sea.

He doesn't even know how he got here. He didn't remember moving on his own.

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His consciousness was unclear from the moment he encountered Zenya at the embassy. He felt that the air or temperature in the middle has changed.

Nevertheless, it was embarrassing to see such unfamiliar scenery. Where the hell am I, and how many days have passed?

He's recognizing reality blankly, but the back of his head suddenly tightens. At the same time, it gives off a cool scent. He turned his head reflexively and encountered blue eyes.

Maybe just out of the shower, his wet hair was thicker than usual. Because he did not cover his body in particular, the hideous objects between his legs were also revealed. He felt bloated rapidly. Whether that was in it, the inside of the hip seemed to be more throbbing for nothing.

Zenya was back to his usual self. His eyes were so calm that he looked at Kwon Taek-ju calmly. Looking at his perfectly calm face, he felt that the past was unrealistic. The traces left on the body prove that all of them were true, and the clean-up figure seemed to make fun of whether he had a dog dream.

He backed away and furiously wrinkled his eyes. Soon the cold window frame touched behind the waist. There was no place to retreat any more. Clench his fists as if he's going to do it.

Zenya casually recommended Kwon Taek-ju, who stared at him as if he were going to rip him off.

"Why don't you wash up? Because it's dirty."

He also tells him the location of the bathroom with a nod. Nevertheless, the whole body was damp and slippery. A shower was desperately needed.

However, Kwon Taek-ju did not soften his guard at all. Would a cornered mouse look like that when he meets a cat? He was about to set his teeth up and rush in even if he touched it a little. Nevertheless, he reached out without hesitation.

The hand was violently thrown down before it reached Kwon Taek-ju. The scrawled back of the hand was quite hot.

"Don't touch me."

He even twists his nose and growls. Zenya shrugged his shoulders as he watched the back of his red hand silently. It hasn't changed its appearance like before. Instead, he just smiled. It also gently turns around and opens the way.

The series of actions was like a conqueror who completely defeated the opponent and relaxed.

His mood sinks sharply. He shoved past Zenya with his shoulders. This time he stepped aside obediently. He could feel his eyes following behind his back. He snapped the bathroom door shut.

As soon as he leaned his back against the closed door, he sighed. mess up one's hair at random. His smile, eyes, and exceptional behavior were so stark that it was unpleasant. He was also sharing the moment of humiliation that he wanted to bury as much as possible. He was an obvious perpetrator and a witness to the desperate collapse of his ego in front of his primal instincts. Has the aftertaste of sex ever been so dirty and humiliating? No violence or torture was comparable to today's dog-like mood. He had never felt so helpless himself. He doesn't know what to do with the strange feeling of submission. It was confusing.

He wanted to wash off the traces left on his body. Hot water poured out when he turned on the shower. He stood still in the water for a long time. Meanwhile, his body and head became calm little by little.

He have to go back. If he somehow escaped from Zenya's grasp and went to Korea, all the puzzles that had gone wrong since he mistook him for a colleague would find their place. His identity, which was destroyed and disturbed by him, would also be completely re-established.

He looked inside the bathroom again. There may be a key to escape somewhere. The first thing that stood out was a window on one wall.

However, the width was too narrow for a person to pass through, and it was even blocked by a thick bar. It seemed clear that the sun was shining, and that it was going outside. If the wall is not too hard or thick, it is worth looking for a weak part and breaking it.

He came out of the water and wiped the water off his body and soles of his feet.

Wear a thick shower gown and tie it tightly to the waistband.

It is not known where this is, but if it is an area where a mansion of this size will be built, there would be other houses. He'll be able to find a place to hide for a while, and he'll be able to arrange transportation such as cars. So all he has to do is get out of the mansion.

He stood under the window with a firm mind. He swept it just in case, but the tile around the front of the bathroom was slippery. It was absurd to climb with bare hands.

After looking for a way for a while, he immediately searched the cabinet. What came out from inside were a few towels, washing supplies, and cleaning tools.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was scratching his head, suddenly poured a towel called a towel onto the sin floor. Then he tore them long with a razor blade. The two ends of the piece of towel cut into a suitable width were tied together to form an untying knot.

The cleaning tongs were connected to the finished handmade rope. The end of the rope, which had been weak, became quite heavy. Look up at the window and measure the distance and height. Then he threw the tongs as hard as he did when he flew a dart. The tongs struck the bars with a lengthy ironclam and then fell in vain. He tried again before Zenya noticed, but the result was the same.

He didn't give up. He couldn't. If he failed to escape, he would never know when or how he would die. A full beast is lazy, but when he is hungry, he

quickly changes his attitude and becomes ruthless. He couldn't wait for that time to come.

He changed his mind and grabbed the towel under the tongs tightly. As it is, the tongs are swirled in the air to obtain centrifugal force. When there was some momentum, he threw it at the high window. The fast-flying tongs quickly slipped through the bars. As he took a deep breath and whipped on the connected rope, the tongs lay on their sides and caught firmly between the bars.

All right, then.

Soon with a rope, the tiles on the treadmill wall were further polished. Remove moisture from the soles of the feet again. After a series of preparations, he grabbed the rope with his hands. Slowly, he put his soles close to the wall and moved his weight with a rope, leaping as hard as he could. He couldn't avoid kicking in vain the first few times, but as he kept holding out, he got the hang of

it. He crossed his feet quickly and climbed up to the bottom of the bar at once.

Without hesitation, he was about to reach out and grab the bars.

His left foot slipped. He stretched out his right arm for a moment. The chest collided violently with the wall as it managed to hold onto the wall. While relieving the pain and holding the whole weight with one arm, he lifted the other arm and grabbed the bars. And soon he could be sure. The bars could not be cut with any other tool. He gave a rebound all over his body and shook it as hard as he could. It was no use. The bars didn't budge. He pulled it until he was exhausted and missed it.

"Argh...!"

Get on his backside properly. The hip, which would normally have eased the shock, gave a sharp pain. After moaning for a long time, he finally got up. He was looking around frantically for other escape tools, and he saw the

drain pipe of the sink. He pulled it out recklessly and hit it hard on the spindled wall.

"Dude, damn it, Zenyaaaaaaaaaaaaa...!"

Every time he swung the drain pipe, abusive language popped out. Zenya must have noticed the situation in the bathroom due to the untimely uproar. He couldn't back down. He drew the wall with all his strength. The solid tiles began to crack. In a hurry, he grabbed the cracked tile with his bare hands and ripped it off.

But it pauses before long. This is because the wall appeared where the tile fell. It wasn't just a concrete wall. The rock seemed to have been trimmed by smooth cutting. It seemed that it would not be easily pierced with most excavators. It was a real waste of time. He didn't dare to try anything more because he was completely exhausted.

He came out completely exhausted. The reason why Zenya slowed down was because he was standing at the door. He alternately looked at Kwon Taek-ju's haggard face and the inside of the bathroom and smiled.

"Did you have a lot of courses?"

"....."

He glared at him in silence. There was no energy to respond. The one who was enjoying it with jeering suddenly reached out. He was surprised without realizing it. His hand, which had stopped in the air for a while, suddenly rushed in and grabbed his shower gown. Then he dragged him somewhere without saying anything. He endured instinctively, but he had no choice but to be dragged away because he lost all his strength in the bathroom.

He was worried about what he was going to do again, but it was unexpectedly at a restaurant where he took Kwon Taek-ju. There is only one chair on a wide table that can seat ten people. Looking at the strange arrangement in a strange way, he was suddenly seated in a chair. It was almost like being pushed. There was a sharp pain from below. As he held

his fist tightly, the retort food, which barely had the cold energy, was dropped. It was Blini, a Russian pancake. The mere sight of the picture on the wrapping paper made him sick.

He put it aside for a moment and asked.

"Where the hell am I?"

"You wouldn't know even if I told you."

"Where am I?"

"Ajinoki Island."

"....."

What's that? He frowned. Zenya snorts him.

"Look, you won't know? It's an uninhabited island 60 kilometers from Murmansk."

He doubted his ears. Murmansk is the northernmost region of Russia, 200

kilometers from the Arctic Circle. But it's an island 60 kilometers away from there? That's also a deserted island?

"No way, it's really a deserted island. Anyone will live."

He murmured in denial of reality. It was more of a self-defense than a question.

There would be no madman who built a mansion on a remote island where no one lived and no one came and went.

However, Zenya's affirmation, which followed soon, crushed a bit of hope.

"Nothing. Outside of this house."

You're the crazy one.

He stared blankly at Zenya. It was hard to believe that there was no one or means to help me escape. Zenya dragged the previous Blini back in front of Kwon Taek-ju.

"You'd better eat it when I give it to you. Unless you want to starve to death."

As long as the speaker was the speaker, it didn't sound like a speaker. The mold gastric fluid was pumped even on an empty stomach. If he didn't put anything in, he felt heartburn and couldn't stand it. But Russian food was rarely eaten.

The crumpled pride also expressed resistance to the food that Zenya gave as if he were trying to be generous.

He glanced at Blini, who was cooling down. Before long, the stomach wriggled again. It wasn't enough to show off his pride. With a Turning away from his eyes, only innocent Blini rummaged.

"...I feel like I'm going to have an upset stomach. Are you free? You stay."

"I'm not that busy"

"Why aren't you busy? Aren't you going to clean up?"

"Aftermath? Oh, it's about the plan? I'm sorry, but it doesn't hurt me much. If it was so sloppy, you wouldn't have survived so far in the first place."

"...What are you talking about?"

"What do you think you and your colleague can do with the plan you stole?

You're going to develop a new weapon that's comparable to Anastasia? No, you won't be able to do that. I'm the only one in the world who can interpret the blueprint."

It didn't sound like nonsense from the fainting look. If it was purely because of the blueprint that no one could touch him, he would have devised a way

not to lose it completely even if he lost it. It couldn't have been sloppy for a moment with everyone holding what they were aiming for.

There was no way to prove that the design of the cabin was lost. The person who knew that the exploded room was the design itself was at best the man and his relatives. Would any of them risk their privileges and lives to divulge the fact.

Salman, who is subject to the Russian government's surveillance, cannot stand out and attract attention.

I got it. I thought it was a fatal blow to Zenya, but it turned out to be a handshake that pushed my head into his gills.

Zenya split Kwon Taek-ju's face as she watched it harden. The eyes looked like a cat observing a mouse caught in a trap.

"I told you. You'll have to think about living from now on."

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Zenya pressed down the sharp car on the table. Even with only that much movement, the fur coat fluttered. It was as if a living beast was on his shoulder.

Kwon Taek-ju sat obliquely on the sofa and watched him prepare. He didn't ask him where he was going. Zenya didn't say much either. He just followed the stairs upstairs. He guessed that he had something to take with him.

Then came the sudden noise of a propeller. Perhaps it was an illusion, but the window seemed to shake thinly. He was absent-minded and rushed to the window. Then he saw a helicopter flying far away from the top of his head.

There seemed to be a guy inside.

"You'd better eat it when I give it to you. Unless you want to starve to death."

That's what he meant. The helicopter soon became a dot and disappeared. He didn't mean to ride it out and go grocery shopping. Is this okay? Even if he leaves the person he's holding like this. A question arose of oblivion to his situation.

He looked down at both hands. The wrists were not bound by straps, let alone handcuffs. He was very free from all walks of life. That was not all. Neither the window nor the door was locked at all, just in case. Is he telling me to disappear when he's not around?

Kwon Taek-ju turned around with an incredible face, but quickly. He went to the living room and checked the condition of Pechka first. Only the ashes left from the sun were piled up. The warmth was almost gone. Not setting fire again meant a long absence.

Did he let his guard down for a second? No, that's not like him. Even if Kwon Taek-ju didn't think that even if he was away like this, he wouldn't be able to escape.

A smile spreads around Kwon Taek-ju's mouth. Whatever the reason, it was a golden opportunity. He can't feel bad about being hit by him, but it was most important to preserve his life right now.

When he tries to go outside recklessly, he suddenly reminds himself of his clothes. He couldn't freeze in vain, so he headed to Zenya's dress room.

Hundreds of decent clothes were hung in the narrow and deep room. He didn't even dare to think about what to wear. He pulled out a suitably-held coat and put it on. The length and arms were both ridiculously large.

He folded his sleeves and waistband properly, tied them up, and went out. The heavy door slowly opened, pushing the snow on the floor. It is his first time to breathe in the outside air. A clear and cold energy penetrated the lungs. The weather was so cold that it made him cringe.

He strode forward, gathering his collar. The snowfield continued without end.

There was no sign of life anywhere. Would it feel like that if I suddenly fell into the desert? He was at a loss as to which way to go.

Seolsan Mountain, located in the distance like a folding screen, was difficult to tell whether snow was piled up on the mountain or a deposit of pure snow in itself. The white snow field reflected the sunlight and it was hard to keep his eyes open properly. The whole land felt inherently refusing to settle down.

He turned his back on the snow mountain and moved toward the side where the fishy wind blew. The salty lips seemed to have a coast nearby. Every step he took, his foot fell in. It soon gets wet to the knees. He felt a sharp pain in his skin.

On top of that, he was dying because of the sudden attack of cold wind. Along with it, he moved on irritably through the fluttering snow.

It was a long time before he reached the beach. The waves were quite calm at their feet. He said it was 60km away from Murmansk. There was no such thing as a small island or reef nearby. He's at a loss again.

That didn't mean he gave up. Either way, it was like this or that, it or not.

Whatever the end may have been, it would have been better than playing in Zenya's grasp.

Kwon Taek-ju went back the way he had come again. He couldn't swim 60

kilometers barefoot, so he had to look for a ride. If not, he intended to cut down the birch tree.

Kwon Taek-ju, who walked back to the mansion without a break, lit a pechka first. He warmed up in front of him and went down to the basement. The

underground warehouse was piled up with all kinds of furniture as expected. He ventured into it. A cloud of old dust blew away.

"...I found it."

The dusty face lit up. He found the kayak in half a day. In any way, it was for one person, but it was also appreciated. If it weren't for him, he would have to dig up frozen birch trees.

He left the mansion with a kayak on his back. It was made of wood, so it was much heavier than he thought. Considering the amount of snow, he prepared it more firmly than before, but both feet fell deeper because of the kayak. It was not easy to take a step. The sensation of the toes gradually.

He was willing to bear the frostbite. Compared to the hardships that have been experienced so far, this amount of hardship was nothing. Intelligence is Gamcheon, and the weather seemed to help escape. The wind, which had been raging until the morning, died down. The scattered snow calmed down, and the sea, which arrived with difficulty, was also calm.

"All right."

He immediately floated the kayak in the water. Then, he pressed all over the hull and checked where the water leaked. Contrary to concerns, there was no wear or corrosion. The weight balance was also quite well balanced, so it did not turn upside down while climbing.

He held the oar for a while and waited for the shaking of the hull to subside. The kayak, which was violently agitated, slowly regained its stability.

He took a short deep breath and crushed the current as hard as he could. When he was in the special forces, he traveled 20 kilometers back and forth on a rubber boat. It had to go about three times the distance to land, but there was nothing he couldn't do if the weather helped. It wasn't just a drill, it was a real game. Desperation often raises human potential to its maximum.

He clenched his teeth and rowed bigger. The current that hit the boat was pushed by strong force and shattered. Kayak continued to cut through the current and moved forward and forward.

The ambush was sea weather. Even in the middle of the sea, the coast was quiet. The kayak, which had been advancing vigorously for some time,

suddenly began to turn around. The waves rose sharply, pushing the hull to land. He couldn't control his oars. If it was swept away, it would have been wrecked.

He made steady progress by rowing harder. As the wave height is high, the wind has also intensified. The kayak, which lost momentum, shook violently. The boat's head cannot fully orient itself and turns around. Among them, strong waves hit the hull one after another. The kayak tilted dangerously as if it were about to flip over. He managed to balance it by moving the oars on the other side. However, it was almost impossible to control the small boat against the huge waves.

The waves rumbled relentlessly. The second time was bigger and more ferocious than the first time. It was blue, but the sea of Sakaman rushed with open federal gills. The fierce current soaked me all over. The wet skin seemed to sprout ice crystals. Feeling threatened with survival, my heart panted violently.

"Ahhh..."!"

He gave up everything about his face and put all his energy into it. Even if he rowed desperately, the hull was only floating sluggish. The deep sea water swallowed the power of hard work. He was also stirring in place, and if he stayed still, he was about to be swept away by shovels.

"Argh!"

He gave a fresh start with a close shout. As if to recognize Kwon Taek-ju's efforts, the struggling bow headed forward little by little.

Unfortunately, the hopeful situation did not last long. Suddenly, he heard a huge throbbing sound. He stared ahead in a dazed way. Then he saw a dark blue wall coming from far away. It was a wave as big as a house.

He wouldn't survive if he faced it head on. The limbs moved on their own before the head could give orders. However, the ripples kept holding back.

The waves came right in front of him while he couldn't move. The black muzzle opens wide. It works. It was right after a gut feeling close to conviction went through his brain. The waves burst upon the kayak. After that, it was force majeure. He drifted deep into the water. It was before he realized that he had fallen into the sea. He was stuck with the power to push his whole body deep into the deep sea. He was suffocated.

Soon, the endless stream of water erupted into the station and burst white.

Under pressure, Kwon Taek-ju was swept up. He kicked his legs up to the sea level so that he wouldn't be sucked into the sea again. The water was frighteningly still, and above it was still a battlefield. The waves came from all sides without any time to breathe.

"I'm not going to give up!"

He exclaimed with a roaring voice. He couldn't give in to this ordeal. He stretched out his crampy arms and reclined the current. He also kicked his legs.

Every time he twisted his head to breathe, the salty sea water burst in. He was out of breath with a sharp pull in the lungs. He couldn't get enough strength into his body. As much as he cut through the water and advanced, he was soon pushed back.

He was visibly drained of energy. His whole body stiffened up. In that state, he was forced to move forward and pushed back, and then pushed back. He couldn't figure out where he was drifting or how much further he had to go. It was unclear whether he could even return to Ajinoki Island. His arm, which felt like a thousand muscles, no longer listened. Is this how I die?

"......?"

When he was about to give up, there was something that caught his eye. It was the remains of a kayak that was just smashed, washed away by the waves and floating on the sea level. The dying survival instinct set fire again. He scrambled after it with all his strength.

He clasped the board in his arms that seemed to disappear at any moment. The body, which was about to be extinguished, was firmly supported. He leaned back for a moment and breathed heavily. The whole body turned black like wet cotton. For a while, he was floating around the sea aimlessly. The sun was setting behind his back.

The gentle sound of the waves rang in his ears. The body was still propped up by something. It was the remains of a kayak, but it was much harder than that. It was not shaken at all by the repeated current. He felt a rough touch on his cheeks. He flinched his fingers. The moist sand came into his hands.

He raised his eyelids vaguely. The area was all dark, and nothing was to be seen.

After waking up, he lay down like that for some time. He didn't dare to stand up.

The waves surged over the wet body. His limbs trembled as his senses woke up.

He tried to move somehow, but his frozen body didn't move. This is why he can say that he saved his life. What was reassuring was that he was no longer rich in the open sea. He doesn't know where he is at the moment, but he was lucky enough to arrive on land.

He pulled up his upper body with all his might. Seawater flowed from the hair and clothes. The lungs, which had been pressed all along, soften and exhale deeply. Maybe he drank too much cold and salty water, his stomach speed and head were weird. He looked around slowly. While there was no light, he could not see an inch ahead, and suddenly a sign of a human.

It was the sound of someone stepping on the sand. He was about to ask for help, but he couldn't help himself. It seemed that the vocal cords had been damaged.

He squeezed his throat as he had it.

"Here...!"

His voice cracked terribly. The sound of footsteps that were slowly approaching stopped at a distance. Kwon Taek-ju's arm, which was lifted gladly, paused. This is because the savior who appeared in the dark was none other than Zenya.

"A sea swim at night. You have a unique hobby."

He thought it was a nightmare. Otherwise, he couldn't understand how he was here. He was dressed exactly as he had been out. No way. Did he come back to Ajinoki Island? He hurriedly looked through the surroundings, but he couldn't tell the terrain because of the lurking darkness.

"Wake up if you don't want to freeze to death."

It's not that, but they bumped into each other and made a snap. If he kept doing that, he would have stepped on due to hypothermia. He stood up for a long time, and then collapsed. He tried to get up again, but this time, even the arm that supported his upper body was bent and fell helplessly.

Zenya, who was watching, clicked his tongue openly. Then he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's elbow with an unwilling face. He was dragged as soon as his arms were pulled, and his stretched body like wet cotton did not move. Zenya shook his head, sighed, and suddenly bent over. The smell of the body buried in the sea breeze thickens. Kwon Taek-ju's arm, which was about to be removed reflexively, was grabbed and surrounded at once.

"More annoying than any beast."

He doesn't forget to be cruel. Every time he took a step, Kwon Taek-ju's body shook. The seawater that had accumulated in him also flowed down and wet his clothes. He didn't care. He just walked silently toward my mansion.

Kwon Taek-ju instinctively attached himself to a soft fur coat. He also buries his face, which has lost his senses. Behind the two people who were moving away, the black waves repeatedly curved.

A large amount of hot water was poured out. Kwon Taek-ju was thrown into the bathtub as wet clothes. Warm energy quickly spread throughout the body. Even though he was crouching closely, his lower jaw trembled. His lips had turned pale.

Zenya sat in the bathtub and pulled Kwon Taek-ju's clothes. The clothes that had been sticking to him to the point of being unpleasant were torn apart. He was very insensitive when he took off his pants. Loosen the buckle like opening it, hold the hem, and turn it upside down. At that moment, the lower body was lifted and the upper body was stuck in the bathtub. Without preparation, a large amount of water poured into the nose and ears. Struggling and barely straightening his upper body. The cough burst without fail.

"...Cough, cough."

The inside of the nose and neck quickly stung. Maybe that's not enough, but he put down a shower on the wall and sprayed water. He couldn't open his eyes. He wouldn't do it like him when he washed an animal.

"Are you stupid or brave?"

Zenya murmured in a ridiculous tone.

"It's too bad, but manpower alone cannot get you out of this island. There's a coastal current that pushes anything toward the island near here."

Maybe that's why. Kwon Taek-ju left himself alone and went out to his heart's content. Often, strong currents in the form of bands are created around the islands. If the current was not penetrated, it was bound to be swept away by the waves and pushed back to the coast. He couldn't help but swim to death without knowing that, and he burst into laughter.

"I'm telling you not to go to unnecessary trouble from now on. It would be inconvenient to pick you up every time like today."

He scornfully asks and raises his body. The shower he was holding dropped into the bathtub. He turned his head to the splashing droplets. Meanwhile,

the bathroom door slammed shut.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was left alone, slowly swept his face down. Still, my trembling fingertips and toes were numb. The blood seemed to circulate quickly and pour a sense of mystery throughout the body. The sudden change in body temperature made his head dizzy.

His whole body soon gets tired. His mind and body were so exhausted that he blew away all his will. He just wanted to hang out in front of a warm fire.

He lifted himself up steadily. Even he stumbled for a moment because he was too much. The limbs attached to the body moved gently, not mine. He barely put on his gown and went out without tying his belt.

All he could think of was Pechka. He was going to the living room recklessly, but Zenya blocked him. Even looking up at him was beyond his power.

"...Why again?"

Even with his weak voice, he looked tired. He talks easily to such a person.

"Are you going to skip dinner?"

The rice will be handed over to him when he dies and comes back to life. He didn't even have the energy to hold a fork. He shook his hand with a face of annoyance.

"Whatever, then."

Zenya unexpectedly let go of Kwon Taek-ju. Leaving him behind, he disappeared into the kitchen alone. As he was about to take a step again, a smell suddenly caught his foot. Am I mistaken?

Both legs moved at will. Come closer to the kitchen, the smell of the pancake gets stronger. Both jaws became stiff as the appetite soared. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes immediately flew to the pot containing Zenya. The spicy

smell that touched the hearts of Koreans was coming out from there. There was no doubt when he saw the rolling wrapper next to the counter.

Zenya took the pot from the fire to the sink. Then he tilted as if it would pour out the contents. It was the moment when a little bit of ramen soup fell into the sink. Kwon Taek-ju, who ran like a bounce, grabbed his hand.

"Eat it."

"....."

"I'm going to eat."

He delivered his message again and took the pot away. He grabbed a fork and hurriedly scooped up ramen as soon as he could. A few strands of noodles were narrowly caught. But it slips off before it even touches the tongue. It was the same no matter how many times he tried. Kwon Taek-ju, who ran out of patience, cut the noodles into small pieces with scissors. After that, put his mouth on the pot and inhale the soup and noodles at once.

He can't believe there was no invoice just now. Zenya, who was watching with his arms folded, turned his eyes to the ramen bag. Soon he picked it up, watched it for a while, and tilted his head.

"...Did you take a drug or something?"

He lay down on his stomach against the fur and cracked the fire. The warm air started from the back and warmed the whole body lazily. The greasy speed was relaxed, full, and his body was drowsy. He even yawned carelessly. Who was the person who tried to escape the island with his life.

He didn't force open his dim eyelids. He uses his arm as a pillow and gets drunk in the pouring sleep. The back slowly swelled and then sank, and an even

breathing sound leaked out. The hazy consciousness seemed to fall into the unconscious world.

It wasn't long before Zenya appeared. He couldn't help but notice it because of its unique scent. His shadow hangs in front of the Pechka. Then a stark look fell near his face. He wondered if he had anything to say, but once he closed his eyelids, he couldn't hear them again. He just wanted to be buried in the sweet sense of melting his whole body.

He was lying down pretending not to know, but suddenly he felt empty down there. It was because the bottom of the gown was lifted above the waist. He felt like his butt was showing.

"...Go away, my dear."

He mumbled without opening his eyes. He gives his hand roughly as if he were lazy. However, Zenya did not care and groped the lumbar spine just above his hips. No, the rubbing felt thicker and softer than the fingers. Without knowing what it was, Zenya covered his back.

"I'm tired."

He pushed him away with an irritating gesture. He doesn't know if they talked, but his weight has dropped. Kwon Taek-ju's face, which had been distorted, also spread. Now he could sleep soundly without any interruption. Even a happy smile spreads with anticipation.

As soon as he was about to fall asleep, he flinched his shoulders. This is because a hard object was pushed between the hips, which had been completely disarmed. The spirit of it, which was secretly heated, was very unpleasant. Kwon Taek-ju twisted his body slightly with his eyes closed. Then it persistently followed, and stuck its head between the two cheeks.

"Let's cut it in real time. It's not bad to do it while sleeping."

Zenya's voice gently touched his ears. Meanwhile, the body was completely out of control of the head. The whole body was darkened as if it were sinking deep into the water.

Soon, something came in with a sharp pain as he opened his butt. Even in his sleep, he flapped his whole body with a sense of penetration.

"Uh...Oh, my...."

A groan broke out. The sewn body slowly began to shake. The bottom is riddled, and the consciousness becomes more and more distant. As it was, he fell asleep.

He woke up when the sun rose in the middle of the sky. The eyelids rolled up neatly. He felt quite refreshed compared to falling asleep like a faint. He jumped up and sat down. The rapid movement made his back and hip ache, but it was not enough to groan.

He looked around blankly and suddenly looked at his crotch. It was because the center set up an untimely tent. No, why. He tried to deny it and lifted the blanket. It wasn't an illusion. The immature genitals were holding their heads straight.

I didn't dream of anything last night. There's nothing he can do while I'm sleeping.... He's appalled at the thought of his memory. Last night, I remembered talking to Zenya right before I fell asleep.

He remembered that he inserted it out of the blue, saying it doesn't matter if they do it while sleeping. Every time he came to his senses, he was still on top of his body. It seems that he shook his back violently against his thigh once. He was unsure and checked the inside of his thighs. It was clearly bruised as if it were not an illusion. He wondered how much he rubbed the hideous object into this is what happened.

No, it wasn't that important now. He did it again with him last night. The fact that the genitals stood up stiffly must have been the aftermath. He couldn't find

another reason for erecting. He felt a sense of shame when he was beaten by him, and he mixed flesh with him again. It's just one ramen.

"...No way. Are you crazy? Are you crazy? Are you crazy?"

He tore his hair out and screamed. He didn't want to admit it. He couldn't admit it. However, turning a blind eye did not mean that it did not happen.

Rather, the more you deny it, the more clearly he reminds him of what happened last night.

The texture of his lips, which had touched his skin, seemed to be revived.

He jumped out of his seat and got up. He walked around the mansion without even thinking of picking up a shower gown that was almost peeled off.

Somehow Zenya was nowhere to be seen. In the meantime, he seemed to have gone out in a helicopter again.

He doesn't know what the hell he's thinking. When he encountered him at the embassy, he foretold the end. He had no reason to keep Kwon Taek-ju himself alive. But the breath is still intact. And after that day, he doesn't try to hurt Kwon Taek-ju himself.

Why? Does he think it's more fun to dry and kill slowly than to take care of it all at once? Or because Kwon Taek-ju's own life is so insignificant compared to his loss? He doesn't know what he really is.

While questioning repeatedly, something sticky flowed down his thighs. He turns around and bites his molars. What's wrong with putting everything inside.

He should take a shower first.

He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He was looking in the mirror in the pouring water, and he caught a glimpse of a tattoo on the back of his waist. It's not a grade for cows and pigs. No, not much different. He's stuck in a cage with the sea everywhere, and he's just eating the food he's giving him.

"It's just a contract that connects us."

He frowned impatiently. The swollen skin, which had been swollen right after the tattoo, has now calmed down, and for other reasons, the area was mottled.

It was especially because of the kiss mark. He clicked his tongue and finished taking a shower.

But it wasn't pleasant at all. It was still due to the unrelenting genitals. How strong the momentum was, the red-cooked head seemed to hit the abs at any moment.

He leaned his upper body slightly against the wall. Then he grabbed it as if wrapping up his heated genitals and began to sweep it up roughly. The tingling in the groin became more intense. The muscles that had been dormant are noticeably wriggling due to the joy of spreading.

"Dodge it...."

He shook his head more and more. The angry bite splits with a noise. The lower jaw even had a bulging tendon. He scanned the sweet genitals like he was going to rip them off. The body, eroded by the red excitement, kept sticking to the hand, the subject of the stimulus. Kwon Taek-ju's fingertips, which were touching the wall, turned white. Before long, the lower half of the body bounced violently.

"Ugh...Ugh...."

He roared like a Seongnam beast and spewed semen. The body temperature evaporated at once, giving me goosebumps. The vision spread white, triggering a subtle dizziness, and gradually regained stability. A strong sense of weakness came.

Looking at the semen spread on the wall, he burst into a self-help smile. Who boasted that he would not put it in the hole even if only men in the world were full. It didn't make sense to react to the front as it was pierced several times in the back. Did he have a homo temperament?

He shook his head. He didn't want to think about a problem that he didn't have to think about in his life. He washed his dirty body and left the bathroom. Self-defense is also a job, and the ship quickly became hungry.

He went to the kitchen and searched the cupboard. For some reason, he couldn't see the ramen he ate yesterday. All he found was Russian retort food.

Unfortunately, he put one of them in the microwave.

How long will it take this time? While waiting for the food to heat up, estimate when Zenya returns. If he was going to come back soon, he wouldn't have come in the middle and left again. At least he won't be in today. He must escape in the meantime.

Since he was trapped on Ajinoki Island, he has been thinking about running away. He couldn't live the same life for how long.

There were only two ways to get out of the remote island, where there were no regular ships or people coming and going. Riding raw things like helicopters or using ships equipped with powerful motors. A few days ago, he searched all the mansions and got only one kayak. Even that was damaged. The only hope left was to fly.

The question was where and how to get raw. He was lost in thought. The wind blew from the window that was left open to ventilate. The curtains in the window flutter lightly. He watched the scene meaninglessly and opened his eyes wide. There was an idea that flashed through his mind.

Paragliding. If he leaps forward enough and gets help from the wind, he can fly up to a distance of 100km. If the driving force was doubled using skiing in the snow-covered highlands, it could reach Murmansk, 60km away.

Thoughts followed one after the other. The method of preparing a paraglider was also quickly embodied. A few days ago, when he was searching the mansion, he found a drop ship cloth covered with various fixtures. He saw it in all the warehouses, so the amount should have been enough. Because he often

enjoyed paragliding, he knew the structure and operating principle well. It was worth trying to make by hand.

Around that time, the microwave oven announced that it was finished cooking.

However, Kwon Taek-ju went straight down to the basement without taking out the food. Parachute cloth remained where it was remembered. A bundle of acrylic threads was also found in a nearby toolbox. The signs were good.

A new hope springs up. Due to the geographical nature of the island, the wind blew constantly and sufficiently from all sides. The drop ship fabric was so new that it was wasteful to use it as a cover, and the quality was excellent. For now, it was a blessing that the surroundings were all snow fields.

He squatted right away and cut off the fabric of the drop ship.

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It was the next morning that Zenya returned. He stopped sewing and hurried upstairs on his way home earlier than expected. He goes into the bathroom before he comes down from the roof. Then he threw away his dusty shower gown and hurriedly washed himself first.

He came out with only a towel wrapped around him, and Zenya was holding out at the door.

"Oh, you're already here?"

He felt numb for no reason, so he even raised his hand to greet him. Zenya looked down at Kwon Taek-ju with a strange face. He bit his embarrassed hand when he looked suspicious of what he had eaten wrong.

Why did he come back so early? He had a lot of work to do today. After finishing sewing the fabric, he had to find something to use as a harness and connect it.

Even so, if there was time left, he planned to look around the island to understand the customs and wind directions. It takes three or four more days to

make a test flight, but there was no promise of when the guy who came back would go out again.

He chased Zenya without realizing it because of this and that anxiety. He pulled back his fur coat as he went to the living room. The fur coat slid to the floor, scanning his back for a long time. He then unbuttoned his shirt sleeve and collar one after another. Perhaps it was an illusion, but every time that happened, his body odor seemed to get thicker.

He soon leaned back in an armchair in front of Pechka. Kwon Taek-ju, who was following only him, also stopped walking. The timid appearance seemed to have something to say.

"Why?"

"When will you go out again?"

Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju without replying. Kwon Taek-ju seemed a little strange to him, too. Kwon Taek-ju fixed his eyes on his lips while pretending not to know. It was a look of subtle anxiety and expectation.

"I'm not going out for a while? It's annoying to go out."

"What's bothering you?"

"The headquarters is cleaning you to give up. My brothers also scold me that the pride of the family should be treated as an example of you."

He laughs with a big smile. Kwon Taek-ju lost his words and closed his mouth. It was no wonder that he would drag Kwon Taek-ju himself to the FSB

headquarters right away. The FSB would have known that my identity was a secret agent in Korea and that he entered Russia undercover for intelligence activities. Somehow, he became aware of the existence of a new weapon, "SS-29," was involved in the murder of a government official, and even committed terrorism on the Bogdanov family. It was obvious that the arrest would have

been ranked 0th. It would have been fortunate if the order to kill was not issued upon discovery.

If arrested, at least an indefinite prison term, and in the near future, he'll be removed without a word of mouth. The situation of the spy arrested during the operation was from there to there. They are lucky enough to be released in a spy swap between the two countries, but such opportunities are rarely available. As far as Kwon Taek-ju knows, there were zero Russian spies detained in South Korea.

The problems faced were more complex than he thought. Even if he managed to get out of the island, another hardship was waiting. Without the support of the headquarters, will we be able to escape all the chase and return home safely. He felt skeptical.

Nevertheless, he has no intention of giving up. It was more hopeful than being trapped here and waiting for Zenya to get tired of it and then being taken to FSB, or ending his life in his hands earlier.

The immediate problem was that he wouldn't go out for a while. Measures had to be taken. If he goes out in the future, it would be better to prepare in advance so that he can escape immediately. To do so, it was important to let his guard down.

He peeped at Zenya's face. He closed his eyes before he knew it. It didn't seem like he was asleep yet. He thought about moving secretly when he slept like that, but he gave up soon. It was too reckless to do something without knowing someone with a keen sense. Rather, even if it was reluctant, moving with him would have avoided doubt and healed.

"I'm bored because I'm trying to stay inside all the time, so don't you want to go fishing?"

"....."

Zenya opened his eyes at the sudden suggestion. Then he kept an eye on Kwon Taek-ju without saying anything. He seemed to see through, but

Kwon Taek-ju's face was full of boredom and death even if he did not break it. It was impossible to be stuck inside the house without doing anything.

"Would it have been so out of the blue to spend some time together." Zenya tilted his head as if he had heard something strange. He tried to lure him more aggressively.

"The water is so clear, but there must be no meat at all."

"Is it a bet?"

"...It is, so to speak."

"What can you bet on?"

Every time he does this, he realizes that he is a businessman. He didn't think he would comply if he didn't have the stakes. But there was nothing worth betting on.

"I don't have anything right now, so why don't you grant the winner's wish?"

"It's a wish...."

"Instead, whatever you wish for, you decide not to complain."

"Can you handle it?"

He's going to split it and ask again. He was sure he would win before he even started. How belittled you must have been. Even the desire to win, which was nowhere near his end, was infested.

"Don't you say anything else, my dear."

The two stood side by side on the rocks on the west side of the island and hung fishing rods. It was a relatively less windy area. Buckets were placed at the feet one by one's feet. The fish was separated from the foot needle and stored there.

Kwon Taek-ju's bucket has already exploded with salmon, pollack, and herring.

But somehow Zenya's was still empty. The fishing rod was also unsteady.

Kwon Taek-ju checked the wind that changes from time to time by putting the pollack he just caught in his bucket. In the morning, there was usually a calm west wind. The weather was no different than any other day. The sun was up, but it didn't burn, and the amount of clouds was always high. It was perfect to enjoy fishing, but it was not suitable for paragliding.

Meanwhile, another bite came.

"It's coming up when I put it in."

He wrapped the fishing line around, talking to him as if to listen. A cod as big as an arm came up. When he threw it into the bucket, the others who were dying were flapping in surprise. There was no room in the bucket now. He was thinking about what to do, but he suddenly felt the gaze. As soon as he turned his head, he made eye contact with Zenya.

"Why, if the tools seem to be in trouble, should I change them? Or a seat?"

He pretends to feel sorry for him. Perhaps his pride was hurt, he turned his head without replying. Then he stared silently at his fishing rod, which was still silent.

That's how he catches fish. He couldn't hide a faint smile.

He threw the fishing rod again. The conversation is cut off for a long time like that. Only the wind passed between the two silently looking at the sea.

It's getting cold, and he wanted to go back because he had finished identifying the topography and wind direction of the west of the island. But he didn't seem to have any intention of doing that. Should I wait until he catches a fish? It was time to catch a glimpse of the timing. The fishing line tightened again.

This time, the weight was extraordinary. The body leaned forward on its own.

He hurriedly shifted his center of gravity back and began to hunt and hold out to run away. The fish caught struggled violently. The winding current breaks white.

It must have been a big fish. He was struggling with grumbling for the first time in a long time, but before he knew it, Zenya was watching him with only rolling his eyes.

He grinned and wound the fishing line as hard as he could. Loosen the string slightly in between and wrap it back to draw the prey flexibly. Then at one point, he lifted the fishing rod using his waist elasticity.

Soon the fish that had been holding out appeared. Now that he saw it, it was not one but two. Kwon Taek-ju sang joyfully, saying, "One stroke, two strokes."

When Zenya's eyes touched, he was openly condescending.

"As you can see, my bucket is full, so I put some in yours."

Zenya didn't say much again this time. He's acting coy, baby. Kwon Taek-ju hummed and separated the needle from the live fish. If he knew this would happen, he shouldn't have sewed it hard. If he wins the bet, he's going to grant his wish, and he's not going to put up, so if he asks him to give up his helicopter key, that's enough. It was thrilling to think about leaving Zenya on this island and going out alone.

The fishing rod of the guy who glanced at it was still silent. And he was only staring at his fishing rod without news. The sincerity was pitiful.

"Hey, it's time to...."

"Shh."

"It's no use. Do you know how many kilograms I have to fish at a time to win?"

He beckons to be quiet. The eyes were still on the sea level. There's something there. He looked at his fishing rod without expectation. He didn't know at first, but he quickly found a black figure crawling underneath it. Is it a reef? It was so unrealistic that he thought about it first. It suddenly stops moving after slowly hovering near the fishing rod. Almost at the same time, Zenya's fishing rod began to bend without hesitation.

The strength to hold out and the strength to pull were tightly compatible. The current, which had been quiet until a while ago, quickly curved and broke white.

The fishing line was about to break. No, the fishing rod could have been broken.

He can untie the line a little, but Zenya didn't. He just pulled the rope blindly, facing up to the unknown existence against him.

The next moment, the wheel of the fishing rod turned quickly. As the tight line became loose, the prey, which was shaking violently on both sides, slipped out.

He didn't miss the moment when the reins were released and wound the rope at once. Then, he pulled out the guy who was trying to hold out late with only his waist.

The drops of water spattered and something huge surged up. Kwon Taek-ju couldn't wipe the water off his face and just watched. The raw fish that was confronting Zenya crashed with a thud. Then he keeps hitting the floor with his tail.

Zenya put a knife in its gills without hesitation. Red blood trickled out. Without stopping there, completely tilt the head and turn it upside down. The large fish fluttered for some time before drooping. It was after that that he caught my eye.

The approximate length was about 150cm and the weight seemed to reach at least 40kg.

Zenya threw a breathless big fish to Kwon Taek-ju. He accidentally received it and dropped it back because it was heavier than he thought. Even after seeing it clearly with both eyes and touching it for a while, it didn't feel real. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju, who was puzzled, Zenya smiled reluctantly.

"Now I must make a wish."

He took off his gown with a bitter look. A gown that slipped from his body fell to the floor, sweeping through the nassins. Zenya sat across from the bed and watched the scene. The twisted mouth seemed to herald the hardships ahead.

It was obvious that it was his wish. All Kwon Taek-ju has is a healthy body, and he's the only one he's interested in. It was just how obnoxious the spell would be added.

Kwon Taek-ju sat on the bed and faced Zenya. It was not a shame to put out the naked body again. Of course, it was unclear whether he could do so even after hearing his request. He's nervous, he's betting on something else.

"You said you wouldn't do it more than twice with the same person."

"It used to be."

"I think you rolled around at least three times as far as I remember."

"I can't help it now. Because there's no place to plug it in except you."

"Isn't that a problem that will be solved if you don't come into the corner of this island?"

He smirks as if he's the same. Then he asked for it without any time to look elsewhere.

"Try lying down on all fours."

"What?"

"You understand. Lie down like a beast."

"Hey, you...."

"I don't think you were supposed to complain."

Why did I add such conditions? Bloody snout, bloody.

He looked at Zenya with eyes asking if it was really a wish, but he showed no sign of backing down. It's so dirty.

If he doesn't respond quickly, he urges the transition with a low chin. Kwon Taek-ju said, "I'm going to go crazy," and messed up his hair. Then he turned

over reluctantly. He even roughly fell on his stomach, but he couldn't dare to stretch his limbs. The two fists clenched in humiliation trembled.

"No? Should I say another wish?"

He urges him secretly. For some reason, the other wish would have been added if the degree had been added, but not less. He slowly built a bridge with his molars in his mouth. Stretch out his arms and lie down like a four-footed animal.

Zenya, who was staring from behind, tilted his head.

"You have to spread your legs. I can't see it."

Damn, you need to see something.

His teeth split automatically. But there was no way he could see a good figure even if he did it for a long distance. It would have been better if this moment passed quickly. He forced his legs apart not to fall off. The genitals crouching inside the thighs fell.

Zenya savored the scene with his chin resting on his arm. He lazily skimmed through the plump buttocks, thick thigh lines, shaded hip bones, and the fat that flutters helplessly underneath them. The trembling limbs

stimulated the desire to conquer. The heat of the eyes filled with color quickly becomes young.

Slowly rose from his seat. The gown that had hung over the shoulder slipped away.

Covering Kwon Taek-ju's body on his stomach, he took a full bite of the back of his neck, which was shaking. Kwon Taek-ju pushed his chest in a rage, but he didn't have a hard time overcoming it.

"...Ugh."

He bites his neck harder as if to punish vain defiance. One after another, a solid piece of flesh poured in between the tense hips. Kwon Taek-ju's body was crushed as if folding under enormous pressure. In an instant, the lungs were weighed down and suffocated. The whole body leans forward. In the meantime,

some of the genitals that had been put in at best were spit back out. Maybe he didn't like it, so he broke Kwon Taek-ju's arm and grabbed it and hit the bottom at once. The genitals, which had been half eaten, were stuck to the roots at once.

Zenya's pelvis and Kwon Taek-ju's cheek rubbed strongly with a clanking sound.

Kwon Taek-ju's thighs were noticeably swollen with a terrible sense of penetration. It's already been a few times, but he's not used to that terrible sensation.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...."

A lot of crushed groans flowed from Kwon Taek-ju, who bowed his head deeply.

He persisted in biting his neck, which kept shrinking. He was almost as blind as a male in the breeding season.

Kwon Taek-ju's red earlobes with his genitals stuck in it. The fluffy ears are also licked up. Soon his ears become warm and wet.

He twisted his head to get out of that itchy, awkward touch. The murmur, "Don't do it," stings.

"...Yes. It's a foreplay for mating."

Immediately after that, the genitals that had been pulled out, leaving only the earheads, hit in one stroke. Kwon Taek-ju's body was pushed back together.

Zenya didn't even allow him to do so, but she put it underneath so that his cheeks, which had been flat, could become flat. Then, rub the interlocked area thoroughly.

"Argh, argh...."

He felt his stomach eating like a dog. Zenya didn't let go of it and pulled out his waist long and took a long shot inside. His body trembled as if the electricity had risen. Before the thrill disappeared, he released Kwon Taek-ju as if riding a horse he poked underneath quickly as he pulled it. A clear sound of friction was

crushed from the skin that was constantly being detached. The depths of his body kept ringing. If he kept getting stuck like that, his body would split in half.

He struggled with his limbs to escape from the relentless pouring sensations like a waterfall. Soon, red energy spreads throughout the ears, neck, and back.

Zenya licked his dry lips as he pressed harder on Kwon Taek-ju.

"Cry, zainka."

He stretched out on the bed and looked up at the ceiling. He did it again. No matter how much he accepts the result of the bet, what's wrong with accepting him in such a dirty manner? Late remorse swarmed in.

More like an agreement this time, obviously not rape. He knew hd might lose the bet. It was also clearly expected that Zenya would not be pure in her demands, calling it a "wish." Nevertheless, he pushed his head into his mouth in the determination to escape.

He felt empty and uncomfortable. It was disgraceful that he bragged about it as it was and finally got crushed by him.

But that was all. It wasn't as shocking and angry as before. Is it not a big deal because he had been beaten so much. The defense mechanism to maintain a complete mind may have worked. It's just one of the sex.

It was often a problem that occurred in prisons where only men were gathered, ships that sailed for a long time, and the military. He must have gotten used to it because he was trapped on a deserted island and had only one person to deal with. Humans are naturally environmentally affected creatures.

There's no point in having sex with him anyway. There is no need to give meaning to meaningless acts. He tried so hard to rationalize it.

When his confused head was cleared up, he heard a sound that he didn't realize.

It was quite a familiar melody. It wasn't a strong tone that was so powerful that

he could get into it at once. There was more monotonous, calm, and heavy power than splendid.

There was a deep sense of foresight. When did I listen to it? While looking back on his memory, he recognized that it was this mansion that he first encountered such a melody. It seems that it was a real dream.

He raised his upper body and sat listening. It must be a stringed instrument, but it didn't seem to be a violin or a cello. Is it a viola?

He got out of bed like he was attracted to something. Cover himself with a blanket. The room was dark. Nevertheless, he moves without turning on the light.

The performance was continuing upstairs. Wiping the wall with his hands, he climbed the dim steps. The more step by step, the more vivid the melody became.

In time, the footsteps that had fallen like a dream stop. For a moment his vision opened up. Moonlight passing through a large window was shining on the contrabass. The vibrations echoing from the heavy body directly hit the heart.

The white and long fingers playing on the strings and the unique platinum feet shone more brightly than ever. The figure of lighting the strings strongly or softly with a straight bow was also infinitely elegant. He was mesmerized by the illusion created by light for a moment to the extent that he completely forgot who the performer was.

He sat with his heavy head against the wall. He's an outsider to music, but he knows he rarely plays solo on contrabass. The ensemble plays the monologue with an instrument optimized for harmony. The stubbornness and the slow melody that originated from the huge body were both monstrous. Except he feels a bit sad somewhere.

He closed his eyelids and felt sentimental. It's a monster subject with no emotions, and he knows how to make a pretty good sound. The melody, which did not reach a sharp peak or rush, drove the silence. The inside of Kwon Taekju's eyelids gradually calms down. One spring when the spring sun was swaying, laundry felt as comfortable as the day he dozed off behind his mother.

Soon the performance will stop. However, Kwon Taek-ju, who fell asleep, was not aware of the fact at all. A deep shadow hangs over his fallen head.

"....."

Zenya stretched out his long bow and lifted Kwon Taek-ju's hair. The usual firmness of the face was clearly released. So he looked down at a strange face for a long time. He didn't do anything else.

Soon after, the bangs hanging at the end of the bow covered Kwon Taek-ju's eyes on the road. Back at contrabass, Zenya started playing again.

A low and calm melody rang out in the air.

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"What's over there?"

he stopped at breakfast and asked. It wasn't a question that he asked out of real curiosity. Zenya, who was drinking coffee, turned his head after Kwon Taek-ju's hand. He could see some trees in the distance from the window. If he goes further there, he will find a birch forest.

Zenya shrugged his shoulders as if he were not interested. It's difficult. He had to check the topography there to find the best point of paragliding.

But he rarely showed signs of going out. If he said he would go for a walk alone, he would definitely be suspicious. He couldn't help it.

"I have nothing to do, shall we hunt together?"

He suggested it out of the blue. Zenya raised his eyes again and watched Kwon Taek-ju. It would have been strange to actively recommend doing something. As if trying to figure out what the real intention was, he stared at the person with the strength to penetrate.

"There's no way to kill time. I'm bored to death."

That was all he meant. There was not a book in the house that was common.

There is no audio, let alone an Internet-connected PC or television. Moreover, Zenya, the only interlocutor, did not speak out at all times. He didn't even have a conversation with him. The day was like a year. No prison would have been starker than that.

At best, Zenya showed little interest. He loves to play alone, but how do he know the suffering of neglected humans?

He decided to change the way. He decided to please the lazy beast by gently scratching his belly.

"There are tiger skins everywhere. Don't tell me you caught it all."

It was a rather vague word to be a compliment. And yet, Zenya's chin crept up. It was still understood as a compliment that he did not intend to do so. He secretly tilts his head as if to do more. "How much is that? You stopped doing it." His heart even opened. The mouth, which had been stiff all along, also drew a line.

"Do you want my body to play with you that much?"

What's wrong?

Kwon Taek-ju's expression gets irritated at once by his arrogant remarks. He doesn't feel like it, so he's just being kind.

He looked at Zenya with a ridiculous look. He didn't care at all. If he wanted to, he could only lift himself up.

"Is it a bet again?"

Zenya was about to leave the kitchen when he checked and asked. Naturally, the humiliation of last night came to mind. He swallowed his emotional stomach and nodded. If he's angry, he can win. He was confident that he would not lose in accuracy and speed even if he couldn't beat him with strength.

Gunfire rang out in the quiet snowfield. The frightened birds plumped away.

Even the little beasts hurriedly disappeared. As a result, the snow piled up on the branches fell to the floor. The forest, which had been sleeping quietly, seemed to wake up at once.

He rushed along the forest path. He was chasing a reindeer who was peeling off the bark and eating it. It was his first time seeing it in person. He knew he was big, but he was sick and tired of his size of 2m. The reindeer sped off, kicking the floor with their long, strong legs. It was as if a huge horn was caught on a branch or not.

The forest, which was completely out of human reach, was the same as it was.

The piled-up snowfield was full of animal tracks. The trees fell naturally, and sprouted out of nowhere. If he steps in a place like this, he's likely to get hurt by getting caught in a gap in a tree buried under the snow. It was not easy to climb over the fallen tree. The forest of barbarism seemed to be wary of strangers, hiding traps everywhere.

The reindeer disappeared through the dense trees and occasionally jumped up and showed off their presence. It looks like it's going to be caught soon, but it's going to be out of range. The clattering motion made him angry. Kwon Taek-ju, who was running recklessly, suddenly bent one knee and sat down. He thought it would be faster to hit him from a long distance than to continue the chase that never knew when it would end.

The shotgun pointed forward. Hold his breath and wait for the reindeer to jump back up. When he focused all his attention on the target, the noise around him temporarily evaporated. He narrowed his eyes and pulled the trigger half way.

Then, the reindeer that had disappeared behind the tree appeared. He pulled the trigger at his head without hesitation.

The bullet bounced off with the sound of a bang. However, the reindeer turned quickly and blew only one horn.

"...Damn it."

A sigh broke out. He guess hd focused without realizing it. Meanwhile, Zenya passed Kwon Taek-ju and closely followed the reindeer.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was about to run along, suddenly stops. Meanwhile, Zenya was moving away. He remembered his duty, which he had forgotten because he was immersed in hunting. He didn't just come here to kill time. To escape, he came to understand the topographical characteristics and wind direction of the forest.

But it may not even be necessary. The two men were quite far from the mansion. Excited by the hunt, Zenya moved away from the reindeer, and Kwon Taek-ju himself remained alone. In the street, it was closer to the mansion than Zenya.

What will happen if I turn around and run like this? If I go back to the mansion before I get caught by Zenya. If only I could get on his helicopter like that.

He looked up again and checked Zenya's location. He was so far away that his silhouette was blurry. Wouldn't there be a chance of winning if I run at full speed?

He ran with his eyes out before he could make up his conviction. He desperately stirs his limbs as he cuts through the wind as strong as his running speed. The mere fact that he showed his back to him shook his vision uneasily, and his

pulse fluctuate urgently. His legs were twisted and he felt like he was going to fall. The situation was no different from the reindeer being chased by him.

He ran away frantically. He didn't really think about anything. Soon, the back of the thighs and calves became stiff. But there was no hesitation. Once he turned around, he had to run away completely. Further, faster, before Zenya notices his absence.

The next moment, a shot rang in the distance. He stood flinching in spite of himself. He looked back, but he couldn't see Zenya. Nevertheless, he was confident that the reindeer's death would have been terminated by the previous firing.

He faltered back. Then he clenches his teeth and pulls them out faster. The guy who had just finished hunting would notice my absence. Just imagining a guy looking for him made his spine cold.

Before long, an open snowfield appeared in front of him. It was an access road to the forest, an escape route. He ran for a long time, but he had to go that far. In addition, the trees have covered themselves so far, but there is no place to hide from now on. No matter how fast he ran, it would be difficult to avoid flying bullets. So he had to rush out of range.

Just a little more. Just a little more. He put himself to sleep without rest. Around that time, a sign hit his ear. He thought it was the sound of the wind, but it wasn't like that. Something was coming to a close, hurting the dense birch tree.

Reindeer? No, it was bigger and sleeker than that.

There was a deep sense of foresight. It seems that there have been similar situations in the past. Soon the day when he first arrived in Russia came to his mind. While traveling through alleys after being kidnapped by gunmen, he sensed a similar scent as he is now.

It's him.

He could clearly hear his collar sweeping through the bushes. It was more daunting than the last shot. The trees are moving little by little, warning that he is approaching. Blimey, he quickly walked out of the forest.

He couldn't open his eyes properly because the snow field reflected the sunlight. All he could hear was his wild breath. An unstable fluttering heart was about to vomit down his throat. Even though his legs fell into the snow, he ran on all fours.

He didn't play this hard in the special forces or in the agent's physical strength test. The same is true when chasing an enemy or being chased to the station.

This is because at no point was life at stake.

But things are different now. He didn't know what kind of trouble would come if Zenya caught him like this. His whole body wielded more superhuman strength than ever before, stirring the frozen air and crushing the slippery floor.

Nevertheless, the back of his head kept tightening. He didn't dare to look back.

The heavy snow secretly hides the chaser's presence.

His right foot, which he inadvertently stepped on, fell deeper than expected and stumbled greatly. At the moment, something grazes between the shoulder and the earlobe with the sound of a tang. His whole body froze automatically. If it had been a little more sloppy, the ears would have flown away. The head could have been smashed.

"I won't miss the next time."

His warning came from a distance. He must have been running for a considerable distance without a break, but his cool voice was not shaken at all.

What should I do? How?

Still, he couldn't hear his footsteps. He couldn't even move hastily because he couldn't feel how far away he was. His hand with the shotgun tightened. Sweat formed in his hands. His heart was beating so fast that he felt dizzy. He wasn't

sure what to try. However, there would have been nothing more hopeless than waiting for his disposition on the spot.

Kwon Taek-ju made his final effort as if he had met a tiger on a remote road. He runs away ignoring Zenya's warning. It was an illegitimate decision. Soon, his limbs became numb, and cold sweat sprang up from all the holes. He clenches his teeth with desperation to make it work.

Before long, three or four shots rang from behind. He closed his eyes tightly because he thought he was going to die. However, the pain was not felt for a long time. Kwon Taek-ju was running with his eyes kicking with his legs intact.

Did he miss it? He heard an unusual sound while he was feeling uncomfortable.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but the ground seemed to shake little by little.

A giant being was wriggling. Without realizing it, he stopped and turned his head in the direction where the groan began. What surprised him was that some of the snow cliffs lined up like folding screens were splitting and sliding along the slope. There was no avalanche.

I had to run away. The only thing in his mind was that, but his legs were stuck.

He didn't even think of raising his arms to block the snow that was coming in. A white snow wave hits Kwon Taek-ju.

After a brief disturbance, the surroundings again became as silent as death. All traces on the snowfield were wiped clean. Zenya walked up there. Red blood drips from the neck of the reindeer over his shoulders. It soon dotted the white snowfield, creating a clear contrast of colors.

Zenya passed by the point where Kwon Taek-ju disappeared. Then he stopped for a while from quite a distance. How long has he been waiting? Suddenly, a hand pouts out through the eyes. The hand scraped down the thick snow, longing for survival. After watching for a while, he reached out, and a desperate hand clasped the hand. He pulled it with force. Soon, Kwon Taek-ju, who was covered with snow, was pulled over the snowfield.

"Ugh... Sigh...Cough, cough."

He throws up his breath and shakes his whole body. He breathed too much, and he felt cursed. He shook his head and shook off the snow that had dug

throughout his body. He had a throbbing headache. This time he really almost died.

"I think I've won again."

Zenya muttered while looking down on Kwon Taek-ju, who was wheezing helplessly. Somehow his face was stiff.

Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was pushing his chin annoyingly, fell on the bed. He stopped moving and looked down at his badly disturbed face. Tears had dried up around the wet eyes. Deep wrinkles were caught between the eyebrows, and even a thick vein stood up on the forehead. The dried lips opened helplessly and exhaled a shallow breath. He relaxed his grip on his neck. Then, my chest, which is smooth with sweat, is greatly and slowly excited. His face, which had been completely distorted, was also loosened a little.

Gradually, he tilted his upper body toward Kwon Taek-ju. As the insertion deepens, Kwon Taek-ju's body wiggles small. The chest and chest, shoulders and shoulders met tightly. The body temperature and pulse were clearly felt through the skin in contact.

He licked Kwon Taek-ju's wet eyes while watching. Even rough eyelashes grope with the tip of his tongue. It tasted salty. He smacked his lips and licked his lower lip.

"Why?"

He doesn't know even if he asks himself again and again. It wasn't more than an interest in the unfamiliar, elusive existence. How about doing it like this? How would it come out like that? It was just the object of such a cheeky curiosity. If the inspiration disappears, it will not be a pity to dispose of it immediately.

Kwon Taek-ju was not the only object of interest so far. The interest of short-lived resurgence would quickly disappear, but it would quickly recur. As in relationships with women, he had never felt the same more than once.

The moment Kwon Taek-ju reappeared, he became an exception. As soon as he received a call that Anastasia had flown in his hand, he got goosebumps. An uncontrollable thrill burst from his head and spread throughout his body. He laughed out of the thought of hunting him, who was grumpy.

Nevertheless, he has never let go of his prey. He is persistent in his pursuit and slowly ceases to breathe. The object of interest has also been somehow conquered and eliminated without hesitation if it does not give in. That was the way it was.

However, Kwon Taek-ju is still alive and well. Originally, he should have died three more times and disappeared. Why is he so relaxed?

It's a little annoying if he keeps it alive, but it doesn't bother him. Although he constantly escapes, he is calm for a while when he is caught. The feeding is quite well received, and often knows how to say pleasant things. The biggest advantage was that it was hard, so it didn't break even if it was hit hard enough.

It was fun to press it as it was, even though it was fierce with pride. It was also quite a charm that the body, which seemed to not fit a needle, eventually became soft.

Is it some kind of pet? Yeah, it's like raising an animal that doesn't easily get tamed. Going out only at unavoidable times, getting home faster and faster, and snooping around a grocery store that he wasn't interested in are all part of it.

The more he looks at anything, the more he becomes attached to it. What feels new is that Zenya himself has never grown anything.

He dismissed it like that and moved his stopped waist. Kwon Taek-ju's stretched body shook together. A strong and sleek jawline, a prominent throat, a straight lumbar spine, a thick chest that rises below it, and abdominal muscles that

move up and down every time he breathes. Nothing was not like a man, but his mouth was watering for no reason.

The more he stirred the inside, the more thirsty he was. Even if he lifted his unconscious body to his heart's content, he couldn't get rid of his anger. Kwon Taek-ju's knees under his thighs were put in and lifted, and his body, which was concentrated to the back of the bed, was pulled closely. He pushed his body, which was dragged weakly, to its limit and crushed it more. Kwon Taek-ju's body was crumpled as the insertion deepened. The genitals wrapped around the sweet mucous membrane wriggled violently.

"...Sigh."

Enjoy the tight tightness and exhale. For a moment, he felt like his eyes were spinning. As it seemed to dig deeper inside while rubbing the interlocking part deeply, a groan leaked from Kwon Taek-ju. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arm, which was dazed and reflected, and poked his ferocious roots relentlessly.

Whenever the swollen hole scratched the sweet genitalia, the blue eyes were eroded by the red heat.

Unable to control his excitement, he pressed his lips around Kwon Taek-ju's face, ears, and chin. He couldn't stand it without doing anything because it was all over his head. The body, which had been stiff enough to hurt for a while, has now become raptivity tight and soft. He was intoxicated by the fact that he opened his body several times and tamed it, which no one had ever seen.

He accelerates his waistline and binge-eats Kwon Taek-ju's inner flesh. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju, who was being stabbed by him, his lips went up for nothing.

"It's a shame to kill him."

He lit a cigar. A bitter scent spreads in quiet inhalation and a series of exhalations. Kwon Taek-ju opened his eyes with a flinch. He felt like he

had a stone on his eyelid. He was thirsty and was in pain. It was not unreasonable to scream until he fainted.

He tried to get up, but his body didn't listen. When he rolled his eyes, he saw Zenya sitting on the bed with his back showing. He tried to call him, but there was no voice.

"......?"

Zenya, who was burning a cigar, glanced back. It was because Kwon Taek-ju touched his back. The hands swaying in the air seemed to be longing for something. He gave him the cigar he was biting while looking at his hand moving. He bursts into a shallow sigh as if he doesn't want it. He had to squeeze a cigar into his lips. Kwon Taek-ju was upset but did not throw away the bitten cigar.

He slowly raised his upper body while pressing his throbbing head. Meanwhile, Zenya lit up a new cigar. The bedroom is quickly filled with acrid smoke. A cough broke out in his dry throat.

He thought he was going to die last night. He couldn't forget the face of Zenya, who was pulling Kwon Taek-ju himself out of the snow. He had never seen such a cold look. He even felt anger in his grasp, which was clenching the neck. He wondered if he was angry because he was tricked.

He still had a sore throat. He didn't feel anything under his waist, but he felt that he was alive. The sight of him driving all night seemed to be trying to tame a spoiled mountain animal. It was not an imprint of training, but an act of unilaterally injecting hierarchy and superiority. He realized his level of socialization by his rough and rugged gestures. It was clear that he regarded humans other than himself as something to surrender.

Just tossing and turning made his back ache. Can I get a bruise while having sex? There was nothing that was not painful enough to raise such a question. He groaned for a long time before he sat up straight. When he leaned his back against the head, he naturally breathed a long breath.

"I saw yesterday that there were many ramps, so it was good to ski."

Zenya had a ridiculous look on his face. Skiing with a visibly shaggy look. Right now, it seems impossible to even walk on its own.

"I guess it's still worth living, right?"

"I thought it would be better than staying still and going crazy."

"Prison would be better than here." He murmured. Zenya's eyes are on him again. He felt like he was going to reveal everything in the dark at any moment.

He secretly avoided eye contact as he washed the cigar so that his cheeks became thin. He also criticized the arrogant guy who never obediently.

"Don't pretend to be a nuisance, my dear. I'm enjoying it, too."

"Did you follow me enough to have fun?"

He smirks and provokes. The last two bets lost in a row were due to variables. It will be different this time. It was bound to be different.

"Keep it on while you can even show off. Even so, I got dozens of business cards asking if I would like to try skiing."

"Aha?"

He didn't seem to believe it at all. How belittled he must have been.

"It's a bet. Got it?"

He put him to sleep again with a lukewarm response. He gave a mean smile.

"Do you want to be hugged by me?"

How did that master come to such a cute conclusion?

"Get your ass ready."

He raised his middle finger and growled. Zenya, who succeeded in provocation, makes a satisfied expression. The back of the guy who went to get his ski equipment looked very happy. However, his walk was lighter than usual, and his shoulders seemed to be moving pleasantly. It would have been an illusion.

He dashed with all his strength in the snow. The wide and short Siberian ski slid smoothly even in snowy fields with a lot of snow. The approaching tree quickly passes by. After a long run, every time he took off, a thrilling thrill spread. His desire to win was relieved and he began to enjoy skiing itself. He doesn't know how long it's been since he enjoyed the thrill.

The two rode the ridge ahead of each other and back and forth. As the pace increased, he became short of breath. A stiff pain came up from his chest, but even he felt pleasant. Just breathing in a lot of clean air seemed to remove all the toxins in the body.

While skiing, he didn't forget to grasp the surrounding terrain. Carefully examine which ridge should be used to obtain strong momentum. No hill to collapse with a few shotguns like yesterday. It would be better to be in the highlands, but what is more important was the wind. Only when the wind pushes his back can he leap further.

He continued to speed while flexibly avoiding trees and stones, which are no different from obstacles. At some point, Zenya was not seen. He looked around for him for a while, but soon quit. It was rather advantageous not to have him around. He carefully checks the areas that can be used without worrying.

Of course, winning this bet was useless. He endured any demands for a victory one day. There's something he has done so far, and Zenya wouldn't dare ignore his demands.

He imagined him reluctantly handing over the helicopter key. He was in a jittery mood. He's sure he'll win this time. Proudly, he went forward.

The game ends when one of the two reaches a predetermined point. Kwon Taek-ju dared to guarantee his victory. He had never lost a ski bet. Unless

there were crazy variables, it would be difficult for any monster to beat him.

He raised the pitch and ran on a steep slope. Zenya was nowhere to be seen. It was clear that he must have fallen on a stone.

Now it's just around the corner. He increased his speed by vigorously hitting the floor with the poles of both hands. His thighs and calves that balance his body were as stiff as if he were going to burst. However, now that victory is on the verge, the pain was no problem. Kwon Taek-ju's smile spreads throughout his face.

Won.

It was time to turn the corner with conviction. Something flew overhead. When he inadvertently raised his head, there was a deep shadow on his face. It was Zenya.

"Uh...."

He burst into a low exclamation without realizing it. The snowball made by his downhill was rolling down as it grew bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger.

He should avoid it, but if he flinched for a moment, he would lose to him. He gritted his teeth and held on.

The snowball that hit Kwon Taek-ju turns him into a living snowman. Zenya, who landed safely, accelerated and took the lead. He chased belatedly, but he could not close the gap as the speed decreased due to the impact of the collision with the snowball.

Zenya made a smooth turn at the appointed point and easily pulled out the pole she had stuck there. He arrived one step later than that. As he ran, he shook his head and shook off his eyes, but his whole body was still covered with snow.

Kwon Taek-ju throwing away the pole in anger was like a white bear throwing salmon. That's why Zenya suddenly burst into laughter.

"Laughing out loud!"

Kwon Taek-ju's words were stunned. He had never seen him smile so brightly.

Maybe that's why. His heart thumped at will. Was he too surprised? Slowly rub his chest that doesn't calm down easily.

Around that time, the snow all over the body melted coldly, reminding me of my existence. He sat down with his skis on. Then he began to remove the snow that had dug in every corner. He shook his head and opened his eyes in his ears, and Zenya approached him and was sarcastic.

"I'm getting tired of winning."

His stomach was upset, but he didn't show it. The harvest was not empty either.

Even if he failed to win the bet and proudly won the helicopter, he finished identifying the terrain, so the next goal was achieved. He was just dissatisfied that he raised his nose again.

He reached out his hand indifferently, saying, "Unlucky you." It was a habitual act. The habit that he used to do with his group who went to the ski resort just popped out. He realized his mistake, but he didn't bite his hand again.

Zenya only stared at Kwon Taek-ju's hand that stretched out to him. The hand that he put out became embarrassed. "Hey," he urged, wriggling his fingers. He waited and held hands after a long time as if he were looking at a strange creature.

No, he thought so. The moment he tried to get up relying on him, he was pushed back. As soon as he fell on his backside, his body overlapped. Reflectively, he raised his arm and blocked it, but he skillfully grabbed it and pressed it. Soon, his face was placed within the distance of his nose.

He kept a quiet eye on Kwon. Looking at him so close, he could see what his eyes were capturing every moment. Kwon Taek-ju's dark eyebrows, black eyes, a sharp nose, and quite thick lips are slowly swept one after another. Then, he bowed his head and pressed his lips one after another on the tail of Kwon Taekju's eyes and inside his neck.

Perhaps because of the cold, the lips of the guy who stuck lightly and fell off were hotter than ever. The man who held Kwon Taek-ju's neck once and put it

down bowed a little more and put the zipper on his top in his mouth. Then drag it down slowly.

The bare skin was immediately apparent. Zenya slowly moved her lips from Kwon Taek-ju's neck to her collarbone and around her chest. It was a soft touch unlike him. He couldn't tell if the goosebumps were due to the cold or the itchy man's condition.

"...Is this your wish?"

He held it in silence and asked. Zenya faltered and raised his head. He looked blank as if he had awakened from some fantasy. Any emotion that was young in both eyes evaporated like a ghost. Somehow he seemed pretty embarrassed.

"Oh, it is. Wish...."

The man who was muttering in vain jumped up. Kwon Taek-ju also sat up quickly and pulled up the zipper that went down to his belly button. Shake off the buried snow.

Zenya stood with his back showing for a long time. He looked where his eyes touched, but nothing stood out. Before long, he said he would go and cross the snowfield alone.

He watched the distant one vaguely and struggled to stand up alone. He also picked up who was just rolling around. He was quite far from him, but he didn't think about running away. Even if he ran away, he was inside the

island. He was caught again and he wasn't confident about the consequences. Slithering, snow-crashing, he heads to the house.

His head tilted because of his unusual heartbeat. His heart is racing. No matter how much he breathed, he couldn't calm down even if he kept sweeping his chest. Is it time to die? He couldn't figure out why.

He went outside after taking a shower. Zenya was sitting in front of Pechka early on. As soon as he made eye contact with him, he sighed and turned around.

Untie the waistband on his own and take off the loose gown. The remaining brief was slowly lowered. If there was anything he wanted, he did it yesterday, so he wanted it to be done once today.

"What are you doing?"

When asked a random question, he looked back with a brief hanging in the middle of his thigh. Zenya looked shamelessly ignorant. It looks like something to him. It's his request. It's obvious anyway. He glared at him in protest.

"I never said it was a wish."

Cut it into pieces. His face was about to explode. Every time he won a bet, he asked for one thing. He took off his clothes on his own because he was in need of hearing the instructions repeatedly, but now he doesn't know. He raised the brief back with abusive language.

The man who had been laughing for a long time raised his finger. It was a gesture almost like calling a dog. When Kwon Taek-ju did not respond, he became embarrassed at once. He thinks he's bipolar at that point.

He approached Zenya with an unwilling look. He suddenly reached out to Kwon Taek-ju. When he puts his hand on it in doubt, he sweeps the back of his hand with his thumb. Then, he suddenly pulled Kwon Taek-ju down in front of him. He hit his knee on the floor before he could hold out.

"...Chew, it hurts."

"I can hit it as much as I want, but it's a waste to use it there."

Hold on to the angry chin. He tilted his head and tried to shake off his hand, but only his chin was clenched tighter because of the attempt. One after another, he unzipped his pants. Then he pulled out his hideous genitals through the cracks.

The flesh, which had not been raised, fluttered down proudly with its huge body. Zenya rubbed his head still on Kwon Taek-ju's lower jaw. The signs were not good.

"It's sucking."

"I don't want to...!"

The hair that he had taken out in disgust was caught. His tight lips crushed his genitals. When he held out with his teeth clenched, he pulled the back of his head. Oh, and as soon as he burst into an annoyed groan, a thick piece of flesh dug into his mouth.

His mouth was full at once as both cheeks became convex. The genitalia that slipped while pressing the tongue hit Adam's apple. He was choked up. Kwon Taek-ju's upper body was all excited by the strong swearing. Zenya clenched his struggling chin and looked down quietly at his face, which was full of age.

As he held out not to bite his genitals properly, his open jaw gradually ached.

The saliva that had not been swallowed kept in his mouth. His breathing was half blocked, so he couldn't breathe. Every time he inhaled tightly, the strong smell of flesh came up. He thought it would be better to finish it quickly.

Kwon Taek-ju closed his eyes tightly and held the genitals that were only in his mouth. That alone fluttered Zenya's abdomen satisfactorily. As he

moved his head slowly, the hand he held as if he was going to break his chin was also released.

It was his first time sucking a man's genitals. Since he started, he would have to take a step back properly, but he doesn't know what to do.

To Kwon Taek-ju, who was in trouble, Zenya peeled his skin by himself. The red-hot flesh pushed its head in. The urethra, which stuck like a nostril, was constantly fluttering with expectation. He frowned and opened his mouth again while looking at it with a complacent look. Zenya's abs were noticeably wriggling as she took an unusually heated bite and sucked it in. As he slightly tilts his head, his eyes looking down at Kwon Taek-ju become more drowsy.

Soon something came out of the urethra. It was like Cooper's liquid to wet his mouth, slippery and fishy. In the meantime, he has gained weight by rubbing his body against a soft mucous membrane. His mouth was getting full and wide open up to his chin. He couldn't figure out what to do because it was too much to just bite.

Zenya put his finger in Kwon Taek-ju's mouth and crushed his tongue. Then, he pushed the erector into it. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes widened. The corners of his mouth were pulled because of his genitalia, which was incomparably thicker than before his promotions. It didn't seem strange even if the gear was torn. He couldn't believe this was stuck in his ass.

The genitalia, which had rolled over its tongue a couple of times, immediately pushed to the end of its roots and hit Adam's apple. He felt nauseous at the temple.

"Ugh!"

Kwon Taek-ju leaned back and clapped his limbs to escape the pain. Zenya only enjoyed the touch of the lukewarm and sweet mucous membrane, attaching his lower abdomen to such a face. Kwon Taek-ju's appearance in the center of him triggered an unprecedented sense of conquest. A lumpy fever spread through the back of the bone. He couldn't take it any longer.

Kwon Taek-ju's hair was snapped and his waist bounced. The thick genitals were pulled out while sweeping their tongues, and then immediately hit their Adam's apple and soared beyond. Sometimes, he turned and poked up the mucous membrane inside the cheek. He opened his mouth helplessly at the genitals coming in and out of violence. There was a gasp in his throat. He felt like he was going to get a cramp in his tongue being swept away.

"Ugh... Oh, my...Well... Whoo... Ha, Haa."

Damp saliva drips down his chin. The genitals that constantly press the airway become swollen up to the neck. He was suffocated to death. He pulled up his teeth in the pot. It was right after that.

The hard colt touched the temple. Zenya looked down at Kwon Taek-ju as if to try. It was to look at Kwon Taek-ju's reaction by loosely bouncing his back.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was staring at him with antipathetic eyes, could not bear to bite his flesh. Instinct wanted survival rather than self-respect.

Zenya grinned as he saw Kwon Taek-ju, who had calmed down. Since then, he has openly violated Kwon Taek-ju's mouth. He rubs his ears hard on the scratchy roof of his mouth and then pokes the inside of his cheek. Then, he touched the skin with his thumb. Soon the whole mouth was tingling.

Perhaps that was not enough, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder and changed his position. The chair he was sitting on touched the nape of his neck.

Both arms were still held to him.

Zenya tied Kwon Taek-ju's wrist and pressed his genitalia relentlessly. A rattling testicle hit the jaw underneath. Kwon Taek-ju's entire face was red from the neck to the ruthless insertion that gave him no time to breathe.

Zenya's thighs, which touched the side of his face, wriggled heavily. Abs were also greatly excited by the pleasure of bending from head to toe. Kwon Taek-ju just waited for the pain to pass by.

In time, Zenya's lower abdomen pressed his nose and became completely attached. He felt suffocated by the thickened smell of flesh as he was suffocating. The biting genitals shook violently and something thick poured down his throat.

"...Ugh, ugh."

Zenya's teeth are grinding. The ease evaporated even from his sweet face. As the fishy smell spread, mucus spread in the mouth. He wanted to spit it out quickly, but the genitals of the guy who was still holding out wouldn't allow it.

He raised his back a little more and tilted Kwon Taek-ju's head back. As a result, semen, which had been vaguely held in the mouth, went over the dreamy throat. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes were filled with astonishment. Zenya's two arms were also full of strength. For the first time, it was too much to press him.

Kwon Taek-ju's throat bends and bites only after swallowing semen. Again the genitals brushed off Adam's apple. At the same time as he opened his breath, the area was crowded, so he broke his upper body and wagged. The trembling lips were soaked with body fluid and saliva.

Zenya, who was watching the scene, reached out again. Then he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's chin, which was struggling to wheeze. The black eyes were swollen with tears. Zenya's eyes open more to the unexpected scenery. Kwon Taek-ju turned his head and avoided his hand.

It was then. There was a vibration somewhere. Zenya's gaze, which seemed to penetrate Kwon Taek-ju, moved to find the identity of the vibration. Soon the cell phone rolling on the floor caught his eye.

Zenya slowly got up and picked up his cell phone. Don't answer quickly and check the sender first. Even when he answered the phone, he didn't say hello and just listened to the other person. On the way, he looked back on Kwon Taek-ju. He looked displeased for some reason. The meaning was unknown.

Kwon Taek-ju followed him up to the rooftop. His face was full of bumps. He seemed to be still in a bad mood about last night. Stop trying to get on the helicopter and stare at him. There was no particular word. For such a while, only the glaring eyes went back and forth.

"Hurry up and go."

At first glance, it seemed like a greeting to have a safe trip, but it was close to meaning to get off right away. Nevertheless, Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju with a new look. In fact, it was not once or twice. Sometimes he would look unfamiliar even with trivial words and actions. He doesn't think he made a particular slip of the tongue. He frowns and comes to his senses when he asks why.

He got on the helicopter without saying a word. Soon the engine started, and the propeller began to swirl. The strong wind pushed him all over. He remained firmly in his place despite his hair and collar flying wildly. When the helicopter took off overhead, he even waved his hand half-heartedly. Soon, they will never see each other, so he wondered what would be difficult. It's over to make a bet with him that he doesn't have in his heart, and to feel shame while putting him behind him.

Zenya looked out the window for a long time and slowly turned toward the sea.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was watching the man moving away, went down from the rooftop as soon as the helicopter completely disappeared from view.

Immediately, he headed to the basement, which he had not been able to hear for several days.

When he opened the door, the paraglider was left unattended. He was nervous the whole time because he was afraid Zenya would find this. He squatted right away and sewed up the parts that he couldn't finish. He has already selected a place to float the completed paraglider. The wind speed and wind direction checked on the rooftop are just right.

Today, I'm leaving here.

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Zenya's helicopter landed on a pasture near Moscow. It was said that the day was quite warm, but there was still residual snow in the place where the sun could not reach. The floor where the thaw began was covered with mud. He was

going to wear clean shoes and an untimely mud pack. Zenya, who was looking at his feet, gave up crossing the mud early on. He decided to wait for his appointment at a nearby stable.

Dozens of horses were tied up inside. Perhaps because of the high-quality feed and steady management, all of the hairs were glossy. When Zenya appeared, the quiet horses were noticeably shaken. It was not known whether he was wary of strangers because of his sensitive nature, or because the visitor was Zenya. As Zenya slowly passed through the central passage, nearby horses glistened their eyes and groaned. There was also a man who was excited by lifting his front legs.

The innermost seat was a junma with dark brown fur. The ransom is the equivalent of a supercar. He held the fence with both hands and stared at him.

He didn't whine like the other horses. He only faltered and retreated a little.

"Wow, you were there?"

Around that time, someone talked to me at the entrance. It was his brother, Bazim, who brought Zenya there. Bazim approached the runaway horses one by one. His touch became more intense as he stroked the dark brown horse that Zenya was looking at.

"I don't touch the feed at all the time. How many days has it been...."

He worries about his child who doesn't eat. As the listener was Zenya, he never intended to discuss or ask for advice on how to return Aema's taste buds. It was more of a sigh. Normally, Zenya would have just overheard it, but somehow she suddenly suggests a solution.

"He's full because I always feed good things. Feed him a load of things he doesn't like. Then sometimes, if he throws something he likes, he turns his eyes upside down and runs."

He was dumbfounded. He had never raised a single leaf of grass before, but he's admonishing a horse lover. Even that method was not breeding but abuse.

"Are you raising a tiger?"

"Well, it's similar."

A blunt answer came back. He smiled strangely as if he had come up with something. He doesn't know where the hell he's going and what he's doing. He asked while he was at it.

"Where do you live these days? I heard that the headquarters will not be able to be visited."

"That's not what I'm really curious about."

He shrugged off an answer. His bent eyes seemed to be booing. Bazim looked at the entrance for a moment and took a breather. When he spoke again, his voice was low.

"What did you do with him? Don't tell me you took care of it on your own?"

"Well."

"Even so, bring back the body."

Bazim then added a word. In fact, it seemed to be the real purpose of bringing Zenya here.

"Why don't you stop showing 'Anastasia' now?"

Either way, this or that is the story of Anastasia. He burst into laughter as if it were absurd.

"Give up my life all of a sudden?"

"I'm asking you to give your life for me. Rumor has it that the Americans have secured the Anastasia blueprint. I can't confirm the authenticity, but it's natural for the Kremlin to be nervous. You even stole the spy from Korea, so his face is

ridiculous. Lawmakers also agree that they should set an example by catching him. The president wants to reaffirm your loyalty. This will be the last chance the Kremlin gives."

He smirks without weight even when he is warned of his life. Then he took a step closer to Bazim with a smiling face. He couldn't help being nervous even though he had a lot of skin.

"Go tell him. Don't look at Korean spies or Anastasia. If you keep coveting mine, I'll put Anastasia, who can't live like that, in the Kremlin."

A smile disappeared from his face. He even twisted his nose and threatened to pass by the bagim.

"Yevgeny!"

He didn't look back at the call. So the leftover bagim kicked the innocent fence.

He stopped by the shopping street before returning to the island. There were many things needed to stay only on the island for the time being. He was about to go back after getting daily necessities and medicines, but a food store caught his eye. There was a Taegeuk mark on the signboard.

It was a place he stopped by whenever he bought something, but he knew there was a store like that for the first time. The unusual smell in the store naturally wrinkled the brows. He stood there for a long time without going inside or just passing by. The owner who found him ran out in a heartbeat.

"Welcome. What can I get you?"

The owner who asked kindly was a single Asian. Zenya skimmed through the goods on display behind him. It was full of unidentified things.

Eventually, he pointed to a familiar wrapper. The owner quickly understood the meaning and brought the ramen in a box.

"Do you need anything else?"

He shook his head and was handed the box. He was going to pay for it, but the owner used the moment to recommend other products.

"This is an item that was just brought in from Korea, and the response is really extreme. I sold them all in one day yesterday and I only have this left? If you are interested in Korean food, why don't you buy one? It's very delicious."

He emphasized it with a long pronunciation of 'extreme'. Then Zenya's eyes, which were fixed in his wallet, slipped there. There was a hint of doubt. The owner hurriedly picked up a bag and showed it in more detail. Zenya's brows are wrinkled again. The smell felt rather disgusting.

"...Are Koreans crazy about this?"

"What? Oh, of course! Koreans can't eat without this. Is there a song related to this? If you live abroad, you'll crave it so much that you get homesick? How would you like one?"

He already buried the item halfway in the bag. Zenya nodded even though he was reluctant.

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"What are you doing there?"

He looked up at the tall birch with a ridiculous look on his face. Kwon Taek-ju was hanging from the branch. On the way back in the helicopter, he found a parachute fluttering, showing off its dark colors. He came here to confirm that this is what it looks like.

Kwon Taek-ju did not reply with his mouth closed. A knife was seen vertically stuck under his feet, which fluttered without countermeasures every time the wind blew. When the crude paraglider was caught in a tree, it seemed that he cut off the connected string and missed the knife while trying to escape.

Zenya, who saw through the whole situation, smiled. Kwon Taek-ju, who was furious, shouted not to laugh, but it could not have been threatening only when it was spread out like that.

"Don't move."

He took a knife out of his arms and warned. Kwon Taek-ju, who grasped his intention, threw a blade for a short time, but without hesitation. The fast-flying blade spun over Kwon Taek-ju's head and cut off the tangled string. Kwon Taekju crashed and fell violently on his back. If the accumulated snow had not served as a cushion, it would have broken somewhere.

He can't believe he's just staring at someone who's falling. It's a long way from being human anyway. He raised himself with a groan. Zenya immediately caught him and dragged him away. He didn't ask for anything. It just informed the reason why Kwon Taek-ju failed again.

"It will take at least twenty years to get a proper grasp of the wind here."

He thought he had fully grasped the topography and wind direction of the island for a few days, but even that must have been a temporary flow. He succeeded in skiing down and sliding vigorously, but was helplessly swept away by a sudden gust of wind. He was all over the place like that for half a day.

As soon as he returned to the mansion, he didn't take off his clothes and hung in front of the pechka. The whole body trembled after being caught in the cold wind all day. It was as if a sharp wind had seeped into his bones. How can he be this unlucky. The sky was resentful.

Zenya, who was making ramen straight into the kitchen, looked back curiously.

By now, Kwon Taek-ju, who should have smelled and appeared, was not seen.

Seeing that his body was frozen, he would have been hung, but he seemed to have lost his appetite due to disappointment.

He turned down the heat in the pot and approached Kwon Taek-ju.

"Aren't you going to eat ramen?"

"I won't eat it."

He refused without a moment's hesitation. He had been struggling with ramen.

However, he is not crazy about ramen, and now he has even reached the point of being cheesy. His stomach is bloated and his limbs are throbbing, so he just wanted to rest.

Zenya didn't bite any more. He shrugged his shoulders and went back to the kitchen.

"Then I should throw away this smelly thing."

He smells something. He managed to turn his head. Soon there was a red bag caught on Zenya's thumb and index finger. He doubted his eyes for a moment.

Sweep around the eyes with your hands. The shape of it, which seemed to be thrown into the trash can at any moment, became clearer.

He ran to Zenya in a heartbeat. Then he snatched the kimchi thrown into the trash can from the air. He didn't even have the strength to lift a finger, but he didn't know where that speed came from.

Take out an empty bowl and carefully transfer the kimchi. Then, he ate it on top of the ramen that had just been swollen. If he doesn't eat, he'll get homesickIt wasn't nonsense. It must have a drug component in it.

Kwon Taek-ju, who quickly finished the ramen, looked satisfied. Rubbing his stomach and leaning against the back of the chair, he made eye contact with Zenya. He was embarrassed for no reason, so he coughed in vain and avoided my eyes. A shallow laugh broke out at Zenya.

"You.... you're really funny."

"Please get tired of me, please."

He responded with disgust. Zenya didn't care and just stared at Kwon Taek-ju.

He was about to get up, but his eyes were so extreme that he missed the timing.

He didn't have anything to say, and he was awkward to just stay like that, so he asked seriously.

"Did you eat?"

He meant that he should stop doing his job so that he doesn't lose to Pechka.

Was the expression weird? The twitching face suddenly hardens. He didn't seem to be offended. Rather, he seemed to have encountered something strange.

It was time to call attention by saying "hey" to the absent-minded guy. He made a sudden strange noise.

"...Anastasia, do you want it?"

"What?"

"Do you want it?"

He don't know what he's talking about out of the blue. When he frowned strangely, he turned around and left the kitchen.

"What are you saying, madman?"

He scratched the back of his neck with a shudder.

Zenya didn't show up in the bedroom until late at night that day. Thanks to that, he could sleep comfortably while walking around the wide bed to his heart's content. It seems that he encountered the contra-base performance at first glance in a blurred consciousness. The flowing melody was as heavy and calm as before, but he felt somewhat lonely.

koschei, a loner.

Bazim was the president's political partner in name and reality. The two enjoyed horseback riding together once a week. On the way back from running a horse as if it were a competition, they had a conversation without any sort of class.

From the overall state of affairs to rumors circulating in society, to extremely private stories. There was no difference today.

"Yes, what would you do with that scoundrel?"

The president often referred to Zenya as a "bump." The implication question was not just asking how he is. Not long ago, he was told to give back "Anastasia"

to the country. That's why he called out Zenya.

He swallowed a dry spit without a sound. He couldn't deliver his immature answer to the president who was secretly expecting it.

"I haven't received a definite answer yet."

He stands up with a disappointing reply. Although he did not harden his face, the calm eyes looking far away showed the coldness of the ruler.

"I've just watched it, considering the trust that the Bogdanov family and the Kremlin have built, but not anymore. If that scoundrel doesn't end up with Anastasia, I can't do it anymore. I have no choice but to sacrifice my cow for my generation."

He listened silently. No matter how much his younger brother was, it was hard to complain about Zenya.

"I heard that you visit the property frequently these days."

"Are you talking about Ajinoki Island?"

"I don't know the name, but I heard it's a deserted island."

"Yes. It's an island that I got as a gift from my father on my 10th birthday. It's on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, where you can't even access it without a helicopter. I've been stuck in there for a long time, so I didn't come out. I don't like to be interfered with in the past and now."

"Even so, it won't be easy to come and go so often. What do you think?"

"I don't know, but I felt like I was raising an animal. The guy who dried the cactus and killed it, and the other day he taught me how to tame animals. No matter how busy the official duties are, I can't starve my pet to death, so don't I often go and feed it?"

"No, it is not."

"What....”

"Where is that scoundrel a great man to be interested in such a thing? It's not like him. Even if you're interested in new metal fittings. For example, "The Second Anastasia.""

Even Bazim did not know how far the development of "Anastasia" had progressed. This is because Zenya never mentioned it. But if Anastasia had already been completed, there was only one place to hide it, a secluded island that only enters and leaves Zenya all year round.

"If the owner is away, I'll have to do a search."

The following words sounded like a declaration of war. He soon realized it wasn't an empty word. The FSB director and defense minister, who were called by the president, were waiting for the two in front of the stable.

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"Do what?"

He asks again as if he had heard nothing. He told him again, "Rock-paper-scissors." The chessboard and horses scattered on the table were also pushed aside.

He couldn't believe it, so he burst into laughter. After being stuck in the warehouse for a long time, he discovered chess, and as soon as he lost, he immediately suggested another event. That's just "Rock-paper-scissors."

"It's a one-off match this time. If it's a man, it's a fist."

It encourages Zenya, who does not budge by lightly clenching and shaking his fists. He cried out with his eyes wide open and told him to respond quickly. He shook his head and raised his hand reluctantly. Kwon Taek-ju hurriedly shouted

"rock-paper-scissors." A voice with a strong shout rang out.

Both of them threw their fists. Kwon Taek-ju, who confirmed the tie, burst out of the breath he had endured. He put too much pressure on his hands. Why are you so nervous? He caught Zenya off guard and shouted a slogan quickly.

"Again, rock-paper-scissors!"

Their fist met again this time. When it drew again, Kwon Taek-ju jumped out of his seat. Turn his back to see if he's tightening and take a breath. Victory or defeat depends solely on luck, but he's wasting more energy than necessary.

With his back bitten, he gathered his hands together and watched Kwon Taekju. Kwon Taek-ju, who soon changed his mind, turned around.

"Scissors, rocks, paper...!”

He closed his eyes tightly in case he couldn't bear to see it. Zenya was just watching the results unfolding in front of him.

Kwon Taek-ju, who breathed a long breath, secretly raised his eyelids. The eyes of the two hands facing each other were extremely cautious. Zenya hasn't changed her hand since the beginning. And Kwon Taek-ju's hands were spread out.

Did I win? Really?

He couldn't believe it when he saw it clearly. It's only when he pinch his own flesh that he twitch belatedly.

"I won."

He clenched his fists and cheered. Zenya also smiled sadly at how happy he was as if he had the world after winning only one round of rock-paper-scissors.

"What's your wish?"

"I need to get out of this island."

He answered without hesitation. He thought he would be a little embarrassed, but Zenya nodded unexpectedly.

"Are there any other conditions?"

"On my own, on my two legs in good health."

"And?"

For some reason, he put a straw mat on it. He was suspicious, but he didn't hesitate to recite the necessary items. It didn't matter if he was brazen.

"I need extra clothes, passports, and a colt... I think I should have cash, too."

Zenya held his head as if he would listen to anything. He was rather nervous because it came out so easily. There was only one constraint he put on.

"But get out when it's dawn."

“…What are you up to?"

"You lost the chess bet. Even if you go, you have to pay for it."

He threw something at Kwon Taek-ju, who constantly looked suspicious. It turned out that it was the starting key of the helicopter.

The whole thing was dazed. It's so easy to escape, but why did he buy it and suffer so much? The efforts and futile efforts of the past passed through his mind like a flashlight. It was quite vain, but it was good at a time when what he wanted was fulfilled. Already, his heart entered the country safely and lay down on his bed.

But the ecstasy didn't last long. It was because Zenya suddenly woke up and suddenly approached.

"Why?"

He backed away on his guard. Zenya didn't reply, but slowly narrowed the distance. Kwon Taek-ju, who was hesitating to step back, tripped over the bed.

Zenya naturally climbed over his fallen body. Get out of the way, and hold down the arm that he is pushing down without difficulty.

"I'll let you go when it's bright."

In a sly whisper, Kwon Taek-ju's shirt was opened on both sides without hesitation. The buttons were torn loose. As he pressed his lips against the exposed neck, he also took off his pants at once. The body, which quickly became naked, was lined with traces of love affairs that had been left. There was no place to engrave the kiss mark. Nevertheless, he stubbornly bites the

mottled skin and pulls down the remaining brief as if tearing it apart. He also caught the legs that interfered with his adhesion with his knees upright.

"Ugh....”

The center of gravity was rapidly shifted to the head and shoulders, and blood was concentrated. His face was bursting red, and his eyes were tightly closed. As Zenya struggled with his uncomfortable posture, he lifted Kwon Taek-ju's leg over his shoulder. The back of the thigh touched his chest and his body was completely folded in half. He held the bed with two fists and held his lower abdomen firmly to Kwon Taek-ju's hip.

Before he knew it, the genitals of the person who had risen rubbed their bodies with their cheeks. He clasped the sheet of the bed in the face of the disaster that came to his nose.

He licked Kwon Taek-ju's calf and stretched out his waist. The coop-liquid-wetted ear hole were lightly rubbed into the soft hole. The wrinkles around hin quickly became moist. As it was, he slowly dug into Kwon Taek-ju while pressing his waist.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....”

A painful groan broke out from the bite. They did a lot last night, but the inner wall was cold enough to bite the genitals. He frowned as he was in a tight tight tightening, but did not take his eyes off Kwon Taek-ju's face. Then he bent his upper body deeper and licked his eyelashes trembling with pain. The gentle kisses that lead to all over the face are affectionate lovers, but the genitalia, who stirs the inside with a deep hole, was a tyrant.

The hole that had been loosened up in the past affairs has been opened without a break. It's tightening. Different skins were tangled and played with each other.

Each time he inhaled it, he gained weight, adding to the pressure. He felt like he was going to have a hole in his stomach.

"Ah, it's a little....”

Unconsciously, he grabbed Zenya by the arm. In a pleading tone, he paused for a moment and looked at Kwon Taek-ju. He was never told to go easy on him.

Open his mouth and close it again. He turned his head side by side.

In the meantime, draw the clearly revealed ears with the tip of the tongue. Then, he suddenly pushed the tip of his tongue into the ear hole and resumed his stopped waist. The thighs and cheeks rubbed violently with a thud. Saliva-soaked ears devoured the stark noise.

It strengthens the mucous membrane that is stimulated overnight and makes a slight sound. Kwon Taek-ju was viciously hit by accurately targeting even the areas where he was particularly weak. Every time he hit it, his toes got soggy.

His vision also turned yellow.

"Ah, ha, ah... Ah! Ugh...Oh, yes...!”

There was a frantic outpouring of groans. Zenya, who was pushing to the limit, hit the inside hard. Then, he tilted his head while rubbing his thigh heavily against Kwon Taek-ju's buttocks. Kwon Taek-ju's face was placed right on top of his worn-out face.

“…Ugh."

"If you can get out, feel free to do so."

Twist up the corners of his mouth. He had a sad premonition that it would be long again tonight.

Zenya didn't let Kwon Taek-ju go until dawn broke. When he woke up after a moment of confusion, he was poking underneath without fail. Kwon Taek-ju's genitals were squeezed to induce the situation over and over again. After breaking four or five times, he didn't have the strength to lift a hand. He was limp and helplessly given to Zenya. In the throat that had been completely rested, only iron-like groans and breaths burst out.

It was after quite a long time that he came to his senses. He managed to lift his eyelids as if he had hung a stone. Perhaps because of dizziness, his vision was wide. He closed his eyes again and opened them, but so did he.

Find the starting key of the helicopter urgently. Soon he found a key lying modestly on the bedside table. He inadvertently reached out his hand and groaned, holding his waist. A cold sweat ran down his spine.

"When are you going out? The sun is going down."

Suddenly, Zenya's voice broke out. When he turned his head, he saw a man sitting lazily in the back chair. He watches his ascetic practices while drinking.

He should have recognized it when he accepted the result of rock-paper-scissors. He was not the type to easily release the prey he caught in the first place. If he gets tired of playing with it as much as he wants, or if his game is ruined first.

Still, he didn't want to be easily given the opportunity. He'll leave proudly in his presence. He clenched his teeth and squeezed his strength. His trembling arms seemed to be bent at any moment while supporting his body. The muscles that suffered all night caused aching pain just by twisting a little. Almost crawled out of bed. He reached out and picked up the helicopter key on the table. Then he lost his balance and rolled to the floor.

“…Ahhhhhh."

The shock spreads throughout the body. There was an indescribable sharp pain from the inside of the hip that seemed to have a solid problem. The pain was relieved by holding on to the waist again. The whole body, as well as the face, quickly became sweaty. He took a rough breath and stared at Zenya, then grabbed the bed and stood up.

His knees trembled. As soon as he took a step away, semen that had accumulated in his stomach flowed down, licking his thighs. The thighs, which had been stained with unknown body fluids, became shiny again. He endured the terrible sensation with a tight mouth.

He took a hesitant step by pointing his hand at the wall. He couldn't be more resentful about the large house. He didn't have time to take a shower. As he stands, he is running out of time to get to the rooftop.

He managed to get to the front of the stairs. He was in a hurry, so he took the first step hastily and collapsed, pounding his knees. He was so exhausted that

he couldn't even groan. He held onto the railing and took a breather. His chest and shoulders panted with difficulty.

Zenya, who followed him before he knew it, was watching with his arms folded.

Regardless of whether he did or not, he got up holding the railing and bent his knee again.

"It's less than half an hour before sunset."

How kind of you.

He didn't even have the energy to do a great distance, so he just ignored him.

His legs kept shaking, so he decided to change the way. He didn't know it would be better to crawl on both arms. It was much easier than expected. His elbow hurt from being swept away, but at least he didn't bump his knee or fall heavily.

Zenya continued to chase Kwon Taek-ju. The shadow of the man coming over from behind encouraged impatience.

He got to the second floor and took a breath. Perhaps because the lungs were pressed, he was breathless and even his head was dizzy. The field of vision was split in detail, and even the keys in hand were not properly captured. He hasn't had any body aches so far, but this time he seemed to be completely sick.

"Ha, ha....”

He shook his head impatiently and climbed the stairs again. Every time his body moved up and down, a groan leaked out. At last, his eyes are spinning.

He was heading to the rooftop in a hurry, and the sun began to set. The red sunset falls on the sweaty body. He really didn't have much time now.

Zenya stared silently at Kwon Taek-ju, who was desperately trying to get away from him. He would have enjoyed watching it normally, but somehow his face became stiff.

He managed to get to the rooftop door. He felt a cool outside energy from the iron door he reached.

Finally, finally.

His face, which had been completely distorted, was straightened out. Without time to call for joy, he hurriedly stretched out his arms with the door handle. But Zenya was one step faster. First, he looked at the guy grabbing the door handle and thought, "What are you doing?" The reason why he became blank was because the window was dark.

"Time out, Zainka."

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Zenya has been busy getting ready to go out since morning. As if he had died for a whole day, the small owner of Kwon Taek-ju was just hanging loose on the bed. The man who was about to go out wearing a fur coat suddenly turned around.

"Because it'll take two days."

Report the schedule out of the blue. Since when did he teach him that? He didn't respond and turned around.

After a while, he heard the propeller turn. The noise, which often sounded above the head, gradually faded away. Kwon Taek-ju himself was left alone on the island after he left again.

How long do I have to repeat this boring life?

It was so boring. He wasn't used to killing time, with nothing to do. He feels like he's becoming a useless piece of meat day by day. This sense of helplessness was the first time.

What will happen if the four directions continue to be neglected here with only snow. He's going to go crazy. He might be lucky if he doesn't kill him before

then. His sense of time and reality seemed to be getting dull as time went by. He wants to get out of his head before it gets any weird. The heart is becoming more and more desperate, and there is only a long way to realize that wish.

Nervously, put the blanket over his head.

He left the mansion late in the afternoon. He was going to get some fresh air. As he walked without a sharp destination, the sea appeared. He sat on a relatively dry rock. Then he stared silently at the distant horizon.

He felt like he had fallen into a completely different world. There was no way to know what was going on outside and how the situation was going. He didn't know that Kwon Taek-ju himself would live such a hopeless and unemployed life.

He sighed and raised himself. He decided to take a walk on the white sand beach to relax his still stiff body. He's quite used to the bitter sea breeze now.

As he walked for a while, he saw branches fluttering in the waves. He picked it up quickly because it was a disposable chopstick. He doesn't know where they came from. Is it China? Maybe it's Korea. Somehow he felt like his situation was worse than that.

He used chopsticks to doodle on the sandy beach. While he's at it, pick up shells or gravel from around him and put it on top of it. The completed phrase is "S.O."

It was a distress signal called 'S'. If he's lucky, he might see a ship or aircraft passing by. Never mind if it's not.

When he's done, he just floats down.Thick snow supports the whole body like a blanket. The sound of waves and wind were all left, an endless silence. Even if Kwon Taek-ju himself disappeared as it is, nothing seemed to change. The consciousness sinks into a vast abyss.

How long has it been? The sudden noise rang in his ears. He was so desperate that he thought he could hear a ringing in his ears.

He sprang up. As he scanned everywhere, he saw a helicopter approaching from a distance. It was different from the appearance of Zenya's ride. Maybe he can see his distress signal. He shook his arms desperately at the thought.

"Here! Here, here!"

He also jumped from his seats. However, the helicopter passed by without finding Kwon Taek-ju. He couldn't give up as it was, so he ran to the mansion.

Shaking clothes from a higher place would definitely stand out.

He went up to the roof and shook his top. He screams as hard as he can and struggles to attract attention. Perhaps because of the sincerity, the helicopter made a big turn and approached the mansion. Joy spread over Kwon Taek-ju's face.

He stepped aside so that the helicopter could land safely. The helicopter came down to the rooftop with a strong wind. The propeller, which was emitting a magnificent mechanical sound, slowly stopped. Only then could he open his eyes.

He ran close to the helicopter. Soon the door opened, and a man in a black suit appeared. While he stretched out his arm to block Kwon Taek-ju's approach, a young woman followed him.

“…What's this?"

It was a somewhat disappointing reaction. After that, the woman carefully circled around Kwon Taek-ju and tore him apart.

"I thought it was even more amazing because he hid it and said he was the only one watching."

He doesn't know what she's talking about at the moment. Who the hell is this woman? She looked much younger than Kwon Taek-ju himself. The unusually clear features seemed to resemble someone or not. She was quite beautiful, but she looked pale, perhaps tired of the long flight.

Kwon Taek-ju firmly folded his arms in front of a woman who looked at her as if she were a compliment. The woman also stopped and responded to the gaze.

Her eyes were bold.

"Who are you?"

Even in a complacent tone, she bends her eyes and laughs. She also held out her hand without hesitation.

"Nice to meet you. It's Olga."

Come on. Where did I hear it? There was a strange sense of surprise. The face is unfamiliar, but the name is quite familiar to him.

Olga added a word and solved Kwon Taek-ju's questions. It was also the reason she came here soon.

"Olga Visario Novna Bogdanova."

He sat for a long time confronting Olga. He came down with a cup of tea, but the two never took a sip of water.

Olga sat on the chair that Kwon Taek-ju conceded and stared at him as if she were going to pierce him. He doesn't even know who is embarrassed

because he's afraid it's Zenya's younger sister. Kwon Taek-ju also faced the ardent eyes with his arms still folded.

Nothing was known about Vissarion's famous daughter, Olga. Not just pictures, but when she was born, what school she went to, where she worked. He didn't know if it was just because she was a woman who was different from the stories.

"What did you like so much about him?"

Olga spoke first. The tone was rather curt. It was so difficult to grasp his attention that it was questionable whether he heard it properly. When there is no answer, she shrugs and adds.

"I don't quite understand. I've never seen anyone trying to be next to him until now."

"The Man" was probably a person that Olga and Kwon Taek-ju both knew.

There's only one guy that reminds him right away, and the question was a little weird. What did you like about him so much? It sounded like Zenya himself was good, so he was attached to him of his own will.

"It must be a misunderstanding, but you're wrong."

"Misunderstanding?"

"I'm not stuck in this place because I like him."

"Then?"

“…….”

He tried to answer right away, but he closed his mouth again. He doesn't know where to start and how to explain it. There was no reason to tell anyone he had never seen before. He was with him, by all means.

He shook his head as if not to speak. Nevertheless, Olga, who had guessed it at will, is soon surprised.

"Did you get kidnapped?"

"Lead....”

He was at a loss for words. It wasn't even a very far-fetched guess. It's a little iffy to say that he was kidnapped. Olga accepted Kwon Taek-ju's silence as a passive positive and could not help sighing. She said to herself, "That crazy guy crawls...." She even did.

Olga's eyes, which were wary of Kwon Taek-ju, suddenly softened. She snapped Kwon Taek-ju's hand and apologized for her rudeness.

"He had a lot of excuses. I thought you liked him….The man ran away with the terrorist who blew up the house. I thought he was sleeping with the enemy without moving. Anyway, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding. I can't believe there's going to be a douche against him. I came all the way here without knowing that."

The last word was more of a monologue. He seemed to have come here to see the zoo monkeys. To borrow her expression, she found a "dummy who ran away with love in the eye of Zenya." It was ridiculous.

"So it's not that I came here....”

"I'm here to take care of myself."

He heard it clearly a while ago, and he has the cheek to surround himself. Then, he changed the subject by ignoring Kwon Taek-ju, who protested with his eyes.

"By the way, were you going to write down stupid distress signals and wait for them to rescue you?"

Is this what all the people in the family who haven't been aware of others since the day were right. Neither she nor her brother wants to talk.

"You never know. I feel sorry for the fool, so who will come to save you?… Well, I didn't mean you were stupid."

"It's very comforting."

"Come to think of it, what's your name? You haven't even made a statement yet."

"Don't be curious. Because I can't tell you."

"How can you say that? You won't tell me. How come I'm not curious?"

"If I can't, I can't. I don't want to lose my job after all this trouble."

He held out firmly. Olga pouted her lips in disapproval. Kwon Taek-ju would not have blown away Bogdanov's mansion for no reason, and his identity would have been roughly identified as he was working at a job that should not be identified.

It changes the question quickly.

"Then what does he call you?"

"Now…."

He tried to answer casually, but he closed his mouth again. He couldn't bring himself to mention "Zainka." Whether to humiliate him more, Zenya used the title constantly. It was like that from the beginning. Hide well in the burrow, and keep his ears open.

Olga showed great interest with her eyes shining. The upper body was already leaning toward Kwon Taek-ju. That was annoying.

"If you're not going to help me, why don't you pry?"

"I can't help you. I'll get in trouble if we get caught."

Somehow, "I'll get in trouble" didn't seem to be a common sense category in which the superiors admonish the subordinates. He doesn't think he'll just let it slide because she's a woman, but he has never seen him treat a woman like that.

That's that. If Olga won't help Kwon Taek-ju himself, no further conversation was useless. He walked out of the kitchen with a wobbly face. Olga followed him in stride.

"Which room should I use?"

"If it's a room, there's enough left, so use anything."

"Well, would that room be good?"

Olga passed by Kwon Taek-ju. Cross the living room with the pekka and head to the innermost bedroom. Kwon Taek-ju, who was looking far away, suddenly jumped out in surprise. He caught up with Olga in a single month and blocked her way. Olga gave a questioning look.

"Huh? Why?"

"There's an owner there."

There was no other good excuse. Olga looked into the bedroom through Kwon Taek-ju's arms and nodded.

"I think it's his room."

If he didn't look closely, he wouldn't know that it was a bedroom shared by two people. He tried to rationalize it like that, but he couldn't calm down his pounding heart. He was worried that there might be something somewhere in the room that reminds him of his love affair. There was even a cold sweat.

Despite Kwon Taek-ju's dissuasion, Olga, who was looking inside the cooking room, smiles strangely. Alas, she also drew a stark exclamation.

"Even though he doesn't have a heart, you seem to fit well."

She moved to another room before Kwon Taek-ju could even make an excuse.

He turned his head. There was a trace of someone lying on the pillow on the bed. Two gowns were tangled on the floor, and the bedsheets were half-flowing down with the cushion. He also saw underwear, which was turned upside down and left unattended. All of that never seemed normal.

He was sitting in a chair in a rapture.It's been like that since Olga left the bedroom. What is Kwon Taek-ju doing here himself? Eat, sleep, and support Zenya. It was a daily routine that even people repeated every day. The difference was that they used the act as a driving force to engage in productive activities. At least he didn't mess around without any will or thoughts while eating food given by others.

Why doesn't he run away more aggressively? Did he adjust to Zenya because he had no place to adjust? He didn't feel lust for him. He swore he had never seen him before.

But mixing flesh with him changed the story. The body reacted steadily to him, and now it has melted into sex that is close to violence. At some point, he stopped even resisting. That's why he learned that even so, he would only stir up his excitement and get worse.

He thinks he was lazy by constantly rationalizing it as an inevitable situation because he resigned to not being able to get away from him. He tried to get comfortable by making a lame excuse that there was nothing he could do. So even if he's raped, he'll hear the crap about how it's rape. Pathetic.

He shook his head impatiently. Something's working so badly. He denied Olga that she was wrong, but his track record over the past few days was no different from that of the government. He stays in a mansion where he only visits Zenya, uses the same bed as him, and has sex whenever he wants to. He lived every day with the food he gave and spent time together in the name of betting. Being in the same space with him was no longer new or nervous to greet the morning together. It was no wonder that Olga, who found the trace, smiled ironically.

The appearance of a third party has objectified the hazy thinking. When he is alone with Zenya, the contradictory relationship that he didn't know and

wanted to do is clearly awakened. Come to think of it, Zenya's behavior has also changed subtly from the first time.

No matter what kind of bet he offered, he became obedient for some time. He often laughs out loud, and even in sex, where insertion and excretion were all there was to him, small touches increased. When he goes out and comes back, he brings Korean food regularly, and the number of serious expressions has decreased noticeably. That's all. He even expected when he would be back before going out today.

Suddenly, his face and neck flared up. His heart began to beat unpleasantly. It's not like they're all playing house late. He was beating him up without realizing it. He clenched his fist.

It's not going to work like this.

***

"Good morning."

Olga didn't appear in the kitchen until well past noon. Maybe she just woke up, but her face was swollen. As she approached Kwon Taek-ju, she said, "What's that?" while making ramen. Then she suddenly grabbed her nose and got sick of it.

"You can't eat it, it's rotten!"

People are eating well, but they're rotten. He picked up kimchi again from Olga, who was about to clean up the bowl quickly. Then he picked up a piece and chewed it. Olga's face was distorted every time he chewed his mouth.

"Did you even have the spirit to bring that?"

"He bought it."

He answered casually and slurped the remaining soup. Olga looked surprised. It doesn't make sense that he brought food that suits his taste when he was kidnapped, but it was even more absurd that Zenya bought

and carried food for someone. She wondered what happened to him without knowing it. There was reasonable doubt.

I'll have to check it out, but Zenya still couldn't be seen.

"By the way, where'd he go?"

"Do you know it?"

Zenya doesn't tell him regularly, he doesn't have an obligation to do so, and Kwon Taek-ju himself has never asked. He only guessed that he was in the middle of official duties because he was a member of FSB. Of course, he told him he would be back in two days for some reason. There was no need to tell the story.

He changed the subject by saying, "Olga is like that due to the constant indifferent response."

"I was really curious. How the hell did you know? That the room had a plan."

Her eyes sparkled, and if he didn't tell her properly, she was going to persistently pry into it. He explained that he had no choice but to combine the mysterious story thrown by Zenya with various circumstantial evidence.

"Koschei....”

Olga repeated the federal word as she swept her chin. Then she soon smiles strangely. She looks like him when she flicks as if she were up to something. She stood up from her seat, leaving it alone. Move the dishes to the sink and start washing the dishes.

"Any questions for me?"

"Not at all."

"You're not interested in girls."

"I wonder what you are saying. Why on earth do women ask that?"

He looked back at Olga with a mysterious expression. He smiles even when asked. As with Louise the other day, women's psychology is always difficult.

Soon Olga took something out of the refrigerator and took it to the table.

Around that time, Kwon Taek-ju also finished washing the dishes. Olga called him up as he was about to dry his hands and go out.

"Won't you eat fruits?"

The apple was cutting from Olga's hand. They'll have a lot of food left after peeling it like that. He snatched the fruit knife with a distant sigh. It would have been more troublesome if he had to do it or not.

Skillfully handle a knife. Only a thin skin was peeled off and cut into a certain size. Olga, who was watching with bated breath, quickly ate the things placed in the bowl. She said "let's eat together", but she pushed everything into her mouth. Then she looked down at the empty bowl.

He peeled another apple. This time again, as soon as it was put in a bowl, it was crunchy. It seemed to replace breakfast.

Since he was doing it, he cut all the apples Olga bought. Olga said, "Why don't you eat after I'm full?" It was ridiculous, so he smiled and bit one side of the yellow apple. How long has it been since he last ate fruits?

He was processing what was left of it, and suddenly he heard the sound of a propeller. Zenya seemed to be back. The peculiar noise grew long and then subsided, and soon he came down from the rooftop. He thought he would come late in the afternoon, but he came home more than half a day early. His arms were full of luggage as he entered the kitchen.

"What brings you here?"

As soon as he saw her younger sister, that was all he heard. Olga was not at all upset as if she was familiar with such treatment. Rather, she's going to say,

"Where did you go?"

Zenya shifted his gaze from Olga to Kwon Taek-ju. He thinks he's asking him to explain why she's here, but there was no way to know. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"I have to finish organizing my stuff."

Olga took it out, wondering if she'd hear anything unpleasant. Zenya looked at her sister disapprovingly. After she goes up to the second floor, she turns her

head again and stares at Kwon Taek-ju. He chewed on the apple and said,

"Why?"

"When did that arrive?"

It is the same to refer to people like objects, whether they are older or younger.

Shaking his head, he answered that she appeared out of the blue yesterday afternoon, and that she seemed to have come to recuperate for now. Then he took a knife, a bowl, and a fork and went to the sink.

Zenya boiled the water while cleaning up. It seemed to pour the water somewhere, but before long there was a familiar smell. He turned his head in wonder.

The eyes were on some retort bibimbap. It was a commodity mainly supplied as military food. After looking at the instructions added in Russian for a long time, rub the heated rice. Then, he gave a big drink to Kwon Taek-ju.

"Bob, I ate."

"Oh, really?"

He nodded his head. And yet he didn't bite his hand. Instead, the spoon is pressed down through the lips.

You're deaf, aren't you.

"You ate it."

He nodded his head coolly. Then, Kwon Taek-ju pushed the spoon into the gap between his mouth. His cheeks swelled up in no time after time. Kwon Taek-ju stared blankly at the empty spoon escaping from his mouth. What the hell are you doing here?

For now, he protested while chewing the rice that came into his mouth.

"You say you ate, you punk."

"Don't pick up and eat anything."

He naturally frowns. Is he saying that I ate a few apples? That's absurd. As soon as he spoke to protest, a spoon full of bibimbap dug in.

He felt bloated after eating breakfast twice in a row. He was hanging out all afternoon because he thought it would flow backward even if he moved a little.

He doesn't know why it's such a luxury to just wait for it to be digested without lifting a hand, but it was just hard work. He thought it might be a new type of torture.

What on earth is he dissatisfied with? He hardened his face like that. Even if Kwon Taek-ju himself swallowed something he really shouldn't eat, it was none of his business.

What does he mean don't pick anything up and eat it? What kind of person is that to say to? Does he think I'm his dog because he overpowered me with his strength?

His mood sank sharply. He finally understood why it was unpleasant throughout his stay here. It's because he's been controlled. There was no

choice what to eat, what to do, where to sleep, and how. Even when he went to the bathroom, his surveillance followed. Moreover, a tattoo, which means subordination, is engraved on the waist.

"Ha ha….Hahaha....”

Looking back on his situation, he burst into laughter. He has denied it, but it was no different from the dog pig being raised. In retrospect, sex with him was in the same vein. The more fiercely he rebelled, the more pleasant he was. In his eyes, he could see the joy of breaking and taming wild animals.

"What are you doing alone?"

Suddenly Olga's voice pops up. He didn't even feel the approach, but he guessed he was too preoccupied with thoughts.

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"Playing with a dead body?"

"You're wrong. It's a game of pigs in cages."

He raised his upper body in a casual reply. He didn't even recommend her to sit down, but she usually takes the seat next to him.

"You must be really bored? How have you been?"

"Lying down, sitting down, eating, washing, sleeping....”

“…I'll lend you my book at least. Read it. It's a masterpiece that will never be again."

The book handed over with a compassionate look was a romance novel at a glance. Buddhist scriptures would be more fun. She turned the page half-heartedly.

"Here is the main character. A little tacky, moneyless, and don't know how to play, but do you have a dream you've desperately wanted since you were a kid?

I believe that if you just trust your beliefs and work hard, you will achieve your dream even in the gutter of reality. Being diligent and positive is an advantage, but it's also a disadvantage, so the back of the head will fit well. He will meet a man by fate in a small place and fall in love unconditionally. It turns out he's either a famous athlete, a well-known lawyer, or a second-generation conglomerate. He's a workaholic, so he's not interested in women for the rest of his life, but he's fascinated by the bright and innocent side of the main character, so he'll only love him for the rest of his life. Thanks to his support, the main character's dream will come true in no time, right?"

Olga's eyes are wide open.

"Have you read this?"

"I think I read it even if I don't."

He returned the book with a grim face. Olga is fun, but she fell into the world of passionate reading. She was about to be buried in a book.

"I don't think so, but he….Do you like raising animals?"

Olga did not immediately answer the question. She didn't seem to hear it properly because she was reading a book. The answer that came out one beat later was also a non-contradictory answer.

"Sure. I like birds, dogs, and cats."

“…No. Not you."

"Who but me....”

Olga lifted her head. Her eyes were filled with astonishment.

"Is it him? Are you calling that a question?"

"That's why I set the premise that it can't be."

"What do you ask when you know? I've never seen him grow a head of grass in his life. Would it be good if he didn't beat up a poor beast just because he was bored?"

Maybe humans don't miss expectations. He doesn't know why the guy who wasn't interested in grassing, let alone animals, suddenly became interested in human breeding. Why is the target Kwon Taek-ju himself. Isn't it annoying for him to just be fun?

“…It's a tiger."

Olga groaned as she stared over Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder. When he turned his head, he saw Zenya walking down the aisle.

He stood tall in front of Kwon Taek-ju. Olga, who was nervous about being kicked out, didn't even look at him. A glare fell that could not be ignored. He had a bad feeling.

"Why….”

As soon as he opened his mouth, his hand approached him. He held his arm without a break. He suddenly raises a person and drags him somewhere. It was towards the bedroom. Behind his back, Olga watched the two with her eyes wide open. Are they going straight to bed like this? She didn't decide when or where, but she was watching.

He had a thin hope, but he unbuttoned his shirt like a peep. It was almost as if it had been ripped off. Kwon Taek-ju, who was freaked out, suddenly closed his upper body and complained of pain.

"Oh, my."

“…What is it?"

Only then does he stop and turn around. He seemed annoyed by the sudden braking. He grunted and made a big fuss.

"I have a stomach ache. I must have been forced to eat and got sick."

The hand of the guy who clenched his wrist suddenly became loose. In the meantime, he ran to the bathroom. As soon as he went inside, he locked the door firmly. Close the cover of the toilet, and sit down on it. A sigh leaked out.

He avoided the immediate crisis, but he was at a loss what to do in the future.

He couldn't get a stomach ache every day. He didn't seem to believe it easily, and looking at the size of Olga's luggage, she didn't seem to go back quickly either.

There was a foreign matter in the island life alone with Zenya, so he only wanted anyone to show up. But he didn't want this. As time went by, the situation seemed to be getting worse. His fair hair was ruffled up. A distant sigh broke out again.

He woke up in my sleep. What surprised him was the in-film that covered the whole body. Since then, Zenya has been standing by his bedside. "What?" He

raised his upper body. Unconsciously, the floor of the straw was hard. He seems to have fallen asleep on the sofa while going in and out of the bathroom under the pretext of an upset stomach.

He sat upright, rubbing his goosebumps on his arm. He had a stiff neck because he was crumpling. He turned his head around and avoided his gaze as well as stretching.

"Why are you doing this here?"

"I went back and forth to the bathroom and dozed off."

He made a lame excuse. A glaring glance fell from the side of his face. Whenever he looked at me like that, he felt like he was being dissected in detail.

"It's all because of you."

"Are you okay now?"

He was grumbling and saw him. There was a stupid look on his face. He didn't expect him to ask such a very human question. Did he eat something wrong? He nodded nervously, and suddenly his hand reached out. He flinched and bit himself reflexively. The approaching hand pauses.

He slowly alternated between his hand and Kwon Taek-ju's face. The silent moving eyes tightened his breath. The more he looked at it, the more he thought of the crocodile.

The guy who hadn't said much for a while twisted his lips.

"I don't have anything to be proud of."

"I didn't ask you to be proud."

"If an animal loses its cuteness, it will be boiled and eaten."

It was clear that the sarcastic appearance regarded Kwon Taek-ju himself as a breeding animal. It would not have been nonsense to say that he would die if he

didn't act cute. The death he was talking about, and no one else, was highly likely to come true. Nevertheless, it was more ridiculous than scary. How can a person be born and raised to have such a mental head.

He soon reached out again. As soon as the hand was about to touch his face, he turned his head and avoided it.

"Don't."

His brows wrinkled. There was a look of displeasure in the face that was not bloody. He glared at him with a complacent face. The sharp eyes met with tension. Breaking the tension for a moment, he clenched his chin.

"Don't do it."

Annoyingly, he even shook off the hand. Shortly thereafter, he was laid down on a road sofa, violently grabbing by the collar. He fluttered his limbs to get away from him. Several angry gestures came and went. He pushed him in the jaw and kicked him in the abdomen. The more he did, the harder his face became. The tremendous strength was also doubled, and the whole body was about to be crushed.

He picked up his shirt at random. The opening was forced open. The buttons seemed to be torn off in no time. In the meantime, he hit his teeth in the abdomen that was clearly revealed.

"But...!”

He kicked his legs in disgust. He was going to have morning sex in the morning.

In the living room, which is open all around.

At that time, he felt an unwelcome air on the second floor. Olga seemed to be awake. He looked at Zenya with a flinch. Zenya also looked up and faced Kwon Taek-ju. However, he licks it from his lower abdomen to his right side for a while as if provoking. The power of the altar went off with a roar. Anxiety was maximized. He couldn't have looked this dirty.

The sound might leak, so he clenched his teeth and pushed him hard. But he persisted. Put his hand under his shirt and squeeze it like it's going to burst his chest. When he jumped his upper body and called it a sauce, he rubbed his nipples gently with his thumb. His eyes were wide open with astonishment.

"Did you sleep well?"

Olga, who was greeting in the morning, stood tall. It was right after she encountered two people tangled in a small sofa. She did it as if she was dumb and quickly left.

He covered his eyes with his arms in misery. Naturally, his molars were clenched. Zenya, who was staring at Kwon Taek-ju, twisted his nipple.

"Ah!"

He shouted nervously and stared at him. His countenance had become colder in the last few days.

"You'd better not be rude."

It wasn't once or twice that he was rejected, but this time he seemed to have been properly sarcastic.

He even skipped meals and cleaned the empty room. If he couldn't get out of this island right away, he would have to prepare his own room. He absolutely didn't want another morning-like situation to happen. Taking up Zenya's bed in inertia.

There were many remaining rooms in the mansion, but the bedding was far from enough. If he sleeps without a blanket, he could die of hypothermia without knowing it. He had no choice but to bring what he used from Zenya's bedroom.

Zenya was resting in her bedroom chair. He even closed his eyes with his head tilted back. He stepped cautiously before he could wake up. Nevertheless, he

opened his eyes and followed Kwon Taek-ju. He tried to ignore the calm and stark gaze and picked up the pillow. Take an extra blanket out of the closet.

"What are you doing?"

"Now I have eyes to see, but I can't stay together here."

He opened the drawer and took out some underwear. They were all brand new, unopened. He goes to the bathroom and gets his own toothbrush and razor. As he was busy moving, he dropped the pillow on his side. Zenya, who was about to bend over and pick it up, stepped on it with his shoes. He slowly raised his head. Zenya's face was as stiff as Kwon Taek-ju's impression, which became fierce.

"Who says so?"

"Of course it's up to me. Get out of my way."

He growled low. The emotions he had been pressing all along seemed to explode at any moment.

"Don't be in high spirits just because you've released a little. You should know where you are."

He bit his molars with force. His fist clenched, too. Normally, he would just put up with it. It's because he knows from experience that it can't be good to stimulate Zenya. Nevertheless, he couldn't let it go this time. There's a point in ignoring people.

He straightened his upper body and tapped Zenya on the shoulder.

"That's enough."

Zenya's eyes are on his shoulders. His eyes, which turn his head again and keep an eye on Kwon Taek-ju, are sharp.

So far, he had been without much creaking. In order to live, Kwon Taek-ju gave up on his own, and he just endured whatever he was faced with. In almost all

situations, Zenya took the lead, and Kwon Taek-ju's own life and death was absolutely in his hands. He was the only way to connect to the outside world and recognized that Kwon Taek-ju himself was still alive.

Then a new person appeared. Just that one thing changed a lot. At least for Kwon Taek-ju. Olga came to her senses as she appeared. He came to face up to the laziness of enjoying comfort while moderately complying with Zenya and compromising. The relationship with Zenya, who had just turned around, was deformed beyond description.It seemed like it would get out of hand if it kept getting swept away.

While organizing his thoughts, Zenya came quickly. Reflectively, he stepped back and threw away the blanket he was holding. The quilt fluttered

over Zenya's view. He swung his fist at the faltering one. However, the attack of repentance ended in nothing because he raised his arm and blocked it. He grabbed his fist and bent it the other way around. His joints seemed to be twisted by the ruthless force. No wonder, Kwon Taek-ju turned half way and kicked Zenya's shin. Zenya collapsed, bending her knees in an unexpected counterattack. Kwon Taek-ju, who was held by him, also fell.

“…Ugh."

From the back of the head to the floor, the goal rang thickly. If it wasn't carpeted, it would have caused a concussion. He was stifled by the weight of his lungs. He wanted to get up, but he couldn't be bothered by Zenya. Now that he saw it, he felt like he fell on purpose.

The next moment, Zenya grabbed the pants out of the blue. He held on tightly to pull it down as it was and pushed him away. But he didn't move. For a while, there was a silent hand-to-hand fight. A wild burst of exhales and sharp gestures came and went countless times. It was a sudden knock that announced the end.

The movement of two people stops at once. However, for a while, Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's ankle and pulled him. Then he crumpled up his shirt.

Kwon Taek-ju hurriedly pushed his chin away. He also holds his shirt tightly with one hand. His bewildered gaze and his blind Zenya's gaze were roughly intertwined.

Soon, he heard Olga's voice saying, "Let's talk outside." In the meantime, he picked up the pillow that fell on the floor and hit Zenya's face. Zenya, who was unknowingly hit in the face, turned his head half way and remained still. He doesn't even breathe.

He backed away from him in the interval. Then he hurried out of the bedroom.

“…….”

Zenya didn't move for a long time. A red fire seemed to spread in front of me. His jaw was also in a fit of rage. The feeling of fluid evaporating all over the body at once. He didn't know why he was suddenly angry.

Raise his body. He wasn't hasty. Nevertheless, a considerable sense of intimidation erupted from the slow movement. Even the warmth that was not present in the white face has completely disappeared.

He was trying to chase Kwon Taek-ju down that road, but Olga suddenly blocked him.

"Get out of the way."

He commanded in a clear voice. Olga shook her head and held on, pushing her shoulder violently. Olga, who had fallen out helplessly, rose again and ran to Zenya. A cold glance fell again. As he faced the eyes that were wriggling extraordinarily, his shoulders were curled no matter how straight they were.

"I have something to say."

Zenya ignored the request and passed Olga. Olga no longer held him. She was just shouting on his indifferent back.

"Bajim went home. The conversation with my father was unusual. You might get really hurt this time. So stop being stubborn and just give what people want!"

The real purpose of the unannounced visit was there. However, Olga's concerns did not reach Zenya. He only strode up the stairs as if he had heard nothing.

"Aren't you tired of being isolated by yourself?"

She appeals to the end. Again, the answer did not return. Zenya's appearance soon disappeared out of sight.

It wouldn't have been so hopeless to talk to the wall. Olga let down her shoulders and let out a helpless sigh.

Bam. Apply a strong impact to the closed door. But the inside of the door was only quiet. He struck the innocent door again. The fist grinding the door was full of anger, and the voice that followed was low and dry.

"Open the door."

There was still no sign from the inside. Zenya's face was getting cold. He lifted his leg and kicked the door without hesitation.

The door split in half with a violent rupture. He pulled back the ragged door and walked inside. Kwon Taek-ju, who was standing by the window, frowned in astonishment. He strode up to him and grabbed his chin.

“…Cough."

Two legs rose in the air at once. Zenya's jaw throbbed as if it were going to crush. Zenya raised Kwon Taek-ju with one arm and stared still. The eyes were as insensitive as if they were appreciating objects, not people. Kwon Taek-ju's face burns red on the sash. His eyes were also tightly closed.

He felt like he was going to die at this guy's hand. His foot, which was struggling to survive, hit him in the stomach. Immediately, he put Kwon Taek-ju on the wall opposite him.

He hit his back and back of his head hard on the wall and was stuck on a desk.

He groaned with his unbearable throbbing limbs. In the meantime, Zenya, who was checking the kicked area, tilted his head and took a breath. There was a bright yellow anger in the eyes of the man who narrowed the distance again. It seemed to have already passed the ignition point.

He raised his upper body in a hurry. Then at his feet, he threw a wooden stool.

Zenya raised her arm and easily blocked it. As soon as he bumped into his arm, the old stool broke into pieces.

Lightly shake off pieces of wood and sawdust on the arm. Shortly thereafter, their eyes collided. The gaze of quietly looking down at Kwon Taek-ju did not seem like a human eye. It was more like a predator before hunting.

When he flinched without realizing it, he jumped at him. He was caught all over his face without any time to stop him. He was pushed against the wall from the back of his head. While he was faltering in shock, he was strangled. One body after another was raised. He tried to swing his fist as it was in his survival instinct, but it was useless.

When Zenya raised his arms, Kwon Taek-ju's two feet fell off the floor. The helpless body struggled desperately to live. He stares at Kwon Taek-ju's face, who has been suffering. There was no sympathy or hesitation anywhere in the blue eyes.

"I don't have to keep a dog that sets it up for its owner."

The grip of his hand became more and more tense. The skin, which was pressed hard, seemed to be pierced in his fingers. The intraocular pressure went up.

Saliva flows out of the struggling lips.

His life was tempered by the minute when he was with Zenya. Even though he was so relaxed, he changed his face and rushed in when he was offended.

I'm tired. To keep walking on this tightrope. Living in a place where there is no hope, just adjusting to his mood. If I couldn't get out of this island anyway, it was a life like death. No, it might be better to die.

He managed to open his eyes and see Zenya. A burst of blood rose on his smooth forehead. He frowns at the pain he makes from time to time, but stares stubbornly at Zenya. No matter how hard he tightened his neck, only his eyelids trembled intermittently, and he did not close his eyes.

He wondered if the persistent gaze was burdensome. Zenya's eyes are distorted.

He looked down at him and murmured from time to time.

"Yes, I'd rather kill you. Because I can't do anything more to whine under you."

An expressionless stranger gets wet with displeasure. He pressed Kwon Taekju's neck mercilessly. The power was so great that it seemed to crush all the neck bones. His head tilted by itself.

Kwon Taek-ju did not struggle to live even after putting out his neck. He only looked at Zenya's face, which was horribly distorted, with all his strength drained from his limbs. Zenya wrinkled his nose. He was absorbed in punishing Kwon Taek-ju without even recognizing why he was so angry.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was gasping for breath, smiled broadly. When he prepared to die, he felt like a ghost. Instead, he always felt sympathy for the extreme.

“…What a pity, you, too."

He murmured in a voice as weak as a breath. Perhaps it was an illusion, but Zenya's hand, which was strangling, seemed to be losing strength for a moment.

But he was also brief. Kwon Taek-ju soon hung out over the sad ceremony. The eyes of the black man, who was capturing Zenya, also fell behind the heavily closed eyelids. Kwon Taek-ju's pulse, which had been violently fluttering, was no longer detected.

He relaxed his hand. Then Kwon Taek-ju's body, which was hanging in the air, fell to the floor. When he stretched out his dry hands, his fingertips were stained with blood. It was from Kwon Taek-ju's neck. Zenya looked at Kwon Taek-ju, who collapsed at his feet, and his hands alternately.

Why am I so depressed when I dealt with a guy who crawled up without knowing the subject. There was nothing more to annoy me. But why?

His heart, which he couldn't even feel the beat, panted quickly and heavily.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was still in motion, suddenly grabbed his arm. However, only his arms came up, and Kwon Taek-ju's body drooped. He grabs his collar and shakes it wildly. It was a busy gesture. Even his eyes shook without focus.

When there was no response from Kwon Taek-ju, he slapped him. Two times, his cheeks swelled red. The corners of his mouth were covered with blood as if his mouth had burst. But there was still no significant biological response.

It drew Kwon Taek-ju's face. Then, he checked his breath by putting his ears on his nose and mouth one after another. He could feel the breath, but it was hard to tell whether it was Kwon Taek-ju's or his.

He laid Kwon Taek-ju on the floor of the road and ripped off his shirt. Listen to the sound of his heart with his bare chest. A slight beat was felt inside the skin.

But it was so weak that it almost died down.

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's chin and opened it. Put his finger in, press his tongue, and secure his airway. At that time, something slipped on his face and fell on Kwon Taek-ju's forehead. It was sweat.

Zenya's action stops for a moment. What's so urgent, he got sweaty for a second. The empty eyes were just open, and nothing could be captured. He seemed quite shocked.

He soon got up from his seat. Walk to the doorway, which has been cut in half.

Then, he threw debris and furniture around him. The room that Kwon Taek-ju

tried to sweep and wipe was quickly devastated. Even so, he doesn't get rid of his anger, shaking his shoulders and breathing hard.

He tilted his head for a moment and took a breath. An unidentified sense of disconnection spread throughout the body. It was unpleasant. His heart was still running wild for no reason.

Why? Why? Why am I so upset?

He stormed out of his seat. Olga, who had been running for a strange moment, looked at Zenya with surprised eyes. "What's the matter?" She asked, but he went up the stairs without answering.

It was the first look she had ever seen. An ominous foreboding rushed into the broken door. Kwon Taek-ju was scattered in a messy room with no place to step.

She checked his breathing first. The closed eyelids are also tilted to examine the pupils. Fortunately, he was out of breath. Blood smeared from the hand-marked neck. It's not a lot, but she thinks she should stop the bleeding first.

She was going to pick up the medicine box, but she heard an untimely noise from the propeller. The helicopter that took off quickly moved away from the mansion.

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FSB Director-General Olek Hijinsky left the office and headed for Alpha 3rd Unit Command Headquarters. He was on his way straight to the news that Zenya had gone to work. He was always absent, and he only responded to the call when he wanted to, so he had to look for the one who was disappointed.

Two armed elite agents followed the director. It was to prepare for a possible armed conflict. He was sensitive to temperament like a reptile that changed every minute, so it was very difficult to please him.

It was around the time when the director's group had just arrived on the second floor. Suddenly a man was thrown out the door. The man who hit the wall opposite fell down. The room where the man bounced out was the

party's destination, the Alpha 3rd Unit Command Headquarters. The elite agents quietly pulled out their guns.

The interior of the room was worse than he thought. The window was broken, and the iron desk was turned upside down. Office supplies such as various documents and phones rolled around on the floor.

Zenya turned his head at the sign of the door. The eyes of the director's group were unusual. What made the screening go awry today.

The director gestured to the agents and took the gun. Then they let the two wary people out. Close the door by hand and sit on the sofa that has been pushed out of place for a long time. Zenya stood in the same seat and watched him. The stinging glare gave him a hard time.

"You have the Korean spy, don't you? Did you kill him?"

“…….”

"If not, why don't you hand over his recruit now. We should also consider the face of the FSB."

He remained silent. There was no sign of concern for a moment. If he had been willing to do so in the first place, he would not have disappeared with a spy. A heavy silence ensued.

Finally, the director shook his head and breathed a long sigh. As if giving up, he threw the documents he brought.

"If you don't like it, take care of this case. Wouldn't the tarnished image be restored only by achieving results?"

In any case, the boss did not order his subordinate. It was more like a conditional deal.

Zenya glanced at the documents at his feet and saw the director again. The director outlined his work.

"A few days ago, a military intelligence official was killed. It was right after I found a hotel with a woman. According to the field investigation team, it looks like he had a suicide bombing during sexual intercourse. The rebels seem to be going to the beauty world now. A group of about 20 rebels disguised as dead women entered Moscow. So it's just the beginning."

The director took a moment to order.

"Find them all and deal with them."

Late at night. The two men and women tangled up and left a luxury bar in downtown Moscow. The man, a high-ranking official at the Ministry of National Defense, boarded a sedan provided by a bar, not an official vehicle. The woman, the man's partner, was overflowing with sensuality that could not be hidden.

As soon as the man arrived at the hotel, he hastily pulled her wrist. As soon as they got into the elevator, the two were deeply intertwined. The excited man hugged the woman and sat her on the handle. Then she rolled her skirt up to her waist. The woman, who had not allowed any physical contact until just before, spread her legs and tightened the man.

He put the garter belt around her smooth thighs. When the belt bounced, the woman shivered and groaned softly. The man clapped his lips together and licked her tongue, almost devouring her sweet breath.

The elevator went up fast. By the time they got off, they were half naked. Throw the woman on the bed. The woman laughed and clapped his round shoulders. It was a provocative gesture. The naked man jumped at the woman at once.

Put their lips back together and pull back the rest of her clothes. When the bra was pulled up, a plump chest rose elastically. Burying his face there, rubbing his body wildly, spreading the woman's legs wide and winding them around his

waist. The shirt that his wife ironed for him was crumpled in the hands of an unknown woman.

He took off her underwear, kissing the woman's neck frantically. The woman puts her knees together and sticks them together. The man heated up and tickled her butt as he moved up and down.

"Ha, ha….You have to lift your butt, huh?"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....”

He pulled out his bursting genitals. The raised flesh breathed out its nose and wandered around looking for a hole to enter. He washed the nipples while sweeping the hot-cooked ear hole on the vagina. The woman turned over with her head tilted. For a moment, he opened her open body and pushed his genitals in.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....”

"Ahhhh...What."

For a moment, a mysterious exclamation broke out from the man to enjoy the tight insertion. The head that had been buried in the woman's chest was lifted. A hard object touched the ear head that dug into the hole. There seemed to be something in the woman's vagina.

When he looks at the woman blankly, she still hugs the man's neck with a smiling face. She just felt reluctant to smile. She tried to run away late, but the woman squeezed the man hard and wouldn't let him go. Wrap both legs tightly around his waist so that the man can't get out easily.

"I told you I'd kill you."

She whispered sweetly in the ears of the embarrassed man. The man who sensed the danger was in a hurry, but somehow he couldn't get out of the woman's grasp.

Suddenly there was a bang. At the same time, the closed door opened almost as if it were being torn open. The startled man and woman looked around the door at the same time. The uninvited guest walked in front of the

two. There was no sign of embarrassment when he saw the men and women tangled up. He was none other than Zenya, who stormed in with a rifle.

He grabbed the man who was stuck by the woman. Then he threw him away.

The man was hurled to the floor without hesitation. The woman hurriedly pulled out the detonator in an unexpected situation. However, he held his arm even before pressing the explosion button. The detonator fell out of the twisted woman's hand at once.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!”

The woman let out a painful scream. Put a gun to her head without hesitation.

He didn't hesitate for a moment until he pulled the trigger one after another.

The flapping woman's body drooped. Zenya's face and body were splashed with blood. The man who was watching all the scenes quickly ran away with a hoot.

But at that moment, he had the illusion that the air particles in the air suddenly swelled up. One after another, part of the wall flies away with a tremendous explosion. The ceiling also sank helplessly. The impact of the explosion broke all the windows in the front and all the lights in the building went out. The view was cut off sharply.

Zenya blocked debris and dirt with the hem of her coat. Even for him, the situation was not immediately understood. Maybe there was something wrong with the eardrum, a ringing in the ear.

Before long, a beam of laser hit the broken window. The light that was groping through the room, which was ruined by glass debris and stone powder, soon reached Zenya's shoe. Shortly thereafter, the angled laser hovered around the left chest. Without a word, he looked down at the red dot on his chest.

At the next moment, dozens of lasers fly in from the same direction and are inserted. Zenya's chest and head turned red during the saps. A single step would have turned the whole body into a honeycomb.

After a while, the familiar propeller noise came close. The helicopter roamed over the dark sky and aimed at Zenya with lights. Somehow the look is quite familiar. He will too, it was the FSB's symbol that was decorating the bottom of the helicopter. He didn't even ask for support, but he wouldn't have come to help voluntarily.

He could tell by intuition. It was a double trap.

Even late at night, the president remained in the Oval Office. Bazim remained in his seat with a nervous air. The two waited for some news without any conversation. He sometimes checks the time by picking up his sleeve.

Soon there was a sign of movement outside the door, and a knock rang. It was the FSB director, Olek Hijinsky, who appeared when asked to come in.

The president and Bazim's eyes are on him at the same time. The director greeted him politely and reported the progress.

"We've just sent a tactical team to the scene. We've blocked all of the target's escape routes, and we've completely surrounded them."

It was an ambiguous expression, but it was not difficult to understand the meaning. The president nodded with his mouth closed. Bazim's expression was not much different. There was no concern or sympathy for his skin in his face.

The president stared at the FSB director again. There was other news that he was waiting for more than the previous report. Olek Hijinsky did not fret him for long.

"Half an hour ago, nine Bimpel Special Forces members were also dispatched to their destination. They are reliable elite agents, so you don't have to worry."

The president finally smiled with satisfaction at the director's boast. He also praised the ball saying, "You worked hard." A series of significant instructions were issued.

"If the 'watcher' resists to the end, remove it."

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There was only warning darkness in sight. No, maybe it's substance was snow.

There was nothing he could see, but he could only feel the distinctive coolness.

Not a breath of wind passed there. There was no exit, and he felt trapped in a space that was nothing. He was at a loss.

As he looks around the dark room, a child suddenly appears. It was a boy who looked about six or seven years old. The child stood far away by himself. His face was invisible. He tried to talk to him, but he couldn't even hear his voice.

It wasn't long before someone approached the child. He couldn't tell if it was a man or a woman. The silhouette, which had been hovering around the child for a while, suddenly disappeared somewhere. Another person approached the child looking there in surprise. But even that left quickly. The child was left alone again.

Numerous silhouettes passed by the child. Sometimes one or two people, sometimes in groups. But in the end, there was no one left. The child formed a group for a while and quickly became a loner again.

It was a long time before the child turned his head. A white face came toward Kwon Taek-ju for the first time. Soon, he takes a step without hesitation and approaches quickly. He couldn't see the child's face even from a close distance.

A small white hand crept out. He looked away and caught his finger. The icy temperature chilled his spine.

Was he anxious to miss the hand he barely held? The child suddenly tightened his hand. It made my fingers so tight that they hurt. It was an arm strength that did not fit a small body.

The child dragged Kwon Taek-ju somewhere. For some reason, he had a hunch that he would never be able to get out of it if he was taken as it is. There was no confidence in parenting. He doesn't even think about taking responsibility for a child he don't even know. He twisted his hand out in a hurry. As his hands were empty, the child looked up at Kwon Taek-ju blankly.

The child reached out his hand again. He stepped back without realizing it. The child's white face is in shock.an ominous feeling. The child soon burst into blue tears. The air floating in the space quickly froze. Every time he inhaled, a sharp ice crystal poured into his lungs.

Leaving the flowing tears unattended, the child tangled until Adam's apple could be seen.With the echo, the vast space began to collapse helplessly. The floor was torn down as if it had been an earthquake, and the ceiling and walls were shattered.

It was dangerous. He tried to protect the child quickly, but the child was not easily caught. The more he stretched out his hand, the more he wiped away his tears and moved away.

A completely collapsed world swallowed Kwon Taek-ju.

He opened his eyes with a deep breath. The view widened sharply, giving a dizzying dizziness. The quivering ceiling was quite familiar. He moved his hand and felt the floor. It was hard. Kwon Taek-ju was left on the floor of the room, not in front of the bed or in front of the pechika. Before losing consciousness, close his eyes while recalling his last memory. Perhaps because he was relieved or vain, a sigh leaked out. He thought he was going to die this time.

"Are you awake now?"

The question recognized Olga's existence. He sprang up his upper body. Sick pain came from all over the body as if it had been waiting. He looked around again, swallowing a groan that was about to burst. The room looked ridiculous.

Nor was the ruins likely.

In the meantime, only Kwon Taek-ju's surroundings were barely organized. His body was covered with blankets, and he seemed to have a pillow. In addition, bandages were attached to the neck and bandages on the back of the hands and arms. It seemed that she took care of Kwon Taek-ju because Olga's power could not move him.

"Why did he do that yesterday? What made him so crazy?"

Olga was very curious. He shook his head. Even Kwon Taek-ju did not know why Zenya was so angry. He often changed his face if he made a mistake, but he thought it would have been so resentful to use a separate room. Of course, he also attacked him in anger for no reason, and it felt more angry. Was it an act that even he deserved to die for a guy who likes "self-defense".

"He went out that way yesterday."

Olga organized the drugs she used, telling the whereabouts of Zenya without asking. Then let's have a meal, and then leave the room first.

Kwon Taek-ju awkwardly touched the bandaged title. He didn't mean to chew on it, but Zenya's expression, which had hardened cold, came to mind clearly.

He has never been rational, but he felt like he was fused properly at that time.

He was a man who was full of leeway even when he immersed people. Even when he revealed that he was not a colleague or when he came to the

embassy to catch Kwon Taek-ju, he didn't look like that. Maybe it's a miracle that he's breathing. After realizing it, his fingertips trembled belatedly.

Then, he suddenly recalled a strange dream that he had just before. What he saw in his dream was a child, but why does it remind him of him naturally. All that was similar were transparent white skin and unusual ivory hair. He shook

his head again and shook his mind. Hurry out of the room before any more strange thoughts come in.

He went down the stairs and into the kitchen. Somehow Olga wasn't there. No, he thought so. It was because it was squatting across the table, so it was not noticeable. He wondered what the hell she was doing there, but it was unusual to hold her chest. Her pale face was full of cold sweat.

"Hey! What's wrong?"

“…Medicine, some medicine."

Hardly slapping dry lips. Her whole body was trembling. He looked around in a hurry. Soon he found a bottle of medicine rolled under the table. Without time to check what medicine it was, he opened the lid and handed it to Olga.

Olga swallowed the pill in his hand without water. Then she wheezed. Kwon Taek-ju leaned her body carefully and brought water to drink it slowly. It also helps blood circulation by rubbing cold hands. After a while, her breathing gradually regained stability. Her complexion has improved markedly.

"I have angina, by nature."

He confesses by rubbing his stiffened heart. He guessed it wasn't nonsense that she came to take care of herself. He helped the stumbling Olga into a chair. He heated up the water and brought her another glass of lukewarm water. Olga smiled broadly and said thank you.

It was when she had just taken over the glass. There was a slight ripple on the surface of the water. Perhaps it was an illusion, there was a series of helicopter noises. Is Zenya back? No, it sounded different from his. With that much presence, it was highly likely to be a military helicopter with an auxiliary propeller.

He straightened my index finger and put it in the middle of his lips. Olga nodded silently without knowing why. Leaving her in the kitchen, he moved to the

window by the front door. Keep his back close to the wall and check the movement outside the window. Soon a military helicopter crossing the sea came into view.

Whether they intend to land on the island, they are gradually lowering the altitude. It didn't feel right. At least he didn't come to patrol a deserted island owned by Zenya. He quickly went back to the room.

"What's going on?"

"Military helicopters are approaching."

"A military helicopter?"

Olga raised her hand to cover her mouth. There seemed to be something to pick up. Before coming here, she overheard the conversation between her father Visarion and Bazim. Zenya said he would not give up "Anastasia" in the end, so they would collect it even if it was by force. That's what the Kremlin means.

It was not known whether the uninvited guests simply came to search for

"Anastasia" or even to harm Zenya. Now that he's not here, she doesn't know how it'll turn out. Above all, she was worried about Kwon Taek-ju's safety.

"I don't know why they're here, so we'd better avoid them first. For the time being, do as I tell you."

Olga silently held her head back. No one in the family knows she's here. Visarion or Bazim, who are about to take a big job, could not be allowed to meet with Zenya, so they kept it a secret. So she didn't have any good encounters with government forces either.

Kwon Taek-ju went down to the basement and took out the shotgun he used to hunt with Zenya. He also swept the bullets into his pocket. The accuracy of the shot would have been better than hitting it with bare hands, even if it was somewhat less accurate. When he went back to the kitchen, Olga suddenly lifted

up her skirt. Then he took the colt from the gun rack of his thigh and handed it over.

"I'll give you this."

Anyway, someone must be Bogdanov's bloodline. With a big smile, He returned the colt to her.

"You don't know how to shoot unless you wear it as a decoration, do you? Keep it and grind it if you have to."

"That would be more dangerous than me."

"Who are you worried about?"

At that time, the noise of the propeller, which had been noisy, died down. He hurried out to the back gate with Olga. As expected, it was a military helicopter that landed in the snowfield. When the engine went out, the door opened and armed agents poured out. Nine in total, including the pilot. The absolute number of men, of course, was too large for the inferiority of force. It seemed better to avoid a head-on collision as much as possible and hide somewhere.

"Do you know how to ski?"

He asked Olga, carrying a parachute. Olga called it a question as if it were absurd. It was a blessing in disguise. He pointed at her in the distance of the

horizon.

"Do you see the birch forest over there? When I give you a signal, you run recklessly in that direction. Even if the gunfire rings or the background gets a little noisy, don't look back and keep going, okay?"

Olga nodded eagerly. There was no sign of fear. It was thanks to decades of courage in the Bogdanov family.

He quickly checked Olga's ski equipment and gave her a signal by hitting her back. Olga hit the floor vigorously with a polo and slid over the snowfield. She

had to draw attention until she reached the forest safely. Kwon Taek-ju watched her running skillfully and entered the mansion again.

Shortly thereafter, two teams of special agents came in. Following the team leader's call, one team went upstairs, and the other team remained on the first floor to start the search. They tap the walls and floors as if they were looking for something, and bring metal detectors.

Soon a team member found a step leading to the basement. Turn on the lantern of the helmet and go down carefully step by step.

It was the moment when he repeatedly confirmed that there was no sign of popularity and took another step. A hand sticking out from between the steps snapped at his ankle. It was so sudden that it fell forward without any time to deal with it.

“…Argh!"

A bitter groan broke out from the man who rolled cruelly. In the meantime, he is busy searching for the rifle he missed in his hand and groping the floor. But nothing was caught. He raised his head in wonder. Soon someone's long legs filled his vision. It was Kwon Taek-ju. The rifle the man was looking for was passed on to him before he knew it.

He hit the man in the head with a rifle. The man couldn't even fight back and drooped. He moved him down the stairs and rummaged through his clothes.

Behind the bulletproof vest, a symbol of the FSB's special unit, "Bimpel," was embroidered.

Did the FSB send them to arrest Kwon Taek-ju himself? There were many things that were unclear. It is the same with using metal detectors to search the mansion, and there is too little caution to find people hiding. As if the landlord was aware that he wasn't here.

While he was advancing his thoughts, a sudden bullet flew in. Another team member seemed to have run after recognizing the disturbance in the basement.

He dodged quickly. Other agents who heard the shots flocked to the basement one after another.

He went to the door leading to the outside and fitted my skis. Now that he had been caught, it's going to be hard to avoid the chase. The forest was the safest place to hide, but it was not possible to attract Olga. She turned to the other side of the escape.

It was daytime, so the surface of the snowfield was moderately melted. It slipped quickly over it. The wind, which became as fierce as the running speed, poked her eyes. She had to run with frowns because she couldn't pack her goggles. Soon the agents who found her shouted at each other.

A series of shots rang out. The bullets flying from behind only one step ahead or behind Kwon Taek-ju, scratching through the snow. He clenched his teeth and crushed his eyes harder. As he ran out of range at Sapsi, agents were also chasing him with special skis. Helicopters followed overhead.

He ran in a sharp S-curve with difficulty in aiming. The distance narrowed even though he ran away to the point where both arms and legs became stiff. Even because of numerical inferiority, they could not stop and

confront. It seemed that he had to use the geographical characteristics he had learned so far to pass away.

Soon the helicopter was fired. He turned around and went under the white cliff.

Three or four agents followed without fail. Then the helicopter began supporting fire. He went out as if he had been waiting. Rows of bullets were lodged in a bland bond. Before long, the sweetheart roared immensely.

He hit the pole with all his might and speeded up. As soon as Kwon Taek-ju left the cliff, the separated sedimentary layers collapsed. The agents who were

chasing him were surprised and changed direction. However, it did not escape the avalanche that occurred in Sapsi.

He galloped through the snowfield without looking back. The helicopter followed doggedly, grinding guns. The pouring bullets tear up the quiet snowfield.The snow field sprang up white. He had barely passed in the meantime.

After a while, a sharpening cliff would appear. It was a place where he looked at as a place to try paragliding. It was perfect for a leap, but he didn't know if it would be appropriate for a jump. But he has no choice but to try.

He made up his mind and flew up without hesitation. The wind from all directions supported him. The upper body was tilted to lower the resistance.

The agents couldn't keep up and watched Kwon Taek-ju's bold or reckless jump.

The distant cliff floor quickly drew nearer. It was the time of the crash. He grabbed the rope so that he could open his parachute at any time.

At that time, a shot of Taang and Ha rang in his ears. His body, which had been standing upright, suddenly lost its strength.

He suddenly looked up into the air. It was due to an unidentified displeasure.

The wrinkled white face was filled with blood that he couldn't tell whose it belonged to. At the feet were scattered with agents who had been deployed into the operation last night.

Frowning in the glare of the sun. He didn't even realize it was dawn. Come to think of it, his ears were quite noisy. The police who were dispatched after receiving an explosion report were on the road. Ambulances were also busy carrying casualties with sirens ringing.

“…Well."

The man in his hand groaned heavily. He was the only survivor of the FSB agents deployed last night. Zenya did not ask him who the person who instigated the

mission and what the purpose was. It was interesting to be life-threatening in this way.

He easily breaks the head of the agent who tries to fight until the end even in a moribund state. The convulsive man drooped.

He was lost in thought, wiping his bloody hands at the foot of the curtain. It was his turn to thank him for the surprise gift. Who should I go to first? To the Director or to the Kremlin? It made him laugh to imagine what expression Bazim would make when he saw him.

It is fun to move his thoughts forward, but questions spring to mind. They would not have been optimistic that they could get rid of Zenya with only this amount of troops. He doesn't know if they're trying to drag his feet for a while.

"The president wants to reaffirm your loyalty. This will be the last chance the Kremlin gives."

"Bazim went home. The conversation with my father was unusual. This time you might get really hurt."

No way.

The psychology, which has been reluctant throughout, is further strengthened.

The flirting of the face also hardened. Kwon Taek-ju on the island came to mind.

His eyes turned yellow with a dizzying foreboding. A moment of relaxation clears up.

I have to go back to the island right away.

The step he had taken quickly turned into a leap.

It flew through the fickle air current. When the speed reached its maximum, the gas rattled and couldn't handle the force. The sea curved blackley as if it would devour a precarious helicopter at any time. It is pushing recklessly for reckless flights that could fall. All he had in his mind was to go back to the island quickly.

His heart beat unpleasantly. The pace has become bloated. An unknown stiffness is constantly strangling. Jekyll himself did not know why he was doing this. Just vaguely arriving on the island, it seemed that all these slim senses would go away.

Despite the bad weather, he arrived on the island earlier than usual. The first thing that caught his eye was a military helicopter circling near a cliff. He turned his head straight and moved there. As Zenya's helicopter approached, the military helicopter fired without hesitation.

Zenya did not shy away from the incoming bullets. The bullet scratched the windows, propellers, and the front of the aircraft. Black smoke shot up from the tail. Nevertheless, he stubbornly rushed into a military helicopter. He showed his willingness to clash with the reckless move.

Sensing the danger, the military helicopter stopped shooting and hurriedly raised its altitude. In the end, however, the collision could not be avoided. The propellers rubbed violently against each other, causing a flash. The air that was circulating around temporarily condenses and then explodes.

A tremendous explosion split the air.Smoke from the black bay soared, and the two scrap metal planes crashed helplessly. He jumped into the sea one step ahead of him. Fragments of a helicopter disintegrated into the air were struck down threateningly. To avoid it, he went deep into the water and hit the surface of the water at once.

Agents running to the shore pulled the trigger recklessly. Dive again and disappear from their sight. The agents aimed all over the sea and waited for Zenya to reappear. But he rarely appeared on the surface.

Did he get hurt and be buried? It was about time the puzzled agents faced each other. He felt a sudden chill behind my back. He turned the gun quickly, but his head was turned first.The bullet, which was fired at the end, even took the

breath of an innocent colleague. Dreaming red blood spreads in the white snowfield.

He hurried to the cliff where the military helicopter was hovering. Even with both eyes open, nothing looked strange. As he gets closer to the cliff, the steaminess that was boiling in the middle expands to the limit.

He reached the edge of the cliff and looked down. Blood stains sprinkled on the snowfield stood out. However, Kwon Taek-ju was nowhere to be seen around it.

Without hesitation, he glided himself to the ice wall and slid down to the floor.

The snow piled up enough to be soft relieved the shock, but it was not without shock at all. He clenched his molars and raised his throbbing body. He looked around and found Kwon Taek-ju.

He chased away the bloodstains that were spaced apart. The trace had been cut off a dozen meters in front. And there he saw a small cave that even Zenya didn't know. The area was a cave, and it was close to a groove that was narrow enough to be filled when a person entered.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been looking for it so much, crumpled up and sat in it.

How long had he been doing that? His face fluttered. The white burst of breath was hardly noticeable.In a single run, he grabbed his arm. He didn't see anything in vain. Only then did his breath burst out in a terrible way.

"Ha, ha....”

He urgently checked his breathing and checked his pulse. It was difficult to tell how much Kwon Taek-ju's body temperature had fallen due to the freezing of his body. Zenya's collar, which was checking his breathing, was slowly pulled up, putting his ear to his chest. Even though it was a very small force, he stopped all movement and looked at it.

Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was frozen red, was pulling Zenya's clothes. It was a weak gesture that seemed to fall off just by touching it. But why does the touch feel so heavy? He couldn't take his eyes off the collar.

No one talked about life to Zenya. So far, he has lived a life like an envoy. He personally took countless lives, and that was all the world wanted and demanded of him. Nevertheless, this foolish man asks himself to live. It wasn't fair.

But right now he was the only one who could help him. Just Zenya himself.

He was looking at Kwon Taek-ju in a vague way and supported him on the back.

Then his whole body collapsed helplessly and came into his arms.

"Is this how you came up with it....”

He murmured while peering into Kwon Taek-ju's bloodless face. It was a voice with a strange aftertaste.

Immediately he held him carefully. Then he headed slowly to the mansion. The current step has carved a much deeper footprint than the step alone. The step also left a deep mark on Zenya's chest.

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He opened his eyes vaguely. His head seemed to be heavily weighed down. His body seemed to be boiling. His vision was cloudy as to whether his eyes melted due to high fever. He could feel someone's presence next to him, but he couldn't bear to open his eyes and check his face.

A cold towel was placed on his forehead. A groan escaped by itself. Beyond the closed eyelid, something cool kept flickering. He reached out and grabbed it.

Kwon Taek-ju's sudden behavior surprised the existence.

"Are you awake?"

It was Olga's voice. He forced himself to open his eyes. Then Olga, sitting close to the bed, came into view. She looked worried. What happened? I don't remember the middle.

Suddenly, a special force belonging to FSB, "Bimpel," rushed in, ran away from them, and jumped down a cliff. Immediately after that, he even remembered that the sharp pain penetrated the body. It seems that he took the rest of his strength and fled to a cave. Perhaps because of the gunshot wound, the body temperature dropped rapidly, and the body gradually lost strength.

After such a long time, no one came to visit. There was no way out on his own.

The wind blew hard as time went by, and the view became increasingly blurred.

If someone didn't try to find it, even the body would not be recovered even if he died there. Faced with total solitude for the first time. He thought he was used to being alone, but he was at a loss and scared at the thought that he might be abandoned forever as it is. A weak body makes a weak mindIt was just that pair.

Seeing him alive like this, he must have been found before he died.

He tried to raise his upper body, but his side was severely strained. When he groaned and faltered, Olga hurriedly laid Kwon Taek-ju back. Then he'll lie down because he gets sick. He'll do it. He felt like he was shot in the side.

"You've been unconscious for quite a while. Do you know that?"

Olga sighed and checked and asked. He shook his head. Since he lost consciousness, all his senses have become dull, and he has not even recognized the passage of time. He doesn't even know how he was moved there. Olga's power alone would have been impossible, so he only guessed that someone else would have helped.

Olga did not explain what had happened. It was important for patients who were exhausted mentally and physically to get absolute stability. She soaked the towel in water and squeezed it.

"You sweated a lot, and I think I need to wipe it off because you have a high fever. Will you be alright?"

She asked him, nodding his head. He was uncomfortable because his whole body was sticky with sweat. Having been shot, it would have been difficult to take a shower for a while.

Olga carefully lifted the blanket that Kwon Taek-ju was covering. Then, someone grabbed her by the arm. He also snatched the towel she was holding in her hand. It was Zenya.

He nods to Olga, who is staring at him, to stop going out. Olga hesitated with a concerned look. If another hand-to-hand war broke out between the two, Kwon Taek-ju would not survive this time. Zenya dulled her to sleep.

"Get out."

It's quiet, but she felt intimidated enough. Olga reluctantly rose from her seat and left the bedroom. Leave the door slightly open just in case.

“…….”

“…….”

A glaring eye met. In fact, it was the first face-to-face meeting after the fight, but hostility, anger, and antipathy toward each other had subsided. After all the fuss, he didn't care about that. However, Kwon Taek-ju looked quite exhausted.

He didn't even have the energy to engage in a war of nerves with Zenya.

Zenya lifted the blanket without saying a word. The cool air clung to the heated body. He trembled and fell ill. He looks at Kwon Taek-ju and raises one arm.

Unconsciously, he flinched and pulled out his arm. Their eyes meet again.

Zenya, who normally would have changed her face from the start, pulled his arm again with patience that he didn't have. Then, he wiped the damp skin with a wet towel.

At first, he got goosebumps just by touching the towel, but he gradually adapted. Moreover, Zenya also remained silent, focusing only on wiping his body. The one who delicately wiped each finger steals the inside of the armpit.

He felt good because he felt refreshed quickly, but he was embarrassed for nothing because he was looking at every corner of his body so hard. It's just that he's being cared for because he's a patient, but he thinks he's being told off.

Wet the towel again and put it on your hot throat. He groaned, frowning at the terrible temperature difference. Then wait a while and gently rub the bandage-wrapped neck and chin to wipe it. The straight lumbar vertebrae

and the bluntness of the chest are also carefully stolen as if they were overlapped.

His uncomfortable body soon refreshed. Kwon Taek-ju left himself comfortably as if he had forgotten that his opponent was Zenya. Pull back the blanket that was hanging from the waist. Kwon Taek-ju was completely naked. The fact that he didn't even wear underwear made him curl up, but he didn't show it. There was no reason to be embarrassed while he had already seen what he couldn't see.

Without even realizing it, he rubbed Kwon Taek-ju's lower abdomen and thighs.

Then, thoroughly wiped the groin, genitals, and perineum. The testicles twitched when the cold towel touched them. Zenya, who normally would have split it in a mean way and talked about indecent things, was quiet. He was just concentrating on what he was doing with his mouth shut. It was awkward. It didn't seem like Kwon Taek-ju himself knew it.

Soon, Zenya lifted Kwon Taek-ju's knee so that the sole of the foot touched my chest. Kwon Taek-ju's legs were folded in the shape of a translator. Stretch his arms deep and gently wipe his hips.

“…Why do you keep trying to run away? I'm not even trying to kill you."

It was a long time before he spoke. It was a tone that seemed to secretly share the worries that he had been alone for a long time.Kwon did not immediately

respond. He just stared at him in the face. It was strange for him to ask such a question all of a sudden. He wondered if he was really asking because he didn't know.

Soon, Zenya also faced Kwon Taek-ju. He answered the guy who was waiting calmly for an answer.

"Because there's no reason to stay here."

The voice was not rousing, but rather calm. It's not a will to come here in the first place. From that point on, the island was nothing short of a prison for Kwon Taek-ju. It was not just because of Zenya that repeatedly tried to escape. There was just no desire to stay.

Maybe he didn't like that answer. Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju without a word, stopping his hand. There is no particular crumpling or stark facial expression change.

Nevertheless, he doesn't know why the face of the wounded child he saw in his dream overlaps with him. He felt like he had done something terrible. It was burdensome to see the eyes of the guy who never left for a moment. Turning away from the gaze, he lowered his legs himself.

As the conversation was cut off, a tough silence fell. They didn't talk much about other times. So there was no reason to feel awkward even now. However, the longer the silence, the more uncomfortable it was.

After a while, Zenya rose up. He was nervous without realizing it, but he did no harm. He just put down the towel he was holding on the table. The guy who was going to leave just like that opened his mouth.

"Make it, then."

He woke up from a long sleep. Because of the constant moaning, not only the inside of his mouth but also the inside of his neck became dry. He doesn't know how long it's been. The night seemed to be deep again. He thought he heard the

contrasting sound in his sleep, but when he opened his eyes, the room was still.

Was it even a dream?

He got out of bed. There was still a heavy pain in the side, but it was manageable. He went to the kitchen and moistened his dry throat. Dadidan water swirled quickly all over the body. Even the somewhat dazed head seemed to wake up.

He took a short breath and looked out of the window. The meaningless gaze was not immediately recovered and fixed in one place. He thought there was some light, but Zenya was sitting outside the mansion.

What is he doing there at this late hour?

He drew closer to the window, drinking water. Then watch Zenya openly. He didn't do anything curiously. He just sat there without that common bonfire.

There was only a desolate snowfield where his head was facing. Even the size of the man, who was so big that he was sick of it, felt insignificant in front of Mother Nature. Is it because of the contrast effect? The back of the sitting man was trampled on his eyes. The monster couldn't feel lonely, but the shady back looked exceptionally lonely.

Who the hell sympathizes with who. He was about to turn around shaking his head. He suddenly looked back. Eyes meet inevitably. Does he have eyes on the back of his head? His heart fluttered with surprise.

Contrary to expectations, Zenya took no action. He just kept a quiet eye on Kwon Taek-ju, who was upset. The eyes were so straight and stark that he was embarrassed for no reason. He couldn't stand it, so he turned around.

Unexpectedly, Kwon Taek-ju headed to a clothing room, not a bedroom. At night when it's not, what's this? He grumbles and takes out his coat and wears it. McCallan, who was found in the kitchen, also carefully packed and went outside.

Zenya turned his head again at the notice of the door. He looks surprised when he finds Kwon Taek-ju.

"I brought something nice."

He shook the bottle to Zenya, who was staring at him blankly. Then he went next to it and flopped down. He felt pain in his side without fail, so he said, "Oh, no." Zenya was silent until then. He didn't stop staring at Kwon Taek-ju as if he were piercing.

He opened the McCallan without a glass and drank the whole bottle. Drinking can't be good for a gunshot wound, but the pain seemed dull when taken. He handed the bottle to Zenya after trying to do his best. He put his mouth on the shiny bottle without hesitating.

So they exchanged a couple more times. It was Kwon Taek-ju who opened the door to conversation.

"I'm asking because I'm really curious, but why did you buy such an island?"

"Nice. Quiet, nothing."

It's very good. Kwon Taek-ju snatched the bottle with an expression that he was not praying. As he knew earlier, his taste is quite extraordinary.

"You don't have any friends, do you?"

He stared at Kwon Taek-ju without answering the following questions. Kwon Taek-ju shook his head and was convinced of himself.

"There won't be. It can't be."

"And you?"

"I don't know what you're asking. I'm on a very general level. It's full of people I'll call when I want to drink. There are many things to hide because of my job, and I just can't see them often."

While he was at it, he added a few words.

"There are mothers who can't sleep because of her worries. How are you?"

He meant to feel guilty. However, there is little change in Zenya's face. That's right. He bit his lips again and again.

"A special young man, by the way. Is it fun to play alone like this?"

"It's not funny, it's familiar."

He didn't reply very pitifully, but he couldn't be sarcastic like before. Just, that's how he felt.

He looked into Zenya's face for a moment. He's sure there are a lot of people who say it's good to shut up and be quiet like now. He was quite eloquent when he was determined and pretentious. What about the work techniques shown on the Trans-Siberian train.

Stretch out one's hand. Zenya watched Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which suddenly approached. Soon his finger touched one side of Zenya's forehead. It was a place where the wound occurred not too long ago. A mischievous smile spread on his face, which was always blunt.

"How many more people are you going to seduce with this?"

It is also ironically advised not to leave it unattended but to treat it. He grabbed his hand, which was about to be bitten. His body was pushed back one after another and fell down. The accumulated snow propped up his back.

The dark night sky filled the view. Numerous stars embroidered on it seemed to pour down at any moment. It was the first time to see stars after many days.

"Uh….”

He was staring blankly and suddenly pointed into the air. The curtain of purple and dark blue fluttered like a curtain. It was the aurora. He was completely

mesmerized by the wonderful sight of the vast nature. In any art museum, there would be no work that surpasses the current sky.

How long has it been?

Zenya climbed over his body and covered his view. Their eyes met at close range. He didn't avoid it and stared at him whether he had already risen in

the spirit of alcohol or whether he had yet to regain his spirit taken away by ecstasy.

His blue eyes showed pure desire. That can't be true.

Zenya's face slowly got closer when he didn't recognize it. The lips of the guy who landed on his chin first were pressed on the top of his nose and then crushed on his forehead. He closed and opened his eyes without realizing it. The person who took off his lips looked down at Kwon Taek-ju. He sometimes sweeps his throat with his thumb. His eyelashes trembled because it was itchy.

That's probably why his breath was shaking unstable.

Soon Zenya's face came back. He didn't even think about avoiding it, but when his breath touched his philtrum, he came to his senses. He thought their lips would touch.

He turned his head to his side. As a result, Zenya's lips hit her innocent chin.

Zenya did not forcibly hold Kwon Taek-ju's face as before. He just looked at the side of his face, silent and indifferent. His mind became uncomfortable. Quickly, he pushed his chest and got up.

"I have no intention of doing this with your little one."

Definitely draw a line. Then he left before the atmosphere became more ambiguous. He felt a stinging gaze behind his back, but he tried to pretend not to know.

As soon as he entered the mansion, he tore his hair and committed suicide. He almost got swept away. It was not comforting at all to rationalize that it was because he drank, or what happened for a while. No matter how strongly

humans are affected by the environment, this was not it. No one else tried to rape, assault, and kill him. It was obvious that he went crazy after being left

in a white space for too long.

I have to leave here before it gets any stranger.

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"Go back now."

During breakfast, Zenya unilaterally instructed Olga.

"Can't I stay a few more days? Even for just two days."

"No way."

He refused flatly. The firm face represented no compromise. Olga nodded reluctantly. The face of rummaging through the fish soup made her sulky.

If Olga goes, will Zenya be left alone again? He let out a long sigh. Then, Olga confidently said, "Are you sad that I'm going?" Zenya's eyes followed. This guy and her are annoying anyway.

"Good-bye. You stop staring."

Olga pouted her lips again with an indifferent attitude. She complained, "I took care of you for no reason." Since then, Zenya's tough eyes have not fallen off.

Kwon Taek-ju ignored such a guy and silently finished his share of food.

After the meal, he went up to Olga's room together. He followed her because he wanted to give her his book because she would be bored, but he was being forced to do it. Olga threw it to Kwon Taek-ju as soon as she picked up her belongings under the pretext that the helicopter would arrive soon. As she put it in, the bag didn't close.

She didn't dare to eat rice again, so she put in only the things that were sticking out. Then at first glance, something caught his eye. He glanced at Olga. She was

busy organizing her clothes, which seemed to be worth a dozen. Hide what he has in his pocket.

"Are you done?"

Olga turned around unexpectedly. "Yes", she closed the trunk.

"What time is the helicopter coming?"

"Well, it'll be here in about half an hour."

"Really? Then I'll put this out there."

Lift the bursting trunk and place it in front of the stairs. Then he headed straight to the basement. The warehouse was stacked with boxes of benzene used to trim fur. He went into the bathroom with one of them.

He locked the door firmly. His heart began to beat violently. Numerous attempts to escape have failed. But this time it might be different. At least it was more hopeful than ever. His fingers were numb with anxiety and anticipation.

Put the benzene down on the floor and took out the medicine bottle in the pocket. It was from Olga's bag. The main ingredient of the drug prescribed for angina is nitroglycerin, which helps to expand blood vessels. Nitroglycerin, when dissolved in ethanol or benzene, explodes even in small shocks and heat.

For this reason, it was also a common drug used by handmade bomb makers.

He took all the pills out of the bottle and ground them into small pieces.

Carefully pour the powder into a bottle of benzene. Stir gently with the handle of the toothbrush and wait for the powder to dissolve completely. The handmade bomb thus completed was brought to the entrance of the rooftop.

By the time he had finished all the work, he heard a propeller noise. A helicopter was also seen approaching from a distance. As if nothing had happened, he came down to the second floor and encountered Olga.

"It seemed like it was slowly arriving."

He hit it in case he was suspected for no reason. Olga nodded cheerfully and came down from the trunk where she sat.

"I guess he won't even see you off."

"What do you want from him? Go."

He climbed the stairs with Olga's trunk instead. Olga shouted and followed Kwon Taek-ju, saying, "I'm going now toward the downstairs where Zenya will be."

It was just around the time we reached the entrance to the rooftop. Kwon Taekju, who was ahead, suddenly stopped walking. Bend down to see if he dropped anything on the floor.

"What's wrong?"

"I owe you a moment."

"Huh? What....”

Olga's mouth, which was wondering, was blocked. At the same time her trunk rolled down the stairs.

Zenya, who was coordinating the contrast, suddenly raised his head. It was due to a sudden noise upstairs. It was obvious that Olga was clumsy and dropped something. It's never quiet even when it's going back and forth.

He got up from his seat and went to the window. Looking out, he saw a helicopter hovering in the air. He thinks it's been a while since he arrived, but for some reason, he hasn't landed and he's just wandering over the sky.

He frowned as he watched without doubt. An ominous foreboding came up through the nape of the neck. He ran up the stairs with a shotgun on the wall right away.

Olga's trunk fell on the second floor. Something rattles inside.

"The owner....”

He murmured like a groan and ran to the roof. As he swung the door open, he saw Kwon Taek-ju, who took Olga hostage. There was a large bottle of benzene in his hand.

"Don't come!"

Kwon Taek-ju shouted with great caution. Ignoring and striding up, he raised benzene.

"Stop. If you come more, I'll break it."

He warns him again, distorting the nose. And yet all he has is benzene for fur.

That's not a threat. He was dumbfounded, but for a moment, some calculations were automatically carried out in his mind. Olga and high levels of benzene suffering from angina. Each of the facts is combined to draw the conclusion that it is a "nitroglycerin bomb." If it fell and broke, the entire rooftop would have been blown away. Not only Zenya and Olga, but also Kwon Taek-ju's own life and death cannot be guaranteed.

He took his breath quietly. He barely manages to control his emotional surge inside, biting his molars tightly. He reached for Kwon Taek-ju.

"Come here."

Kwon Taek-ju shook his head and took another step back. Whether it's really a mountain to break, he forces his hands holding benzene to become white.

What the hell, why?

Zenya's forehead creases. He narrowed the distance as if to try. Then Kwon Taek-ju stepped down and raised the bottle without hesitation. Seeing the determined look on his face, it seemed that he was not bluffing. Regardless of who gets hurt or not, it would be enough if they overpowered them in their own nature, but Zenya couldn't get closer and stopped again. Anger that was boiling was crawling.

"Come here when I say something nice!"

Even if pressed, Kwon Taek-ju shook his head stubbornly. Soon the ladder came down from the helicopter. Zenya's eyes are shaking. As soon as Kwon Taek-ju grabbed the ladder, something broke in his head.The temperature dropped by the shovel. As if he had forgotten Kwon Taek-ju's warning, he rushed to the helicopter without hesitation. A bottle of benzene flew in. For a moment, the air around it seemed to be sucked in and concentrated.

Soon after, an explosion occurred. The entire floor shook and cracked throughout the building. One side of the wall was smashed. Zenya couldn't stand the pressure either and fell out. The back that collided with the wall throbbed as if it were about to split. The skin was scratched by debris from all directions. In his deaf ears, a ringing tinnitus rang. The blood from the head dampens even the sight of the eye red.

His ragged body rose and only blackened through the smoke. The front of the roof collapsed beyond recognition. Zenya's eyes, which were looking around urgently, already saw a flying helicopter. Olga and Kwon Taek-ju, who hugged her, were hanging from the ladder that hung down.

He looked around with a determination that he had to follow. But there is no suitable means. His helicopter was buried deep in the sea a few days ago. He could call another helicopter, but Kwon Taek-ju wouldn't wait until then. Even as he stood helpless, he continued to drift away over the sea. He didn't even look back once.

"Taek-ju!!!...!”

Desperate roar dispersed.

The helicopter carrying Olga and Kwon Taek-ju arrived near Moscow. Both disembarking looked calm. There was no harsh atmosphere to be found, overshadowing the hostage crisis just a while ago.

"What are you going to do when you go back to Korea?"

"There's a lot of work to be done. The mission needs to be closed, and there's something I need to look into personally. I'll be busy for a while."

Olga nodded and asked for a handshake first. There was some regret on her flabby face.

"If we go like this, it'll be hard to see you again, right?"

"When we see each other again, it means I'm in hell again."

Olga smiled awkwardly at the candid answer. Kwon Taek-ju lightly held his hand, which stretched out in front of her. After shaking hands, Olga turned around the helicopter. Then the pilot brought a small bag and handed it to Kwon Taek-ju.

“…What is it?"

"I thought it would be necessary to go back to your country. Thank you for saving my life twice."

There was cash, a clean new shirt, and a colt in the bag. He needed a fake passport and money to leave Russia. He was pleased with Olga's support.

"Thank you for helping me earlier."

"I didn't help you earlier. I stayed still because I didn't want to get hurt."

"If you were going to run away, you could have done as much as you wanted.

There's a gun, too, and it's enough to shoot it out."

"It's not impossible, but I'll really die by that person."

He laughs playfully. Around that time, an aircraft descending ahead of the runway passed over the heads of the two. Olga, who was looking up at the flag without meaning, suddenly brought it up to him.

"In the end, everything turned out to be like a Koschei's story."

In the end, Kwon Taek-ju's situation, which ran away from Zenya, was like a beauty who found and eliminated Koschei's heart and escaped from his castle.

Koschei's story always ends there.

When the shadow of the aircraft is completely gone, it says, "Now go away."

Kwon Taek-ju faced Olga for a while and turned around without hesitation. Olga looked a little bitter as he strode away. Zenya, who only shouted his name even though his head burst and blood flowed, came to mind. His eyes were busy as if he had lost something very important in front of him. It was the first time that Zenya had such a look. Even if "Anastasia" was taken away, he would not be so agitated. He still can't calm down his surprise at that time.

If so, Kwon Taek-ju didn't hold the bomb. Would the results have changed if Zenya had boldly shot him with a shotgun. He didn't know.

Olga murmured while keeping an eye on Kwon Taek-ju, who was far away.

"Koschei's weakness was not a hidden heart."

Another plane passes over his head. Buried by the noisy engine noise, the added words died down without a trace.

“…It was love, Taek-ju."

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hide and seek.

"Uh? What's this?"

Yoon Jong-woo, who was about to log in to the game, frowned. When he entered his ID and password and clicked the connect button, he received an error message saying that he was already connected. He tried closing and re-entering the active window, but the result was the same. If it wasn't that there was an error on the server, someone else must have stolen his ID.

He had a feeling like that for quite some time. Every time he logged in, the experience value subtly changed, and there were items that were not in his inventory. He simply thought that there might have been an event that he didn't know about, but it seems that he caught the tail today.

How dare you hack NIS staff. What kind of guy did it?

"You bastard, you got it wrong."

He entered a different ID to access the game. It was an ID that he dug up for an event entry and left behind. Thanks to that, he had nothing but the basic items.

Search for the original ID in the user search window. The thief's location was immediately revealed, and he entered the server. The thief was there preparing a game that would soon begin. He was talking to him, but other users urged him to complete the wait quickly. Without hesitation, he pressed the button to join the fight.

Soon the game started. A vivid background screen reminiscent of a real battlefield filled the monitor. The sound of gunfire echoed through the headset, as if it were real. In the place where they became frantic about killing each other, Yoon Jong-woo only chased after the thief. The guy was naturally

absorbed in the game. Only high-level users who are obsessed with massacring civilians pick and shoot. He was astonishingly gray-haired.

"Ouch! I didn't use it on purpose and saved it!"

Yoon Jong-woo, who was aiming for him, shouted in astonishment. The item he had just thrown away was a rare item that was difficult to obtain even with cash.

The treasure he had carefully enshrined without having been equipped even once was being squandered away as if he were proud of it. He couldn't stand it any longer.

Yoon Jong-woo applied for a 1:1 match with a very solemn expression. He forgot the fact that the ID the other person was using was his and made up his mind that he would let go of his small work.

Then the thief answered.

–Don't scratch and go play over there.

He was speechless, so he gasped. He applied for a fight again. Rejected.

reapplied. Again it was rejected right away.

"...This bastard."

He clung to him relentlessly until he accepted. No matter how he messed up, he suddenly responded to the confrontation. Suddenly, he was bewildered again.

As soon as the confrontation started, he jumped in and ran. However, there was something Yoon Jong-woo overlooked. The ID, which he accumulated experience by splitting up the time he didn't have, wasn't his now. He was just a bare and powerless low-level user.

He made full use of his flamboyant skills and launched all sorts of attacks, but the thief could not get a single wound. On the other hand, even if the bullets grazed, the gauge went off. Even halfway up, he slammed the keyboard and mouse furiously.

"Aaaaaagh! Die, die!"

Opponents equipped special armor. If he uses it, he won't take damage from most attacks. The problem was that all of Yoon Jong-woo's firepower was included in that tolerable attack. Even if he aimed straight and pulled the trigger, the opponent didn't get a single thin scratch. He made a decision and went out of cover, and it only took away his life.

In a situation of dilemma, the thief struck a decisive blow. His vision flipped as he was hit with a headshot.

"No dear... !"

He grabbed the monitor and screamed, but the game was already over. Shit. He searched again for the ID that the thief had stolen while swearing. But he had already logged out. In the middle of the night he couldn't even scream, he was in a fuss of rage, pulling only his unkempt hair.

It wasn't until a long time later that Yoon Jong-woo discovered the unconfirmed message. The sender was the thief from before. He immediately checked the contents. There was a place and time written on it without any mention. It's this side that got hit, so he's guessing that even Hyeonpi will come out. It's ridiculous.

The time specified by him is 30 minutes later, and the location is a PC room in Incheon. Kindly even wrote down his seat number. If he ran diligently from now on, he would be able to arrive on time. Yoon Jong-woo, who was frantic, took his coat and left the house.

The lighting in the designated PC room was quite dim. It seemed to increase concentration. Because time is time, many of the seats were empty. The part-time student at the counter was also dozed off and did not notice Yoon Jong-woo's appearance.

He narrowed his eyes and walked through the dark room. He ran for nearly 30

minutes, burning his fighting spirit, but when he arrived, his heart pounded. He took a deep breath and moved to the 59th spot the thief had told him to take. As he passed the 30th, 40th and into the 50th line, his heart thumped

like it was about to jump out of his mouth. He walked carefully and finally arrived at seat number 59.

"....What."

There is a hint of disappointment on his face. Because seat 59 was empty. The damned thief called people all the way here and ran away.

Maybe he was flirting somewhere inside the store. He took a quick look around.

There was no one to meet his gaze. Even those who stand out in particular. It wasn't enough for him to be badly hit in the game, so he was properly played by him.

"Oh, this motherfucker….!"

He clenched his fists in indignation. He couldn't bear to use evil, so he clenched his teeth and struggled. Other users gave disapproving glances at the silent clamor.

Like that, while getting everyone's attention in one body, he touched the awkward monitor after losing his temper. As a result, the power saving mode was released and the monitor turned on. The reason he was puzzled was because of the writing that filled the screen and could easily reach 200 points.

He sat down.

What kind of play is this? Yoon Jong-woo, who was very displeased, sat down in silence. He pretends to be calm and looks around the federation. He wondered if even this was the thief's modification, but he was also curious about what the thief was up to.

But after a long wait, he did not appear. Other users were only immersed in their own games. Did he play again? There were a thousand fires inside.

I need to tell him clearly who he touched. I will find him by any means necessary.

Grinding his teeth, he got up from his seat.

Then, someone suddenly called out.

"Hyeonpi is a grown man."

"......?"

Where did I hear that voice?

He flinched and looked at the seat next to him. Soon, the opponent was also slowly bitten on the back out of the partition. Yoon Jong-woo's eyes widened.

"Senior!"

"Shut up, kid."

Kwon Taek-ju blocked Yoon Jong-woo's mouth in panic. Then he carefully observed the dynamics around him. Yoon Jong-woo was also coldly wary of his surroundings. He releases him only after he's made sure he's safe.

"What happened? I thought you were dead!"

"You didn't expect that to happen?"

"What do you mean? I worry about you day and night…."

"You must have been busy playing games."

"Yes. I played day and night….It's not, really!"

Yoon Jong-woo, who had been dragged into it unconsciously, hurriedly corrected his words. His face was half crying. Pick smiled and nodded to follow him, then got up first.

Yoon Jong-woo asked as he descended the narrow and steep stairs.

"By the way. That thief earlier, was it you senior?"

"ID cherryboy, password @. Isn't it time to change something?"

He admits it outright. It was shameless to openly steal someone else's ID. Yoon Jong-woo glared resentfully at the back of Kwon Taek-ju's head, who was leading the way. In his heart, if it wasn't for his senior, he chewed over and over again.

"If that's not your senior, then what?"

"....yes?"

He wondered if he unknowingly muttered what he was thinking alone. Yoon Jong-woo was startled and covered his mouth.

"Didn't you know? I know how to do mind reading."

He said, "Is Yoon Jong-woo genuinely real?"

Kwon Taek-ju didn't reply and just split the room. It was clear he was playing too. Why did Yoon Jong-woo himself meet a shooter like Kwon Taek-ju? Why did it have to be today, too, he raised a futile objection to the goddess of fate.

Kwon Taek-ju's face reflected in the streetlight was beyond words. Everywhere he looked, there was a sin bandage or a bandage attached. His physique was still the same, but his face line had become sharper and he seemed to have lost 5kg. Maybe he didn't sleep properly, so he was tearing up under his eyes. It was so pitiful that he couldn't even feel more resentful of him.

Yoon Jong-woo had no way of knowing where Kwon Taek-ju had been and what he had been doing. This is because his duties are kept secret even from fellow NIS colleagues. During the operation, there were more times when we could not be contacted, so he wondered why they hadn't seen each other for several

months. He was the kind of person who would come out of nowhere and ask for a meal once the mission was safely completed, just like they had met yesterday.

He has never been worried about the safety of Kwon Taek-ju. But this time it was a little different. After Kwon Taek-ju called from Russia, he felt uncomfortable. 'Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov', whom he was traveling with at the time, was a person whose official information could not be found. He was no longer a good sign in itself, but the more he knew, the more dangerous he became. He tried to convey that fact to Kwon Taek-ju, but he couldn't because he lost contact. He never got a call from him again. He was embarrassed and reported to Lim, but he was told not to worry as Kwon Taek-ju was all right.

After that, he must have been a useless old woman, he thought and brushed it off.

However, Kwon Taek-ju, whom he met after a long time, did not seem to be safe.

"Did you bring the car?"

"Yes, over there."

Carefully he opened the car door. The two sat in the driver's and passenger's seats, respectively.

"Where shall we go?"

"Talk over here."

Kwon Taek-ju turned off the engine that Jong-woo Yoon had put on, and took out the memory chip from the black box. The location information recorded in the navigation is also deleted. The inside of the car was just dark with no headlights or interior lights turned off. It seemed that no one was aware of the presence of people outside.

He opened his mouth only after thoroughly erasing his traces.

"What does the manager say? About me."

"Even so, I was on the phone with my senior last time and just hung up, right?

After that, there was no contact. The identity of the guy you were going with at the time was also the same, and I was very uncomfortable with it, so I told the manager. Since you're safe, you told me not to worry about you? It's a monthly pass."

"All right… I'm not saying it's wrong because I'm not dead. So, how is the atmosphere at the headquarters these days?"

"Oh no, don't talk. There is really no time to catch your breath these days. You said you worked overtime for three days until yesterday? Why, haven't you been making a lot of noise recently that there will be a major personnel transfer? The Blue House will nominate one of the current deputy directors as the next NIS

chief."

Stories like that circulated frequently. It was rumored that the current head of the National Intelligence Service announced his intention to resign due to personal reasons. The head of the National Intelligence Service is appointed by the president, and the position is usually occupied by an outside person.

Although he is the supreme leader, it was to prevent excessive power by giving only symbolic meaning. It was also not unrelated to the fact that it would be easier to manage if it was entrusted to someone close to the Blue House.

For that reason, it was an extremely unusual move for one of the deputy directors to become the NIS chief. If the rumors were true, only the employees below would be tired. Because each department will work hard to accumulate even one more performance.

Yoon Jong-woo's complaint that followed was proof of that.

"The manager is also very energetic and treats us like slaves? I was going to take a long vacation this month, but I want him to just send me home. I can't even say that I'm going to work because he had noticed."

"Did anything else happen?"

"Well. Oh, there is one. I recently moved to the information support team."

It was only then that Kwon Taek-ju, who had been looking straight ahead, turned his head to Yoon Jong-woo. "Why", he shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I don't have a lot of compatibility with the investigation team. It wasn't like I supported it from the beginning. When I joined the company, the manager promised that if the investigative team was filled, I would be removed from the support team. You've kept it until now, well. Nothing bad. As expected, support team work is a race against time, not as risky as on-site. Life insurance, which used to cost 1.1 million won a month, is a benefit because you don't have to buy it anymore. It's full of good things... ."

"By the way, what?"

He doesn't miss Yoon Jong-woo's words, which hangs ambiguously. Yoon Jong-woo shut his mouth for a moment. He was contemplating whether to say something or not. Let's wait in silence, and they'll talk soon.

"I was trembling without knowing something. Our department isn't full yet. At that time, I hadn't heard that another employee other than me had moved to the team. It's not like I made a big mistake or achieved anything in my work.

Whether it's for punishment or reward, there's no reason to send it to the support team in the first place. How many tardies do you consider to be a reason for personnel action?"

Looking at the complaints, it seemed that no clear reason had been heard. Most likely, such personnel actions are based on the needs of the upper management.

"What was the last mission you had on the investigative team? You wiped out Kim Young-hee's gang in Busan, is that it?"

"You can't divulge that."

"It's relaxing. Will you do that even if you cut off your head after this?"

".....That's right. then that."

After hearing the answer, he thought deeply. Looking back, it all started right there.

Immediately after arresting Kim Young-hee and his gang in Busan, he was called by Lim, and he was soon to leave for Russia. It was after that that Yoon Jong-woo, who was a partner in the mission, was suddenly reassigned to the team.

He certainly wasn't ashamed. Is there a case where the assistant shooter's personnel transfer is not notified to the shooter?

"Strictly speaking, you are not qualified for this operation."

"Since you've been so flustered from the start, I should be able to feel safe from this distance. There is no other child left at the water's edge. So, I've got someone to help you."

Looking back, there were many strange things. Partners are usually attached before being put into operation. Kwon Taek-ju prefers to work alone, and it was obvious that he would reject it, so putting it off until later was not a good excuse. He had conceded a hundred times, and even if he had a good reason for doing so, it was not a mistake to send Salman and Zenya's picture in exchange.

"Anyway, do you think you're hated on that side too? My name was mistakenly sent to a place called the National Intelligence Service... It can't be."

"I had one more mission."

"It was an order from the Korean side. What the hell were you doing in your home country? What did you do to come here and almost get shot?"

The stories of Zenya and Salman flash through his mind. At this point, it seemed that things hadn't simply gone awry. He definitely needed to dig into it.

"What happened to the guys I caught and handed over in Busan?"

"Ah, maybe you don't know, senior? It was noisy for a while then. It was a clean-up operation on a passenger ship. There were numerous hostages and even witnesses, but I couldn't go over quietly. Maybe they had in mind that they would be responsible later, and they announced that it was not the arrest of the operative, but the maritime police eradication of the armed drug smuggling group."

It's common. Civilians do not know that there are South Korean operatives in the world these days. And the government wants to avoid social unrest as much as possible.

"And speaking of Kim Young-hee, she must have been poisoned right before the arrest."

"....Does she eat poison?"

A wrinkle forms between Kwon Taek-ju's forehead. Yoon Jong-woo shook his head and said he was already dead when the police arrived.

Kim Young-hee also attempted to harm herself when Kwon Taek-ju himself caught her.

However, he soon handcuffed his left hand and hung it on the railing, while his right hand was shot and tattered. He even put a handkerchief in her mouth to keep her from biting her tongue, how could he have harmed her?

"Tell me more. How did that happen?"

"I don't know either. After that, the team changed quickly. It seems that the head of the arrest diary wrote it instead because the senior was not there?"

If there is no doubt, there are no doubts. There was nothing he couldn't do if he tried to understand. But once questioned, the whole thing seemed dubious. He knows things are going pretty unnaturally, but he still doesn't know what's causing it. He felt like he was missing an important clue.

It felt like he had to go through it all over again from the beginning. That would take time. The fact that Kwon Taek-ju himself had returned to Korea would have to be kept a secret for the time being. Hardening his thoughts, he called out warmly, servant Wu.

"Why, why... ."

"Where are you going to go and say you met me?"

"Why not?"

"Because there might be a wanted order in my future. If it became known that you met me today, would you be accused of being an accomplice?"

"Yes? What the hell have you done!"

Yoon Jong-woo shouted at his flagship. The pupils were about to roll down from the wide open eyes. He lightly flicked his finger on his forehead. Yoon Jong-woo rubbed the area that had been hit with a dying sound.

"What would you do if you were here? You ran away long ago."

".....Is that so? Criminals can't openly appear in front of NIS agents. Fearless."

He muttered to himself, and then quickly understood. Kwon Taek-ju turned his head and ate. Yoon Jong-woo understood the meaning of the laugh at once and blushed, telling him not to laugh at him. Yes, seeing as he is crazy about shooting games, he must be the best agent in the field at heart.

Just then, Yoon Jong-woo's cell phone rang. Yoon Jong-woo said, "Wait a minute," and checked the message he had just received. Dawn was about to break, and the outside of his window was gloomy. There were no passers-by, but they remained vigilant.

"Spam is extreme."

Yoon Jong-woo quickly put his cell phone in his pocket. He tried to pretend to be calm, but his tone seemed to have hardened a bit. He scanned him by rolling

only his pupils. He was nervously fiddling with the gun at his waist. He threw his gaze out the window again and gave a calm warning.

"Let's not do anything stupid. Because I don't want to knock you down."

"Um, I don't know what you mean."

"Hmm, don't you know? Do you have a baby or someone?"

As he teased him, Yoon Jong-woo let out a deep sigh. His shoulders, stiff from his tension, also dropped.

"As you said, an internal wanted order has just been issued. If you come into contact with a senior, report it to your superiors immediately."

"What are the charges?"

"I heard you were accused of colluding with a Russian intelligence agent? isn't that what he said to Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov?"

Laughter broke out. It was absurd. The entanglement with Zenya was purely the headquarters' fault. He went through all the hardships while sticking with him unwillingly, and he managed to come back alive, but he weaved it like this. Of course, it's true that he got along with him whether he likes it or not, and it's true that he accompanied him to a gathering of only major Russian figures, so it would have been easy to accuse him of leaking state secrets based on that circumstance alone. He even impersonated Lim to Sergey.

Yoon Jong-woo did not know what kind of mission Kwon Taek-ju himself had taken and there was no other way to prove it. Because Zenya blew up the hotel and all evidence about him was destroyed. It was the same that

Zenya's picture was sent incorrectly. When he is caught and taken away from headquarters, all charges are laid against him.

Someone is making a plan. Kwon Taek-ju himself was just a horse playing on top of it.

When was the plan made? After I left for Russia? Or after I arrested Kim Young-hee and his gang in Busan?

Maybe he was included in the scenario from clearing them out.

What was clear was that the operation in Russia had two targets. "Anastasia"

and Kwon Taek-ju, himself.

"What the hell is this? It's a suspicion of talking, and if you do, you'll be involved in leaking state secrets. Nonsense….There's no way your senior would have had an affair with that Russian bastard. If he did, he wouldn't have called me to find out what he was up to. That's like openly proving that you're in contact with him, right? He wouldn't have come back knowing that he would definitely fall under a wanted order….."

Yoon Jong-woo was half crying. A look of uneasiness was evident in his quivering eyes. As an NIS employee, he must follow the orders of the headquarters, but he seemed confused because he had questions about the instructions.

He had no choice but to briefly tell what had happened in Russia. Yoon Jong-woo, who listened carefully, tilted his head at the fact that he had let go of the situation at the headquarters. If the identity is discovered during normal operations, the NIS cuts off support for the agent in order to avoid national scrutiny. Even so, within the headquarters, the countermeasures were to be thought through.

However, Yoon Jong-woo had not sensed such an atmosphere until now. To him, who was worried about Kwon Taek-ju's safety, Manager Lim told him to be at ease. Something is definitely strange.

"What do you think, senior?"

"I don't know for sure either. I'll have to find out from now on."

"I don't have any physical evidence yet, is that okay? The risk is too great to move with only a heart attack. As I guessed, if someone at the headquarters had organized the matter, I wouldn't let you roam around freely. If you drive it to leak national secrets rather than simple internal affairs, you will attract even the prosecution. If you get caught then, it's the end."

"Is it caught like this or not like that? Someone keeps stepping on me, but I have to try my last breath. First of all, I'll investigate Kim Young-hee again. No matter how much I think about it, I think I missed something there."

"I've already finished one fishery, do you have anything else to sell?"

"You never know. Maybe we didn't see the forest because we were only looking at the tree named Kim Young-hee. He might have distracted us by throwing Kim Young-hee as bait. Looking back, she was caught too easily, back then."

"Things were pretty much the same as they are now. I have a lot of heartache, but it was a situation where there was no evidence. At that time, Kim Young-hee contacted Lee Cheol-jin."

Things that are too loose should be suspected. At the time, he couldn't afford to do that because he was thinking of arresting him as a criminal in the act. He was planning to catch it first, and then conduct a reinforcement investigation, but he was not given the opportunity to do so. It was because Kwon Taek-ju himself was kicked out to Russia and Yoon Jong-woo was kicked out to another team.

"Like you said, it won't be easy because of the wanted order. It would be natural for him to take off his clothes, and he would be imprisoned with all sorts of crimes. Still, you can't eat it after working hard."

Agents often likened their situation to a hound. Although they are dedicated to the country, they are ruthlessly abandoned when faced with a crisis. He

knows he can't help it. It was something he was fully prepared for from the moment he became an agent. However, it could not be sacrificed because of someone's need, not because of unavoidable circumstances.

Yoon Jong-woo groaned and put his head on the steering wheel. He imagined himself to be the main character while reading various hero waters, action movies, and shooting games. It was part of that aspiration that he applied for the National Intelligence Service. But when a movie-like situation comes up, he doesn't know what to do.

Kwon Taek-ju's wanted list has already fallen. If he helped him even in the slightest, he could be accused of sympathy. It was easy to be accused of being an accomplice if he was more unlucky.

When he is in public office, there comes a moment of agony between finding out the truth and being silent. Because he was human, he had no choice but to be shaken.

It was his situation, but when he thought about it, it was right to follow the command of headquarters. There was no reason for him to risk himself by being caught in the trap of inconsistent loyalty or camaraderie.

All he had to do was follow his conviction to live a long and thin life. It is a world that is too daunting to take care of oneself. No one else is responsible for his life anyway.

Yoon Jong-woo, after rationalization after rationalization, finally spoke up.

"What can I do to help?"

His conscience asked, betraying his reason for seeking his own comfort.

At the Prosecutor Seok Jae-hee's office in the 1st division of the Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office, preparations for the trial were in full swing. It was ahead of the 5th trial of the first trial against Kim Young-hee, her liaison, and Lee Cheol-jin, who had stayed in the United States for 10 years and washed her nationality and then returned to Korea to carry out

operative activities. As Kim Young-hee, a key figure in the case, died during the arrest, the trial was expected to end earlier than expected.

To that extent, it is necessary to gradually determine the amount of sphericity of Lee Cheol-jin. Prosecutor Seok looked at the heap of documents on his desk and was pensive. The prosecutor's sentence has a great influence on the judgment.

In order not to be unfair to either side, it is revealed that the crime is clear and clear, and the punishment is as much as the crime committed. It's a simple principle, but it wasn't easy to follow it.

It was when he was checking the previous precedent. A knock was heard, and Chief Kim came inside.

"Here are the materials you mentioned."

Handing over the requested overseas examples, ask if he has heard of them. It was only then that he raised his eyes and looked at Chief Kim. He came closer and whispered.

"I met Chief Park of the 2nd Public Security Division on my way back. You know the NIS agent who jointly investigated with us last time? It seems that a wanted order has been issued for him."

"What are the charges?"

"Looks like you had an affair with a Russian intelligence agent. Wouldn't it be a crime to leak state secrets?"

Prosecutor Seok also remembered Kwon Taek-ju. This is because they cooperated three or four months ago regarding the investigation into Kim Young-hee's gang. Since they had only met a handful of times in reality, there were no grounds to gauge the personality, patriotism, or integrity of a person named 'Kwon Taek-ju', let alone personal acquaintance. Still, he didn't understand. He personally arrested Kim Young-hee and his gang, and he himself was pursued for leaking state secrets.

"Tell me more."

"Because I didn't hear it properly….It seems that they arrested Kim Young-hee and his gang in Busan and left for Russia right away. I applied for leave from the NIS for my mother's birthday, and even disguised my identity. Seeing that the wanted order has been dropped, there must be clear evidence of conspiracy, right?"

Come to think of it, he never met Kwon Taek-ju after the case was over. All of his necessary materials were delivered directly from the National Intelligence Service.

Originally, the party to the public security case is often an unexpected person.

Kwon Taek-ju was no exception. However, he was more curious and suspicious about what state secrets he sold so hastily.

A knock sounded again. Since there was no prior promise, he stared suspiciously at Chief Kim. He shrugged his shoulders as if he didn't know who it was either.

"Yes."

When consent is given to come in, the door opens. Hello, the face is quite familiar. Maybe it was because he was just talking about Kwon Taek-ju. It was Yoon Jong-woo, his junior who often accompanied Kwon Taek-ju.

"Ah yes. hello. But what happened here…."

"You must be busy preparing for the trial, but I risked rudeness because I had something to ask."

"Please? Come in at once."

Despite being asked to come in willingly, Yoon Jong-woo continued to hesitate outside the door. Glancing at Chief Kim with a troubled face, he seemed to want a quick conversation.

Prosecutor Seok immediately got up and put on his jacket. There was still a

mountain of work to be done, but what was the point of just sending the person who came to visit me at best?

"I'll be back in 30 minutes."

After notifying Chief Kim, he leaves the prosecutor's office with Yoon Jong-woo.

The two entered a cafe near the prosecutor's office. It was late in the morning, so there were few people. Nonetheless, Yoon Jong-woo dared to go inside. His constant vigilance of the surroundings made him more curious about the reason for coming. As soon as he got the drink, he asked first.

"Now tell me. What are you doing?"

"I heard that Kim Young-hee committed suicide."

He tilted his head at Yoon Jong-woo's first words. Kim Young-hee died less than three months ago. Yoon Jong-woo, the person in charge of the investigation, couldn't have known about it. Even so, what is the reason for bringing out the past story? It was questionable, but he kindly nodded his head.

"Yes. As you know, he died during the arrest. When the Coast Guard arrived at the ferry, he was already dead."

"What is the basis for judging Kim Young-hee's death as a suicide?"

"As a result of the autopsy, it was found that Kim Young-hee exerted physical force on her left molar right before her death. Cyanide was detected in the molars. It seems to have been covered with cyanide in a special material that breaks when a certain amount of pressure is applied. She's in case the operation fails."

"How about a handkerchief?"

"Handkerchief?"

"Kwon said that he put a handkerchief in Kim Young-hee's mouth to prevent such self-harm. With her gunshot wound, her right hand was barely usable, and

her left arm was bent behind her and tied to the railing, so it would have been difficult to pull the handkerchief out of her mouth on her own. Her mouth was so full that she couldn't even bite her molars."

"We have not received any reports that a handkerchief was found at the scene."

Yoon Jong-woo's face hardened. Prosecutor Seok's face also became serious. As Yoon Jong-woo said, if Kim Young-hee was in a state where she could not move voluntarily, and even had her mouth gagged. Also, if she was alive until Kwon Taek-ju stayed on her ferry. When and how did she attempt suicide? It was information that could not be confirmed from the CCTV footage obtained.

There was only one possibility to deduce, but the existence of a third party.

There was a little gap before Kwon Taek-ju chased the fleeing Lee Cheol-jin and the maritime police arrived at the ferry. It's only a few minutes, but it's enough time to bring Kim Young-hee to her death. Of course, it was a story that was established when Kim Young-hee could not harm herself due to Kwon Taek-ju's sure measures.

"So, are you talking about the possibility of Kim Young-hee being murdered?"

"I think we need to check it one more time. The handkerchief disappears everywhere, Kim Young-hee dies right before her arrest, and the fact that what she stole was top-secret material that was inaccessible to her unless she was a high-ranking official... I'm a little embarrassed."

"The data was handed over by an army officer who had an internal affair with Kim Young-hee, haven't you come to a conclusion? It became difficult

for him to confess because he also committed suicide after being summoned. Considering that both of them were operatives, the act of attempting suicide after a failed operation is not incomprehensible."

"Hmm….Then have you seen that ring?"

"What ring are you talking about?"

"Wasn't Kim Young-hee wearing a ring?"

"No. There has been no report on that either."

Whether it was a handkerchief or a ring, it was a story he didn't know at all. The trial proceeded without such elements from the beginning. If Yoon Jong-woo's words were true, the trial so far would have ended in vain.

"So what you're trying to say….."

"What if someone fabricated this case?"

"Fabricated? Are you saying that the accused even wrote a false name?"

"No. Rather than that, there may be more parties to the incident. The dead army officer's claim that he had nothing to do with the operation could be true. There might be someone else who stole the secret from Kim Young-hee."

Yoon Jong-woo repeatedly hinted at new possibilities. He was close to conspiracy theory to be exact. Prosecutor Seok also thought that the timing of this case was exquisite. Kim Young-hee, who had been hiding her identity well for years, tried too hastily to contact her. It was just two months after the cognitive investigation began. In the process, an army officer who was suspected of having an affair with her took her own life, and she also made her own extreme choice. Except for Lee Cheol-jin, all the key figures in the case had evaporated.

However, no matter how uncomfortable it was, right now it was just an imagination without substance. It's as if something didn't happen without physical evidence.

"Even if there is one truth, there are always dozens or hundreds of claims.

Because each person has different interests and perspectives, disputes do not cease. The story of the handkerchief or ring that disappeared from the scene is, in the end, just someone's one-sided claim. If you need my help, please come with clearer evidence."

A clear line was drawn. In the trial to be held in a few days, Lee Cheol-jin must be sentenced. Before that, if Yoon Jong-woo brought conclusive evidence, he would have revealed the truth even if all the time and effort he had put in was in vain. But if he didn't, he could never agree.

Yoon Jong-woo nodded as if he understood. His complexion became dull.

"If you have nothing more to say, I'll get up first."

Prosecutor Seok immediately stood up. Yoon Jong-woo quickly got up and nodded. For some reason, Prosecutor Seok, who greeted him with a silent bow, walked towards Yoon Jong-woo instead of the doorway. He passes Yoon Jong-woo, who looks at him suspiciously, and heads to the seat behind him. A man with a hooded hat was sitting there. He has his head down, so he speaks without hesitation, even though his face is barely visible.

"I heard that a wanted order was issued a while ago. I haven't received an official request for cooperation yet, so I'll just skip this time. But the next time we run into them, we'll have no choice but to arrest you. Personally, I hope that never happens."

He warns in a low voice. There was no response from the man. After looking down at the man for a while, Prosecutor Seok turned around and left the cafe.

Yoon Jong-woo slumped down in his seat.

"Senior, have you been caught?"

What should I do? He looked back. The man sitting with his back to him was none other than Kwon Taek-ju. Even though Prosecutor Seok recognized him early, he refused to arrest him. It was as if Prosecutor Seok agreed with Yoon Jong-woo's question, or Kwon Taek-ju's question to be exact. As long as the physical evidence was secured, he would always act according to the standard.

Of course, apart from his demands, immovable evidence was needed to clear his name.

"Once you return to headquarters. It won't look good if you keep hanging around the yard where you hit it several times."

"What will you do, senior? If you get caught in an unexpected check….."

He wiped Yoon Jong-woo's pale face. The rapid blood circulation made the entire face hot. Yoon Jong-woo covered his face while saying, "Ahhhh."

"Take care of yourself, man. I will find a way to live on my own."

Even the nape of the honorable junior's neck is massaged tightly. Yoon Jong-woo did not stop.

Kwon Taek-ju's mother was standing at the sink with a bewildered expression.

The rice in her cheeks was puffy. While cooking rice with the intention of feeding her son, she lost her mind for several hours.

Suddenly coming to her senses, she mechanically moved her hand again. Then, what did she think, she rushed to the living room.

When she saw her cell phone being charged, there was a message that had just arrived. She checked the received message with trembling hands. However, it was spam, not the contact she had been waiting for. For more than three months, she did not know if her only son was alive or dead.

"....."

Frustrated for a while, she got up from her seat with a very spleen face. She takes out a random coat and hurriedly leaves the house. Each of her feet had different shoes sewn on them.

She passed by without hearing the greetings of neighbors who pretended to know where to go. She didn't even realize that someone was watching her.

After a while, the place where Kwon Taek-ju's mother arrived was at a nearby fire station. The cops showed disapproval of her as soon as she appeared. The junior police officer, who was watching her, came up to her.

"Did you find my son?"

Kwon Taek-ju's mother desperately grabbed the constable's arm. The constable only smiled vaguely at the recurring situation every time. Sit down this way for her, then guide her to a table near her as she does. The police officer who was watching brought her a glass of warm water.

However, Kwon Taek-ju's mother looked at the two of them alternately with a bewildered look, and only let them sleep over and over again.

"Did you find my son?"

"Ah, that….We are working hard too. However, as I said before, when an adult goes into hiding without being contacted, the weight is put on the side of running away rather than disappearing. Especially since she's your son...."

"He's not like that! I've been calling every single day. No matter what happened, even if it was late, he always answered. He's not the kind of person who would disappear without a word like that!"

"Yes, of course he would. But, mother. Didn't your son say anything right to you as a mother? They said that there is no such employee at the community center where your son was working, and even after searching through the list of local officials, we could not find anyone with the same name. You saw it yourself, too."

The policeman persuaded calmly. However, Kwon Taek-ju's mother denied that, saying that it could never happen.

"Something must have gone wrong. It must have been a terrible thing. Cell phone location tracking, you can do that. His phone might have turned back on by now. Come on, try it. hurry!"

"Mother, calm down. First, drink water…."

"You said you would find my son! Find out soon! Find my son!"

The glass of water fell out in a frenzied gesture. Then, in case she gets hurt, they grab both of her arms and go on a rampage even more violently. The police officers who were holding her back were pushed away, and he was scratched and injured by her fingernails.

The police officer, who looked at the scene disapprovingly, bit the other police officers. Then, he handed out a printout to Kwon Taek-ju's mother, who was frantic.

"Mother, look at this. Your son, right?"

Kwon Taek-ju's mother, who inadvertently looked at the photo paper, widened her eyes. She shook off the cops who were holding her and grabbed the printout. The printing condition was not very good, but it was definitely a photo of Kwon Taek-ju. She nodded her head several times.

"Right, my son. Did you find him?"

"That's why we lost contact. Your son, he's a wanted criminal."

".....Yes?"

"Don't you know what I mean? They said he were guilty, Mr. Kwon Taek-ju. He didn't get caught by nasty people, he did the nasty thing himself and got away.

How are we going to find the guy who decided to escape?"

The last words were close to self-talk.

Kwon Taek-ju's mother stood blankly and shook her head. Her unfocused eyes blinked convulsively.

"That couldn't be... ."

"Yes. Your child is not like that, everyone says that. Anyway, your son is now on the run for committing a felony. They're not asking us to find it, he's the plate you have to find and bring to us yourself. If you contact him, please tell him to surrender and find the light."

Pour it out without leaving a chance to dry it around. Kwon Taek-ju's mother was completely stunned as if she had been bombed. It couldn't be like moaning from time to time, just repeating what he said.

After a while, it turns around. Her concerns, her youthful gazes pursued her.

Sure enough, she collapsed before she even left the door.

"Madam!"

"Oops, call 911!"

"What are you looking at stupidly? Hurry this way!"

The bewildered cops shouted incoherently. Someone called her 911, and several carried her to the bench after she collapsed. Wet the handkerchief, place it on her forehead, and hurriedly massage her limbs to help her blood circulate.

The ambulance arrived ten minutes later.

Kwon Taek-ju's mother was loaded into an ambulance unconscious. Instead of her missing guardian, a constable agreed to accompany her to the hospital. The ambulance turned on its warning lights and left the police station in a hurry.

Until the loud siren faded away, there was someone who kept the seat. It was Kwon Taek-ju. Worried about her mother, he was hanging out in front of the house, and when she came out just in time, he had just followed her. When he is wanted, she will be monitored by people close to him, so he planned to return after watching from afar.

She's a nobleman who can't sleep comfortably because she's worried about her son, but he didn't expect her to be doing well. He didn't expect to see her being carried away on a stretcher. He was resentful that he had to watch helplessly, without any guilt.

He pulled the brim and pushed the hat deeper. Kwon Taek-ju's fists turned white as he let go of his quick steps. He had one more reason to reveal the truth.

He immediately went to the PC room. Go to the farthest corner and access the shooting game Yoon Jong-woo enjoys. When he logged in with Yoon Jong-woo's ID, a message arrived. It was sent by Yoon Jong-woo through a different ID.

As soon as he checked the content, he permanently deleted it. Then, less than five minutes after entering, he was out of there.

The place where Kwon Taek-ju reappeared was a subway station. He walks among the crowd of passengers alighting in droves and breaks away from the ranks. As he walked through the underpass where people were rare, he saw homeless people sitting in groups of two. While flirting with strangers, he felt a subtle sense of wariness. He passed them and stopped in front of a man lying on a sheet of newspaper.

A worn-out box of Bacchus was placed in the man's seat. All it contained was a few coins. As he was tipped off, he took out a bundle of bills, and the man jumped up. Then he snatched the money he was about to put in the box and openly counted the amount.

Soon after, the man handed over the black bag he had been cutting until just before. When he silently accepted it, he lay down as if he had finished his business.

He opened the bag and checked the contents. It contained the requested cannon phone, red ginseng drink, and a note written in a torn corner of a newspaper.

While walking, he opened the lid of the red ginseng drink. A sealed external memory was attached to the inside of the lid. He took it off and installed it in the cell phone slot, and checked the stored data. Necessary materials were organized step by step. He put his phone in his pocket and hurried out of the underpass.

After a while, he boarded an express bus bound for Taebaek. There was someone to meet before moving in earnest. While he was on the move, he reviewed the investigative materials related to Kim Young-hee in his memory.

When Kim Young-hee turned 20, she moved to Japan via China. The following year, she left for New York, where she stayed for more than ten years, laundering her nationality. At the time of her entry, her status had been transformed into a perfect second-generation immigrant.

The investigation into Kim Young-hee was carried out as a cognitive investigation from the beginning. Her headquarters obtained her intelligence about her, and Kwon Taek-ju, as always, was assigned the task of arresting her from her superiors. After tracing various communication records such as her SNS and mail of her Kim Young-hee, she was able to confirm her order she received from North Korea.

However, wiretapping or wiretapping results have no effect as evidence. In order to prove Kim Young-hee's alleged duke, it was necessary to secure evidence by direct instruction. Even after catching all the fish, they could not be arrested because there was no proper evidence. At that time, it was Kim Young-hee who moved on her own. The investigation rushed to Busan and hit the scene where she met Lee Cheol-jin. everything went smoothly But was it? Could I have missed something important? From the process of recognizing the existence of an agent to the investigation and arrest, it felt so easy. On the other hand, the aftertaste was not refreshing. Kim Young-hee and an army officer committed suicide, and Kwon Taek-ju and Yoon Jong-woo, who were put into the arrest operation, could not take

responsibility for the case until the end for different reasons. As a result, the case was handed over to the prosecution with some evidence missing. The more he thought about it, the more he felt embarrassed and questionable.

Looking at the report that Lim said he had submitted instead, it was a perfect fit.

The data that Kim Young-hee was trying to hand over to Lee Cheol-jin was

classified as a military secret, and those who had access to it were limited. The army officer who committed suicide was one of them, and he had a very close relationship with Kim Young-hee.

He insisted on his innocence to the end, but in his report, it was estimated that he committed suicide because he could not overcome psychological pressure because he had a high social status.

There was no doubt, no evidence. Even the subject to refute has disappeared. At that point, he wondered if he was misunderstanding something.

The bus reached its destination in three hours. The surroundings were already dark. He had to go in there for a while to get to the address Yoon Jong-woo wrote down. There were only two buses a day, so he decided to take a taxi.

As soon as he saw the address, he had to agree to give the embarrassed driver a bonus, and he was able to set off. The taxi out of town ran for a long time on a winding mountain road. If he wants to reach the peak, go around and go down that much without stopping.

When the navigation ended, the surroundings were completely dark.

"The address seems to be somewhere here...."

The taxi driver looked out the window with suspicious eyes. That would be the case, too, because there was not a single streetlight to be seen, let alone

a nearby light. It was in the middle of a mountain where no one seemed to live.

Still, Kwon Taek-ju paid the promised round-trip fare and got out of the car.

Without hesitation, he walked out on a dark dirt road. The taxi quickly turned around and went back the way it came. The engine noise soon faded away, but he didn't mind. Being confined to an uninhabited island, he seemed to have gotten used to the dead silence.

As he kept walking, even the bumpy dirt road disappeared and a mountain road with thick vegetation began. It was a hill with no hiking trails. Is there a

hermitage in the mountains? Or have I really come to the wrong place?

It was when he was pacing at the beginning without any certainty. He heard the sound of a car door opening somewhere. Turning around, a man got out of an old truck buried in darkness. He looked like a forest ranger wearing a large vest and a hiking hat.

"Hey there. can't go on a designated hiking trail…."

The man who tried to dissuade Kwon Taek-ju hesitates.

".....Huh? Who is this?"

"It's been a while, Doctor."

He recognized the man first and said hello. The man who was surprised by the unexpected reunion soon softened his face.

"What are you doing here? You didn't come to the mountain climbing in the middle of the night, did you?"

"Hey, I'm here to see the doctor."

"What is Doctor? When was the last time you gave up on that life?"

Dr. Cho was also affiliated with the National Intelligence Service until two years ago. It was his job to manufacture high-tech equipment necessary for espionage activities. Because of the amount of operations he performed more than anyone else, he naturally built a friendship with him. But he hasn't seen him once since his retirement. It was partly because he was busy with work, but it was because he did not leave a single contact information.

"It's not like this here, let's go home."

At Dr. Cho's recommendation, he climbed into an old truck. When he started the engine, there was a noise like boiling phlegm.

"Could you come empty-handed?"

"It can't be."

He shook the bag he was holding. Inside, the bottles collided and made a clear sound. Dr. Cho smiled contentedly.

"As expected, you are very good."

In addition, he will give him a chance to stay in the most shabby room in the country.

The old truck staggered through the darkness. After about 10 minutes, a small village came out. There were only five or six houses, but even those seemed to be few places where people actually lived. It was late and there were no lights on.

The place where Dr. Cho was staying was in the most remote location. The front yard was full of unknown scrap metal. A stranger would mistake it for a garbage dump rather than a sanctuary.

It wasn't much different from being inside the house. One side of the room was covered with a blanket, and the table, which was roughly covered while eating, was left unattended.

"Sit down."

He hung the clothes lying on the floor on the wall. In the meantime, Dr. Cho has been looking at the liquor store. The only side dishes were sour kimchi and tuna.

Even so, the two of them gave and received, and quickly emptied two bottles of soju.

"You really didn't come here to see this wrinkled face, are you? Why did you appear out of nowhere?"

"I need some help."

He answered honestly when asked. Dr. Cho smiled and stabbed him in the face.

"I left my fast-paced business and came to visit this old man….Are you going to move without the headquarters knowing?"

"Yes. There are circumstances."

"I want to know what's going on? You should be able to make a living just because you retired, a public official."

Certainly, he couldn't just ask for help without explaining everything. He talked about the past as simply as possible.

Dr. Cho, who has been listening carefully, suggests another method.

"Wouldn't it be more comfortable to cover it up as if you didn't know about it? If you are worried about your future situation, you can try to negotiate with Manager Lim right now. What if you look bad on the upper line and then get blamed for being framed? You don't know about this floor period either. You're still young, so think carefully about which one will be more beneficial to you. I didn't really think you were the kind of person who would risk your life for justice, right?"

"You saw it well, but I'm not in the mood to live quietly. If there was room for compromise, the head office wouldn't have hit you all the way. It seems to be nothing but a game of chicken."

"Tsk tsk. You'll regret it when you're old. By the time your bones are dry, you will be ashamed of today's performance and waste it."

"It's so bad that the doctor doesn't know. I must have gone through something after being abandoned in Russia. I've suffered damage that will last me for the rest of my life."

He acted as if he was going to kill someone, but his mind was the best. Dr. Cho poured him another drink.

"So, would you like me to be your accomplice?"

"If I get caught, I'll say it's my fault. If you have to, say that you were threatened by me."

"Nothing."

Pick laughed. Dr. Cho grumbled at Kwon Taek-ju as if he were looking at him as a nasty person.

"When I retired, I just wanted to live a normal, small life. The impure seed is messing around again."

"Thank you."

"Don't say that, because you haven't decided yet. Let's start with the eyes first."

Dr. Cho crawled to the bed and fell flat on his stomach. Before long, a sweet snoring sound came from him.

Kwon Taek-ju also put his back on the floor after putting away the dirty drinking table. How long has he been lying comfortably? He looked up at the low ceiling and slowly closed his eyes.

He doesn't remember how he fell asleep that night.

He wandered aimlessly through the back alleys of Moscow. Then he found a small bar without a signboard. Upon opening the door and entering, acrid

cigarette smoke greeted Kwon Taek-ju. There was no ventilation at all, so the view was blurry. He walked further inside, breaking through the stuffy air. Every step he took, a tough gaze followed him. The eyes that looked at the fearless Asian were not to be desired.

He stood in front of the bar. The man who seemed to be the owner passed along the vodka as usual. He pushed the glass aside and demanded it all.

"I need a passport."

"Why are you looking for your passport here? As you can see, this is just a bar."

The man was ignorant. Chi, who was watching the two of them, giggled vulgarly.

Some of them turned to the bar, twitching their huge bodies. There were also those who threatened by breaking their knuckles.

"I'm busy, so let's not waste each other's time."

Despite Kwon Taek-ju's warning, the man split into pieces as if laughing. The sound of chairs being dragged came from behind. He lowered his head as he felt the back of his head tighten. One big fist cut through the air in vain. In an instant, he grabbed a wooden stool and hit him on the head. The hulking groaned and fell over.

The other men who saw the scene rushed at me without any hesitation. He put his back on the bar table and kicked both feet at the same time. After being kicked in the chest, the two men collapsed while sweeping the table behind them.

Soon, the inside of the store became a mess. In an unexpected development, one of the men pulled out a knife. He licks his thin lips and squeezes his handle tightly. Two half-closed eyes gleamed. He crashed into it in an unexpected moment as if he was going to stab it at any moment.

But after a while, he flinched and stopped. It was because Kwon Taek-ju took out the colt and aimed it at his forehead. In an instant, all movement and noise in the store died down. The only thing that could be heard was the loud breathing of the excited man.

The guy who had been peeping at the gap with his eyes rolling suddenly brandished a knife. He easily dodged his attack and he pulled the trigger.

"Keah!"

The knife fell with a clear gunshot. Its owner grabbed his right hand, from which his fingers had been blown off, and threatened to die. He picked up the missing knife and stuck it vertically into the bar table. Unable to control the force

applied to the knife, it swayed from side to side. The energetic shop owner reluctantly chinned the back of the bar. He followed him in.

As he might have guessed, the room was equipped with sundry forgery facilities.

From identification cards such as passports to various certificates and passes, the types of transactions were indeed diverse. He took a passport photo on the spot and paid half the fare in advance. He decided to hand it over when he received the remaining passport. He gave him some extra money and asked for a train ticket to Beijing.

That evening, he received a third-class ticket for the Beijing-bound train and a forged passport. The passport with the unfamiliar name and personal information written on it was Japanese, and even to Kwon Taek-ju, it looked like a gimmick. As he was paying the balance, the shopkeeper hinted.

"I heard someone is looking for Asians who want to forge passports. Is that you?"

"Who?"

"Psyche Bogdanov."

In an instant, his heart skipped a beat. It wasn't unexpected. He thought that Zenya would come after him to retaliate for the blow he suffered. Even so, the news that he was actually moving made his heart pound with two bats.

Zenya was clearly predicting how Kwon Taek-ju would move. If he caught him again, then it would be really difficult to preserve his life. If he managed to find even the pub used by Kwon Taek-ju, it would only be a matter of time before his tail was caught.

First, he got on the train while the shop owner watched. Soon the train closed all the doors and left the platform. The shop owner watched the scene until the end and went back. Kwon Taek-ju, who was watching for an opportunity inside

the train, immediately opened the window and jumped onto the railroad tracks.

He was able to avoid injury thanks to his lack of speed.

He hid as it was and moved to the local airport. Then he bought a flight to Shanghai with cash. The immigration officer looked at the passport here and there and stamped it without much restraint. A sigh of relief escaped.

He couldn't relax even after boarding the plane. He didn't know how nervous he was in that short time preparing for takeoff. Soon the boarding gate closed, and the crew headed to their respective seats. The aircraft, fully prepared, began to slowly reverse.

He's finally leaving the boring Russia. Everything went smoothly until the aircraft, which was moving toward the runway, came to a halt.

The cabin crew hurriedly gathered in the galley. Passengers also looked around the elongation in an unusual atmosphere.

After a while, the in-flight announcement came.

"I would like to apologize to the passengers. Takeoff will be delayed due to an urgent search request by the airport police. We ask for the understanding and cooperation of all passengers."

The eyes of the passengers all turned to the window. He saw an official vehicle running in the distance. The aircraft soon moved off the runway and into a separate stand.

Emergency stairs were quickly connected.

Someone came up slowly through it. Suddenly, his heart thumped. His mouth was dry because of the unknown ominous feeling.

He turned his head to the window on the other side. It can't be, it's a useless worry. He denied the dominant idea that kept inflating his body. Finally entering the cabin, he walked slowly down the aisle. All eyes were on him, and he couldn't help but notice.

Finally, his steps stop abruptly. He was still looking away, but he was able to realize his true identity at once. Because of the unique scent that penetrated into the nostrils at once.

He couldn't bear to look back at him. It felt like every cell in his body froze.

"Did you think you could escape like this?"

Every single one he spat out was stuck like a needle. The conversation went cold. As his ears went blank, he heard a beep in his ears.

His cold hands gripped his wrists like handcuffs. When he looked back in amazement, the passengers who had filled the plane were gone, buried in darkness. All that was left was Kwon Taek-ju and the guy who restrained him. He whispered grimly, gripping his bones as hard as he could crush them.

"I can't go, the owner of the house."

".....Omg!"

He took a deep breath and opened his eyes. His eyesight widened terribly.

Moldy wallpaper and a damp, bumpy ceiling caught his eye. Where was this? As he calmly retraced his thoughts, he remembered that he had visited Dr. Cho.

Beads of sweat stood on the tip of his thinly swaying eyelashes. Goosebumps all over his body, and his heart beat fast and heavy. When he got up, a cold sweat ran down his back. The brow furrowed at the terrible sensation. There is no time to settle down, and the bloated energy soars. He raised the back of his hand and quickly covered his mouth. His nausea was barely swallowed, but his breathing and beating grew more violent.

Was it a dream? He didn't expect Zenya to let him go. He's not in the mood to just leave the guy who gave him a shot, and at some point, the guy's attitude towards himself has strangely changed. If I'm not grossly mistaken, that's….

Inadvertently advancing the idea, he hurriedly brushed it off. Seeing that he has useless thoughts, he wishes he had suffered less.

Much of the content of the nightmare was similar to the actual process of escaping Russia. That was until he got off the train and boarded a plane to Shanghai at the local airport. However, he never faced Zenya.

When he falsified his passport in Shanghai and entered Korea, he used a relatively less vigilant ship. It was because he guessed that if Kwon Taek-ju himself had fallen for someone's conspiracy, it would be difficult to enter the country.

The subconscious still couldn't let go of its guard against Zenya. Has he ever felt fear and anxiety toward a particular object? Even if he saw a ghost, he didn't seem to be as nervous and helpless as he is now. He tried to comfort his uncomfortably beating heart.

He shook his head and cleared his mind. Looking back consciously, there was no Dr. Cho on the futon. It seemed to have happened early.

He opened the creaking door and went outside.

The cool air of the early morning rushed deep into his lungs. Go down to the faucet and turn on the water. Ice-cold water gushed out. He filled his hands with water and splashed it on his sweaty face. After washing his face, his mind became much clearer. It was as if the accident circuit had frozen.

"The sun has risen in the middle of the sky, are you awake now?"

He turned around at the sound of tongue clicking. Dr. Cho was leaving the table.

He went quickly and received the award. It was a simple meal with only two kimchi and soybean paste stew with only sliced onions, potatoes, and zucchini.

He didn't have much of an appetite, whether it was because of the alcohol he drank at night or because of a nightmare that upset his stomach, but he took a drink thinking about his sincerity.

"What kind of dream did you have that made you run out of breath? I wondered if I had to call an ambulance all night, how worried I was."

"....."

He heard the sare and coughed. He almost spewed what he was chewing on. He couldn't answer, so he just gulped down the water. She didn't even have a dirty dream, but he was embarrassed to be stabbed. At the unusual reaction, Dr. Cho widens his eyes. He wasn't late, but he didn't listen with a spiteful grin.

"By the way. Are your thoughts the same even after sleeping through the night?

Do you want to do that reckless thing?"

"Yes."

He shook his head in reply without hesitation.

"I can't help it. Tell me what you want. I will prepare it right away."

"Thank you."

"It's going to be pretty tough. Even if I help, you will have to fight alone in the end."

He silently nodded. Dr. Cho looked at Kwon Taek-ju with disapproval, followed him, and took the lead. He took his truck to the nearby hills. Dr. Cho, who parked the car at the foot of the mountain, climbed up the mountain path with familiarity. The path was the road, but it was a slope with no trace of anyone passing through it. It seemed that even the elk would not go that way.

After climbing for about an hour, a small cabin appeared. Intuitively, he could tell that it was Dr. Cho's personal laboratory. Inside, like a house, there were all sorts of odds and ends. They were items that were easily accessible on a daily basis, such as pens, lighters, neckties, and hats, but felt unusual because the place was a place.

Dr. Cho suddenly showed a pen to Kwon Taek-ju, who was preoccupied with looking around the cabin.

"It's a device that can deflect or move a laser in parallel. It's a simple principle, but it will be quite useful."

As if to demonstrate, he chinned the curtain. He closed the blackout curtain behind him. Soon, it became dark inside the cabin.

When Dr. Cho manipulated the computer, dark green lasers emanated from all directions, forming a net. It seemed that the security device had been activated.

Dr. Cho turned the cap of the pen and brought it towards the laser. Then, like metal pieces attracted by a magnet, the entire laser began to move along the pen. It seemed that with that alone, most security devices could be rendered useless.

Dr. Cho said that it could be used like this, and then threw a target designator attached to the gun. He turned on the laser and aimed it at his heart. Then he disrupted the laser again with the same pen from before. The red lasers bizarrely refracted or extended completely upwards.

After the explanation, Dr. Cho passed the pen to Kwon Taek-ju and opened the curtain. He then took care of it and took care of the things he needed.

"Here, this looks like a normal laptop, but it's a machine that can create artificial skins, fingerprints, iris lenses, etc. A perfect real-life implementation is possible with just a simple scan. The stick over here is as soft as clay, but if you push it into the hole, it quickly hardens into its shape and can duplicate any key. By the way, what did you ride all the way here?"

Ask questions instead of happily introducing his inventions. Let's look at the question, and point to the small monitor under the table.

"The detection dogs have already sniffed it."

The monitors showed soldiers and police officers climbing through thick trees. It seemed that the location was exposed.

Dr. Cho took out his bag and held it to Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju also put his hands and feet together and swept cutting-edge devices into it.

"If you get caught, I will state that I gave up my things under threat from you."

Dr. Cho asked Taek-ju Kwon to lead him to the emergency exit. When he nodded, he patted him on the back and said, "Now look." He bowed his head in greeting and hurriedly escaped through the emergency exit. He lowers his body and makes his way quickly through the thick brush.

Dr. Cho watched for a moment and then locked the door. The desk that was pushed aside is also moved to its original position and the emergency exit is completely hidden.

When everything was over, there was a knock on the door from outside. Looking out the window, he saw that the newly arrived military and police were breathing heavily. Dr. Cho, who opened the door without hesitation, did his duty as a forest ranger.

"You must have had a hard time coming up, but you have to go down right away. This is an area where entry is restricted."

***

Department of English Language and Literature, Korea University Professor Yoon Jin-ae's office. A knock on the closed door gave permission to enter.

Opened the door. Professor Yoon's gaze moves from the monitor to the door. As if he had guessed that it would be a student or teaching assistant, he looked at the visitor with a stunned look.

"How did you come?"

The middle-aged man bowed his head and greeted me.

"I have a few questions about Professor Kim Young-hee. Is it okay if I come in?"

Professor Yoon's face hardened.

"Well. I don't know what you were expecting, but I don't know much about him.

Everything I knew was fake, I have nothing more to say. So I just want you to come back."

He draws a line while showing an annoying expression. But the man did not back down quietly.

"I beg you. It only takes a moment."

"Who are you? Are you a reporter?"

"Ah, my introduction is late."

The man pulled out his ID and showed it to Professor Yoon, who was wary.

"I am the prosecution investigator in charge of the Kim Young-hee case. He came out for a while because he had something to reinforce in the trial."

The man who explained that had the same face as Chief Kim. But in reality, it was Kwon Taek-ju disguised as him. The ID card and appearance were so fake that even his family would have a hard time distinguishing the authenticity.

Professor Yoon sighed as if he was frustrated.

"Really, I don't know anything? I went to a conference a few years ago and learned about it through the introduction of another professor. We exchanged a few words when we heard that a new member had joined, and just then, the appointment to our school was confirmed. That's why we stayed close, but we didn't know each other's private lives. But that was all camouflage, what more can I say to the investigator?"

It is not uncommon for people to not know that their spouse is a spy even if they have lived in the same house for decades. Even more so, it was impossible for her only colleagues to notice Kim Young-hee's duke activities. What Kwon Taekju was trying to confirm was much more trivial.

"At the time of the arrest, Kim Young-hee was wearing a ring on the ring finger of her left hand. She's a product that wears very little, but I was wondering if the professor would know what kind of ring it was."

"I heard that you are getting married soon. There was a man I was dating. I don't know who he is, but if he's on the phone, I've seen him a few times."

Could the man be a dead army officer? But he had a family. Social status and reputation management are important for agents. From that standpoint, it seemed that she would not openly spill the word about her imminent marriage to a married man. If the army officer had been approached with the intention of stealing confidential information, the meeting between the

two should have been more private. At least to the extent that his co-workers wouldn't notice.

If so, is there anyone else? He was sure of his heart, but he didn't make a hasty decision. This time, we have to dig out step by step.

"Do you know where she bought that ring?"

"Usually I don't know. The man would have bought it on his own."

"....But do you know?"

"Yes. She is the wife of a member of the same society, that jewelry designer."

Professor Yoon immediately took out a business card and handed it to him. He could feel his sincerity asking him to stop now when he said, "Would you visit me?"

He immediately went to the jewelry boutique that Professor Yoon told him about. The manager welcomed him. When he sees Kwon Taek-ju in a suit, he leads him to the consultation desk.

"Excuse me, sir. What product are you looking for?"

"I'd like to see some rings."

"Ah, that's right. Are you going to use it when you propose?"

When asked to guess, he only nodded.

Perhaps he thought it was because he was shy, so the manager smiled and took out the request form.

"Do you have any special designs you want?"

"I don't know much about jewelry, so could you refer me to some other products?"

"Sure."

The manager gladly took out the tablet and showed the portfolio. She flips through product photos one by one and pours out descriptions that are close to praise. He sighed and looked at the photos carefully.

"Don't you know what the prospective bride likes? Some people like fancy things, while others prefer simple things. The latter omits small details and instead raises the carat...."

Then there was a picture that caught my eye. It must have been. It was the same ring Kim Young-hee was wearing.

"This ring….."

"Oh, do you like that design?"

The manager, who had been embarrassed by the sullen reaction from beginning to end, was pleased. However, soon after looking up related information, it became a difficult expression.

"I'm sorry, but the ring was specially designed as a gift for an acquaintance. It's not a regular product, it's a kind of work that has been inspired by and made, so we won't be able to make it the same. Instead, I think we can direct it with a similar feeling, how about it?"

"When did you make this ring?"

"Hmm. I don't know, but it must have been less than half a year."

"Isn't this a coupling?"

"Yes. This is suitable for marriage proposals or gifts."

"Then they must have bought it from the man's side?"

"What….Is that right?"

The manager's smile collapses at the question that follows like a newspaper.

There was a subtle suspicion in both eyes. She seemed to have to move slowly.

"Wait, go to the bathroom... ."

"Oh, yes. It is over there."

Headed in the direction the manager pointed. He felt a stare on his back.

Pretending not to know, he folded into the bathroom aisle.

Just then the phone rang. The manager finally looked away and went to answer the phone. In the meantime, he went out alone again. The CCTV that he checked when he entered was installed in the center of the ceiling. Since the products handled are expensive, it was a camera that recorded all around the store in real time. Even if the built-in memory is deleted periodically, there will be a backup file.

He heard the voice of the manager who was on the phone from time to time. Is she responding to complaint calls, or does she just say sorry over and over again? Concentrating on that, he seemed to forget Kwon Taek-ju's existence for a while.

In the meantime, he arrived in front of the studio. He sneaked down on the doorknob, but it was locked. He took out the clay stick given to me by Dr. Cho and pushed it through the keyhole. After waiting a few seconds and turning it carefully, the lock was released. He went inside, being careful not to knock on the door.

As expected, the computer was there. Turn on the power and insert the USB into the slot. Soon an input window appeared. The hacking program was executed by entering a specific command. Specify the backup range as the entire hard disk and hit enter. A bar graph appeared on the monitor indicating the progress of the task.

While waiting, he checked the dynamics outside the door. The manager seemed to be still on the phone. He felt sorry for her who still only apologized over and over again.

The copy was quickly completed. He put the USB in and turned off the computer. The mouse comes out after arranging it in its original position. After locking the door back with a stick of hardened clay, he forgot to stop by the bathroom to wash his hands.

"I am very sorry, sir. If you visit us when you have time, we will reward you as you wish. No, no. I'm not trying to get over it, but there are other customers in the store right now….yes? You are alone. This is an absurd statement. Yes, yes. I fully understand how upset you must have been."

He went back to his seat and pretended to pack his coat and took a picture of the ring in his portfolio. Then he walked over to the manager who was still holding on to the receiver. When their eyes met, he made an apologetic expression.

"Looks like you're busy, but I'll come back next time."

"Yes? No, I…."

There is no time to dissuade her, and the truth on the other side of the receiver raises her voice. A tired look was evident on the manager's face. He left the store behind him, who asked him to come back next time.

As he was stepping out, his phone rang. The only person who knew the number was Yoon Jong-woo, who helped open it. He answered the phone while walking nonstop.

–Senior, did you succeed?

"Thanks to you. You're pretty good at the truth, aren't you? Isn't it a skill you've only done once or twice?"

–Is that an insult?

"It's up to you to hear the compliments."

–The ring, did you check it? Were you really there?

"Huh. found the ring. Now I just need to find someone."

If there was a hidden truth, the clue would have been contained in the USB. He'll be in touch, he ended the call with Yoon Jong-woo. The stride became even larger.

Among the backed-up files, he checked the sales record. Quarterly sales data were meticulously organized. According to the manager, Kim Young-hee's ring was made about half a year ago. The search range was set to the fourth quarter of last year, and transaction details, bank account deposit and withdrawal records, and card sales tables were imported. One after another, Kim Young-hee's ring model name was searched.

Two results soon emerged. Among them, he clicked from the transaction statement. The credit card information for the ring was written on it. The card's owner was not a dead army officer. Still, oddly enough, the name caught his eye.

"This….."

Suddenly, a person with the same name, a completely unexpected person comes to mind. It wasn't a common name, but it wasn't very rare either.

Assuming that the person was involved, the doubts were mostly resolved.

However, it was only a home. He had to be careful.

CCTV recordings were brought in for clear confirmation. In order to prepare for an emergency, a year's worth was stored intact. Among them, the video of the date matching the sales slip was played.

From the morning of the day, quite a few guests came and went. The appearances of the manager and designer he had just met also caught his eye.

However, no one in particular caught my attention. The video was rotated at 4x speed. He looked at it for an hour and then stopped. The screen that passed by quickly was rewinded and played back at normal speed.

There was a man and a woman who had just passed lunchtime to visit. The designer personally came out and greeted the two. The quality of the video was not very good, but the woman was clearly Kim Young-hee. However, the man hovered around the edge of the angle of view, unsure of who it was. However, he felt a deep sense of deja vu from that silhouette.

As usual, he sighed as he tried to enlarge the screen. The place where Kwon Taek-ju himself was was a shabby PC room. It was impossible to enlarge the recorded screen, as well as to supplement the image quality. It seemed that he needed Yoon Jong-woo's help.

He put the video on the web hard drive and logged into the shooting game that Yoon Jong-woo enjoys. Leave his ID, password, and requirements on a note.

Before leaving, he completely deleted his computer usage records.

As soon as he came out of the PC room, he entered the main street. The streets were crowded ahead of the official work hour. He naturally mingled with the crowd and walked.

"....."

How far did it go? He was conscious of the back of the strange feeling.

Pedestrians overflowed on the road. Some of those many people could have the same destination. However, it was strange that he followed me while staring at the back of his head. Just in time, the faces of those following were reflected in

the window of the car that was turning right, a total of three people. Everyone was watching Kwon Taek-ju closely.

There was a subway station entrance nearby. He pretended to be passing by, then suddenly turned and entered.

"Follow me!"

The pursuers no longer pretended to be passers-by and hurriedly ran. They fiercely pursue Kwon Taek-ju, even pushing the people who come up like waves.

Kwon Taek-ju jumped over the turnstile. Then, avoiding the other passengers, he climbed onto the stair railing. It runs down a steep ledge without slowing down at all.

When the pursuers reached the platform, Kwon Taek-ju was already gone. After exchanging silent signs, the men scattered in their respective directions. One of them went around and checked the faces of the passengers who lined up sparsely. Meanwhile, others continued to flock. An announcement soon came that the train had left the previous station. His heart was in a hurry.

The man's gaze, looking around in dismay, is fixed on one spot. There was a man who held a newspaper high and covered his face. He lowered his footsteps and approached slowly. His hand had already dug into his jacket and gripped his gun.

Soon the train slid in. In an instant, he yanked the newspaper. Contrary to expectations, the newspaper came too easily. Without a chance to wonder, a sharp impact hits the neck.

".....Whoops!"

He kicked the staggering man with his neck wrapped around him. Passengers were confused by the sudden violence. Other pursuers, noticing the commotion, hurriedly ran.

At that time, the doors of the train opened and people poured out. The pursuers were helplessly swept away by the raging crowd. Watching that scene, he took a leisurely step back and boarded the subway. The pursuers broke through the crowd and tried to get closer somehow. But the door was closed first. The men who missed Kwon Taek-ju in front of their noses vented their anger at the awkward screen door.

He leaned on his tired body for a while. The vibration of the subway running on the tracks was transmitted intact. The men must have called for backup by now, so he had to get off at the next station. He was calculating how to get out of the siege when his phone suddenly rang. The sender was undoubtedly Yoon Jong-woo.

"Uh. Have you checked?"

–Senior... Isn't this synthetic or something?

Yoon Jong-woo asked in a bewildered tone. Wasn't the name found on the sales slip the same person?

"Why is that?"

– …..I think you'd better see it for yourself. I sent it now.

Check the image he just sent. It seemed that part of the video was captured and corrected. The person pictured there was undoubtedly someone Kwon Taek-ju knew. The person who promised Kim Young-hee a future is not a dead army officer. It was just a gimmick to hide the real thing.

He put the phone to his ear again.

"The back of my head is tingling."

–Certainly this one fits better. What are you going to do now? Shall we send this data to the prosecutor in charge?

"No, not yet."

–Why? Where else can you find more convincing evidence than this?

He arrived at the next station. After taking a careful look around, he hurriedly got off.

"This is not enough. I need something more decisive that I can never get out of."

–What is it?

"I'll have to look for it. I'll contact you again, so until then, Jong-woo, look around for that guy."

Now he said it openly. Before Yoon Jong-woo could say anything, he said, "I believe it," and hung up the phone one-sidedly.

He was just about to pass through the turnstile, mixed with the others. The phone started ringing again. On the screen that he glanced at, the phrase

'restrict the display of the caller ID' appeared. If it was Yoon Jong-woo, he wouldn't have to do that. No one else knows the number. He was reluctant.

He put my phone in, ignoring the incoming call. Soon the vibrations subsided.

He was about to pass it off as nothing special, but before he could even take a single step, his pockets stirred. This time, the caller was to 'restrict the display of the calling number'.

Who is it? He glared at his cell phone, which was seldom quiet, and touched the call button. It wasn't anything special. He just put his phone to his ear and held his breath.

–.....

For some reason, he didn't hear anything for a long time. He thought the phone might have been disconnected, but the call connection time continued to pass.

He brought the phone back to his ear. When he concentrated all his nerves, he could hear the faint breathing. The opponent also seemed to be keenly aware of Kwon Taek-ju's movements.

"Who are you?"

He growled. Even though it was a rather intimidating tone, he burst out laughing on the other side of the phone. At the same time, his heart sank. It

couldn't have been, but the sound of laughter ringing in his ears was quite familiar.

Is it a guy?

Vague advice creates a big wave inside. His heart was beating wildly, ready to break through his flesh. His pulse was racing wildly. Her spine suddenly became chilly, and the hand holding his cell phone was sweating. Even in that situation, he couldn't bear to hang up the phone. The accident circuit stopped and he couldn't do anything.

Soon the call ended. His phone, which he hurriedly checked, was switched to the standby screen.

Is he really a bastard? How the hell

I had a vague memory.

When he was staying in Irkutsk, he contacted Yoon Jong-woo using the cell phone Zenya had saved. He was asking him to find out about him. And he has a program that spreads hacking viruses easily. If he had succeeded in spreading the program to Yoon Jong-woo's cell phone, he would be able to make phone calls as he does now.

"....Shit."

He gripped his throbbing chest tightly. His strong heart, which he had always been proud of, went berserk even at the thought of Zenya.

Is it because I am the first subject to succumb to brute force? Or am I afraid of his retaliation?

No, the current anxiety did not originate from such simple feelings. It was more complex and lethal. Something that had been threatened at every moment

while he was with him seemed like it would crumble the moment he met him again. It's been less than a month since he ran away from that despondency.

The sound of laughter he heard a while ago lingered in his ears. Suddenly, he felt a deep gaze, and he looked around again. However, people hurriedly hurried on his way, and no one paid attention to Kwon Taek-ju. Maybe it wasn't Zenya. Maybe it's just my impatience. Try to rationalize it like that.

He pulled up his collar to cover his face and hurriedly got out of there.

***

Director Lim's eyes fly to the door at the sound of a knock he's been waiting for.

Without replying in particular, the door opened and a man came inside.

".....I missed it."

He hit the armrest at the meaningful report. He only recently learned that Kwon Taek-ju had secretly returned. However, he did not come to the headquarters or return to his home. He seemed to be digging into what had happened to him.

Immediately, he lowered the wanted list and started tracking. He also strengthened surveillance of his aides, including Kwon Taek-ju's mother and Yoon Jong-woo. Then, he found out that Jong-woo Yoon frequently contacts a certain number recently. He succeeded in finding Kwon Taek-ju by monitoring the location of the number in real time, but was unable to arrest him. After that, his cell phone was turned off. It's the same in Taebaek, and every time he misses it right in front of his nose.

"So, what did he do in the PC room?"

"In the meantime, I didn't know if he even deleted the PC usage records. Why don't we use Yoon Jong-woo as bait instead?"

It wasn't a bad idea, but he shook his head. The opponent is an agent who is good at chasing or being chased. Cell phones are off more often than when they are on. While using a public PC, it erases its traces so that even experts cannot restore it. He knew exactly how to pursue the headquarters, so he

cleverly escaped. There was a high probability that he would not appear even if he tried to bring him down using Yoon Jong-woo.

"Okay, go out. Report immediately when location is known."

"Yes."

The man bowed politely and went out. He looked at his watch while washing his face. It was late at night. For several days he didn't even go to work and lived at the headquarters. He didn't even have clothes to change into anymore, so he felt like he had to go home. He leaves the office with his overcoat loosely draped over his chair.

He took the elevator down to the underground parking lot. There were only a few cars of duty officers standing there. He crossed the empty space and headed to area C where he parked the car.

He was about to take the key out of his pocket and unlock it beforehand.

Suddenly, the driver's door slammed open.

"I'm back, boss."

It was none other than Kwon Taek-ju who got out of Lim's car. He had no idea how he got to headquarters when he was being chased.

"Long time no see."

After he hesitated for a while, Manager Lim calmly greeted him. Kwon Taek-ju nodded his head dryly. He never shows aggression or shows dislike. There was no intention to threaten Lim in the first place. He just wanted to hear him speak.

Director Lim pretended nothing had happened.

"How is your mother?"

"Well. I think the manager knows that better than I do."

Director Lim smiled at the bony reply. He let go of the body that was leaning on his car. Then, one step at a time, he slowly approached. Director Lim's face is soon stained with the shadow of Kwon Taek-ju.

He held up his cell phone in front of him.

Photos of rings from jewelry boutiques filled the screen. Manager Lim acted ignorant this time as well.

"What is this?"

"You know this better than I do, right?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Then would you know if you saw this?"

A new picture appeared on the screen. It was a CCTV capture image sent by Yoon Jong-woo. It was elaborately retouched, so he was able to distinguish the person in the picture at a glance. Manager Lim, who had been carefree all along, hardened his face.

"When I beat Kim Young-hee on the ferry to Shimonoseki, what kind of ring was she wearing on her left hand? I wanted to go out of my way even if I saw a blind eye like me. It must have been something meaningful to Kim Young-hee herself.

If not, would she have brought it to that rough place? He said that a ring like that shouldn't be scratched in the slightest. There's little wear and tear on it, so it looks like it was bought recently. The ring was not found at the scene? Even her handkerchief, which she kept as a gag from Kim Young-hee, is gone."

"So?"

"So it is. I figured out why it disappeared. From where did she buy the ring and who paid for it? Were you a bit surprised? I couldn't help but think that the

manager had committed an affair without the knowledge of his wife in a foreign country. But it should have been a bit bigger. Who decides to tie up and kill her cheating woman and her junior because she doesn't want to get divorced? I don't know if there was a temptation that was harder to resist. Then, when I saw this CCTV video, the answer came out."

After a while, he looked at Director Lim.

"Why did you do that to me? Deputy Chief 1 says that if this work goes well, he will give me a special promotion?"

Director Lim was not shaken by the resentful criticism. He just looked at Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone with a calm expression. The person in the capture that filled the screen was the first deputy chief.

Recently, news came that the resignation of the current head of the National Intelligence Service was imminent. Rumors spread that he would fill the resulting vacancy as one of the three deputy chiefs. Each department was busy with secretly accumulating achievements and washing records. This was because when a direct superior was promoted, the status of the subordinate departments he was in charge of also changed. No institution, no organization, no matter how many people gathered, they could not get out of company politics.

Meanwhile, Lim, who was directly under the 3rd deputy head, joined hands with the 1st deputy head. It was clear that he was guaranteed a huge advantage that he could not obtain through legitimate means.

"Now I understand what nonsense you are talking about. Is that the only thing you've come back and messed around with? As you said, even if Deputy Director 1 had a deep relationship with Kim Young-hee, who died, nothing will change.

Even between married couples, it is not uncommon for couples to not know that the other person is an operative. That doesn't mean the other side is equally guilty. Isn't it a sin to love someone who is determined and hidden?"

In that part, Director Lim was absolutely right. All Kwon Taek-ju found out was that the first deputy director had a personal relationship with Kim Young-hee. In order to incriminate Deputy Director 1, he had to find evidence that he was closely involved in Kim Young-hee's death. Or, it was necessary to prove that he received direct orders from North Korea and contributed to stealing classified information. It wasn't easy.

Director Lim smiled triumphantly.

"Wouldn't it be much easier to reveal your sins than that? There's no way to prove that you went to Russia on a mission. Moreover, it is all true that I met Psych Bogdanov, a member of the Russian intelligence service, and that I have been hanging out with him all along. Isn't it a world where only what you can see is the truth?"

"I'm not here to see who has the advantage."

"Or did you come to say goodbye? I also wanted to meet you at least once before you were arrested. To give you some advice, to give up early before you see anything worse. A spy who was stealing in this land with stupid words, it's just that he died. What's such a big deal that there's no tomorrow? It's still not too late. Why don't you give yourself up and try to adjust the nature of the crime or the sentence instead of raising the job?"

Kwon Taek-ju's chin shook. The eyes grew even fiercer.

"If you were at all interested in position or power, I wouldn't be like this. He said he didn't like it because it was unnecessarily intense. Then shouldn't it be out of the plate? Did you really come into this NIS to protect the country? You are too naive."

"....Oh, you're really going to get mad."

He was full of spirits. He was a fairly dependable boss, if not respectable. It was because he had been working together ever since he joined the NIS. Manager Lim was also the only person Kwon Taek-ju confided in about his family affairs.

But to him, all of that was a good façade. He said he could give up anything for the sake of his own success.

Kwon Taek-ju's colt touched Manager Lim's forehead with a limping sound. His complexion was already cold. Even though his life was at stake, Director Lim did not budge.

"Then do you remember this saying? I can't accept the collapse of my career, where I always achieved 100%."

"Are you saying you're going to do it alone?"

"That means you can't die alone."

He pulled the trigger without hesitation. Manager Lim, who had been relaxing, tightened his whole body at that time. But for a long time, the surroundings was silent. Because his magazine was empty.

Slowly bit the colt. Lim, who closed his eyes tightly, smiled dejectedly. He stared at him silently, then jerked away. A warning flew.

"If things go on like this, only the crime of leaking confidential information will not be applied. Trespassing, forgery of official documents, blackmail, and even attempted murder will be added."

First of all, what does that mean? He looked back annoyed. At that moment, Lim pulled out his colt and pulled the trigger. The ricocheted bullet grazed Lim's shoulder and shattered his ceiling. Shortly thereafter, an alarm system was activated throughout the building. Director Lim held onto his shoulder and smiled contemptuously even as he staggered.

Suddenly, the emergency exit becomes noisy.

It seemed that the duty officers came running after hearing gunshots and a series of alarms.

Anyone looking at the current scene would have mistakenly thought that Kwon Taek-ju was trying to harm Lim.

He hurriedly picked up the keys to the car that Lim had dropped. As he climbed into his car and started the engine, three or four workers came running from the emergency exit. One of them supported Lim, and the others all aimed at Kwon Taek-ju.

"Stay still!"

"If it moves, shoot!"

Despite the sharp warning, he stepped on the accelerator without hesitation. As the body of the car suddenly jumped out, the employees who were blocking the front also took shelter on both sides.

A belated shot was fired at Kwon Taek-ju, who was running away. However, the unaided bullets only barely grazed the bumper, exhaust vents, and the side of the body. The car pushed away even the breaker that came down and quickly disappeared beyond sight.

He abandoned the car in the middle and walked aimlessly down the deserted market road.

Occasionally a patrol car could be heard from the side of the road. At such times, he hid himself in the dark for a while, and then moved again only when his presence subsided.

It was as if he had sandbags on his feet. His head was only awake, and he could not advance any thoughts. It was because he hadn't had a good night's sleep since he escaped from Zenya's island. He wanted to lay his body down for a while.

How far did I go? Suddenly, something caught on his foot. It was a standing sign for an inn. However, there were no similar places to be found around. Just in

case, he looked into the alley like a side road. There was an old building presumed to be an inn. He went there without much hesitation.

Perhaps it was in business, but the room was very quiet. The counter was also dark, so it seemed impossible to distinguish a person's face, whether inside or outside. The intermittent television noise only proved that there was an owner.

He passed a 50,000 won bill through the narrow gap. Soon a key was sticking out.

He took it and went up to the second floor. As he passed through the hallway, the voices from other rooms leaked out. He heard an early meeting to see if he could rest comfortably.

He went into his assigned room and turned on the light. The old fluorescent lamp flashed once, but it did not fully turn on and blinks frequently. Even so, the counter just closed the door without protesting. He slumps to the floor without taking off his shoes. A long exhalation broke out like a sigh. He lost all strength in his body.

Suddenly, he leaked state secrets and became an unscrupulous man who attempted to kill his boss. In order to prove my innocence, he had to dig up the tricks of Director Lim and Deputy Chief 1 to the end.

In the meantime, the phone call during the day bothered me. Hopefully not.

Even though he continued to deny it, he couldn't shake off the growing anxiety.

He was a guy who was in self-defense and always gave me back more than he got. He couldn't be sure that such a guy would have completely given up on Kwon Taek-ju himself.

What else happened to my mother? Ever since he saw her as she was being brought out of the police station, he has never been visited again. Because of the work with Lim, the surveillance would be stricter, so it would be difficult to see her from afar now.

Lie down on his back. He looked at the ceiling, which kept getting darker and brighter, and brushed his face. Really tired. His head was so

complicated that it gave him cramps.

Running day and night in a noisy and busy world, he missed the depressing silence. By the time his consciousness faded away, he imagined being buried in a pure white snowy field.

The door is open. The body was still in contact with the hard floor. A cool energy from the hallway rises up his legs. He tossed and turned in his sleep. But he didn't think to get up and close the door. Didn't I lock the door properly? His memory of him was unclear.

He suddenly feel uncomfortable. It was a question that stemmed from familiarity rather than unfamiliarity. Now, the cold that hit her whole body was unusual. His eyes were still closed, but he seemed to be able to see the hallway through his eyelids. What unfolded there was not darkness, but a snowy field.

Heavy snowflakes blew into the room. The surroundings were just quiet, so he couldn't detect any signs. Even so, he felt the need to get up quickly. It was because of a vague sense of crisis, as if the situation would develop in an unexpected direction. But he still doesn't know how to get out of this dream. He couldn't open his eyes just with the consciousness that he had to wake up.

At that time, he vaguely felt someone's presence.

He was startled, but fortunately it wasn't a big one. A young-looking boy was standing behind him. The sight evoked a strange sense of deja vu. The child wiped his eyes with the back of his federal hand. He looked like he was crying.

Why are you crying? As soon as he asks him, a certain memory suddenly comes to mind. And soon he realized It was Kwon Taek-ju himself who made that child cry. The child held his hand so tightly that if he was caught, he would never be able to escape.

The child suddenly turned his head. It was a face she had never seen before.

Still, he thought he knew who it was. throbbing. His heart, which he had forgotten to even beat, was beating wildly. At the same time, an ominous feeling reared its head. A black flame called anxiety spread like wildfire.

He ran away. It was the moment when he was taking a backward step following the command of his instinct. The kid ran all over the place. He tried to back away, but his body lying like a corpse wouldn't budge. The body of the child who was hugged was like an ice field. He flinched and reflexively pushed the child away.

However, the child did not come off as easily as before. He tried to root it out with all his might, but to no avail. It only added more force to the waist.

"Taek-ju, why... ."

A faint voice rings in his ears. He looked down bewilderedly. Then, the child disappeared, and Zenya appeared and held his whole body down.

No, not you bastard. Even though he saw it with his own two eyes, he denied its existence. He doesn't sound like that. He can't even call him sadly like that.

The landscape then changed to a completely snowy field. The faint smell of McCallan and birch seemed to pass through his nostrils. The messy air calms down calmly. The whole field of vision was full of gnomes. He wasn't particularly restrained, but he couldn't move.

Because of that, he had to catch the gaze of the guy who was sinking. Emotions that didn't suit him overflowed with blue-eyed eyes.

His heart started beating out of control again.

Everything was just an illusion, but only the heartbeat felt cramped and burdensome as if it were real. He couldn't even breathe.

Suddenly, the man's face approached. For some reason, he couldn't dare to escape. He wasn't in a situation to be swept away by the atmosphere like

before, but he just lay quietly under him. The two lips were barely touching. A cool energy rapidly spreads from the lips along all the blood vessels throughout the body. The limbs freeze.

Why?

The rebuking voice blew like a gust of wind. In an instant, an unknown tingling sensation pierced his entire body.

"…….!"

His eyes opened instantly. Beads of sweat ran down the sides of his face and down his neck. The brow furrowed from the terrifying sensation.

It is said that if he has a lot of thoughts, his dream will become troubled, and the past few days have been a series of nightmares. He was beating so violently that his heart ached.

Like an autonomic nerve reflex, just looking at him puts you in a state of undoubted excitement. As far as the heart exercise was concerned, it seemed that there was a paper difference between fear and desire.

His heart pounded and he took a hard breath.

His whole body was wet with sweat. Even though he desperately needed a shower, he didn't get up quickly and just lay down quietly.

It was only after that that he recognized the prickly pain coming from a subtle place. The lower leg, looking down in surprise, stiffened.

Even after washing his eyes and looking at him again, his appearance did not change.

For what…..

He tried to find another reason somehow, but the only thing he saw in his dream was Zenya. No matter how many times he thought about it, all he could do was rub his lips with him. no way. It's not like he just hit his head that much. He

stared at his immature center. But he didn't flinch in the slightest. As if making fun of Kwon Taek-ju, he just shook his body. He tousled his hair annoyedly.

"Fuck, am I really a homo?"

As he struggled with viciousness, he heard the sound of Bolmen from the next room. He even knocked on the thin wall and waited for it to be quiet.

At that moment, the window outside was dark. He must have slept well in a situation where he was running away. Why am I being chased both when I am awake and in my dreams? He looked like a beggar, he lamented and got up.

leave the room as is. It was time, so the hallways and counters were quiet.

He hurriedly moved his steps along the road where the dawn had begun.

There were few people in the bathroom just after rush hour. At most, it was Kwon Taek-ju and a couple of elderly people.

Thanks to that, he even rented a sauna. A sweltering aura spread through his entire body.

He relaxed his neck and enjoyed the momentary peace. It was a luxury she never knew when she would enjoy it again. Countless drops of water formed on the ceiling. He counts them meaninglessly and organizes his complicated mind.

The key figure in this case was neither Kim Young-hee nor Lim, but Deputy General Manager 1. The key was whether he had a pure romantic relationship with Kim Young-hee or something more. If, as Director Lim insisted, Deputy Director 1 was also victimized by Kim Young-hee, his charges are limited to the level of burying the case. However, if he had helped her even though he clearly knew Kim Young-hee's identity, or if he had acted under her direct orders from North Korea, the punishment would have been much heavier.

The nature of the evidence to be found to establish the truth would also be different.

Before leaving for Russia, he remembered the first deputy general manager he

met at the headquarters. At the time, he seemed extremely calm. He never looked like someone who had lost a loved one. It was a relationship that was so deep that it promised a future, but is it possible to be so calm after hearing the news of the other person's true identity and death?

It was also suspicious that Kim Young-hee moved at the time when the NIS and the prosecution were in full swing. By ironic coincidence, the order may have come down from North Korea at that time. Someone might have intentionally pulled Kim Young-hee and Lee Cheol-jin out. One thing is clear, if Deputy Chief 1

was concerned about his career as head of the NIS, he would have certainly wanted to avoid an affair with Kim Young-hee.

If the 1st deputy director went beyond simple involvement and intervened in operative activities, there was a high possibility that he would also contact Lee Cheol-jin. Lee Cheol-jin was the only survivor among the key figures in the incident. It would be nice to meet him first.

He took a quick shower and went out to the changing room. Then he took out his phone and turned it on. There was a pile of missed calls and messages. All of them were sent by Yoon Jong-woo. He must have come to work soon, so he must have heard the news from headquarters. He called him to be restless. The call connection tone didn't go through even once and then hung up. Yoon Jong-woo, who answered the phone, unilaterally inquired without holding his breath.

–Senior, where are you? Are you okay? I heard you were here last night? The atmosphere at headquarters right now is no joke. You're almost a terrorist!

"Oh, is that so?"

–Is it? Is that so? Senior, why are you so carefree! They said the senior tried to kill the manager, attempted murder or what? The wanted list has also been strengthened. They will be requesting cooperation from national investigative agencies.

It seemed that he was hiding somewhere and was on the phone. He lowered his voice to the utmost and whispered softly, but his mouth movements were quick-firing. He said, "Jong-woo", while tearing off the vinyl of his underwear with his teeth.

–Why, why?

Let's call warmly, I'm going to go in the middle of the day.

"Do you think I shot Director Lim too?"

–Yeah... I don't know If it's you, who shot him? It's true that I came here last night and met the manager. Ah really….What are you going to do next!

"Others don't know, but you have to trust me. there's no other choice now Manager Lim must have realized at least that you were helping me."

–Yes? Uh how!

"Is there anyone out there who can help me but you? You were tied up as my accomplice a long time ago. well, you never know. On the condition that you quit the NIS, I might get rid of your accusations of sympathy."

–Ahh! Screwed up! It's ruined!

"Then why can't I get caught? If you don't want to get into trouble, just recite what you've researched."

–...1st deputy chief. You know you were at the Korean Embassy in the US before, right?

He speaks in a dejected voice. He could feel the early resignation of my situation from the tone.

–Around that time, he must have met Kim Young-hee. Both of them were active in a relief organization called 'POC', and it seems that they often went overseas as well. If he had contacted the North Korean side, I suspect that it was the time when he had a justification to go to a third country. It is highly likely that he also

contacted Lee Cheol-jin, who served as Kim Young-hee's liaison and carrier, at least once or twice. Coincidentally, the timing and target country of Deputy Director 1's volunteer work were almost the same as those of Lee Cheol-jin.

"I should start with Lee Cheol-jin. Great job. Jong-woo, you keep digging at the first deputy chief and his aides. As long as you don't get caught, Manager Lim won't do anything to you, so don't worry."

He unilaterally instructed and ended the call. As usual, he turned off the power right away.

Then a new guest came in. This time, it was an old man with gray hair. He sewed his clothes as if nothing had happened.

He was about to pull up his pants when he suddenly felt eyes on him. Earlier, the old man was frowning at Kwon Taek-ju's appearance. When his eyes met, he clicked his tongue and turned his head away.

"....."

He looked at his back in the full-length mirror. A clear tattoo was visible just above the buttocks. In the meantime, he hadn't had time to look in the mirror, so he completely forgot about it.

Recognizing the existence of the tattoo brought shameful memories. The sharp pain from needles mercilessly piercing the skin, the bitter feeling of ink smearing over the wound, even the power of the fingertips gently pressing down on the right flesh.

He shook his head. Quickly take out his clothes and put them on. He remembered what he had to do first.

"It will sting a lot."

He nodded at the doctor's warning. A surgical drape was immediately applied over the surgical site.

".....Hmm. It seems like it hasn't been long since you engraved it?"

The doctor muttered to himself as he touched the tattoo. After a while, the power of the laser device turned on with a thump.

"Then let's begin."

He tightly closed both eyes. The laser treatment started with a distinctive mechanical sound. It felt like a flash of light flashed on his tense skin.

Unknowingly, he flinched. A tingling and hot feeling was persistently transmitted. The smell of burning raw meat also rose.

Lasers were continuously shot at areas that were already irritated and throbbing. He was determined, but he let out a groan at the repeated slaughter of his life.

"It's great...ugh….."

Because the dye penetrated into the dermis, the wound for treatment also deepened. The doctor who was checking the earthquake site with a laser clicked his tongue.

The treatment, which had been stopped for a while, started again. Cold sweat continued to form from the sharp pain, and my teeth were grinding. As he was receiving the laser in the shape of his tattoo, the feeling of contempt from that day naturally came back.

"Someone said this is a symbol of desire."

Even being brutally trampled on wasn't enough, it was as if he were stamped like cattle or slaves. The feel of the heated needle was still vivid. The feel of the ink that had permeated bitterly over the stinging wound.

"It's just a contract connecting the master and the servant."

He also clearly remembers Zenya's ridicule.

He frowned. He was determined to cut it all off, but things in Russia came to mind indiscriminately and occupied his complicated mind. The moment he

escaped the prison-like island, his face, which had been distorted in vain, was left with a dark afterimage. It gave him goosebumps. His chin was also tense.

The reason he was swept away by him for a moment was because we were alone in an isolated space. Because he was the only human to talk to. In extreme situations, he will always find a place to turn to. Emotions had no place in temporary compromises for survival. So, neither his feelings toward him nor his identity have changed. Like that, the rationalization like a spell was repeated over and over again.

As he recalled the unpleasant memories, his heart started pounding again. It was like he had a terrible nightmare. A nightmare he never wants to go back to.

The skin is burned, and the ooze collects in the place of the fan. Along with the burning pain, past memories faded one by one.

There would be no going back.

Incheon International Airport Arrival Hall. A large electronic display board announced the arrival of the aircraft one after another. People who came to receive family, friends, customers, and business partners gathered in front of the gate. Passengers who passed through customs poured out without stopping. As the starting places were all different, the appearance and clothes were also different.

Among them, there was a man who especially attracted attention. He was tall enough to be seen from afar. Because of that, not only the passengers who came out with him, but also the people who met him glanced at him.

There were even people who stopped and looked back as far as he was going. He didn't even know that it was because of the unusually gorgeous appearance that the extraordinary attention was focused on.

The man slowly scanned the interior of the airport, not paying attention to the surroundings. Wherever he looks, Koreans are everywhere, full of Koreans. A

silent smile spreads across his lips. Blue eyes shone with a strange light.

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"It's fortunate that only the muscles stopped at the line of rupture. Even if I brushed a little further down, the prognosis would not have been good. You shouldn't overdo it though. You must rest absolutely until you are completely healed, and follow me well until the rehabilitation."

At the request of the doctor in charge, Director Lim only nodded roughly. With that, the medical staff who finished the examination left, and the first deputy chief came in. As usual, when he tried to get up, he said, "Oh, lie down." and hold back. When he finally sat up, he clicked his tongue as if he couldn't stop it.

"That person, too."

In addition to the two people, plainclothes policemen were always on standby in the hospital room. It was part of personal protection.

"I'm sorry I'm on duty, but please step aside for a moment."

At the request of the first deputy chief, the police faced each other. It will only take a while for Manager Lim to help. It was not their superior, and there was no reason to follow the instructions of the two. Even so, he leaves without much distance.

As soon as the door closed, the friendly smile disappeared from the first deputy director.

"That friend, is your location still undetermined?"

"Since the police have also been involved in this matter, they will be contacted from anywhere soon. Anyway, he is the most usable talent in the NIS, but it won't be easy to get caught. So, didn't I tell you to choose another friend from the beginning?"

"You are so peaceful in the midst of this, you."

The first deputy chief showed an uncomfortable psychology. Director Lim changed the subject with a unique smirk and said, "More than that."

"Isn't it more urgent to silence Lee Cheol-jin?"

"If that's the case, don't worry. Since I failed to carry out the order, you should know very well that the only thing left for me is death. Even if he is killed, everyone will assume that it was the work of the North."

Deputy Director 1 added a word quietly while boasting.

"Probably won't make it past today."

The sound of an iron door opening could be heard from afar. After passing several doors one after another, the prison guards stopped in front of a certain room.

"No. 342. Talk to a lawyer."

The lock unlocked and the door opened. However, Lee Cheol-jin, who was sitting in it, did not intend to get up immediately. The guards pulled him out of the house as if he was used to it. He put handcuffs on his bony wrists and gently pushed him on the back.

It took a long time just to get to the interview room. Lee Cheol-jin's lawyer, who had arrived early, stood up. At the invitation to have a seat, he pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Long time no see."

He only nodded his head at the greeting that followed. For a moment, the lawyer observed Lee Cheol-jin, who had no life. It seemed that it was not only because of the hard life in prison that his appearance was damaged beyond recognition. There were clear marks of self-injury on his neck and arms. He had

been told that during the night he had tied his sleeves around his neck and tightened them.

"Mr. Lee Cheol-jin. Why do you keep trying to harm yourself?"

"Do you know who only waits for death?"

The outcome of the Korean trial did not seem to matter. Regardless of that, he seemed to believe that he would die somehow. Rather than waiting vaguely to be removed, he chose to volunteer.

Even in a serious situation, the lawyer smiled. Then, he slowly leaned back on his straight back. He took off his glasses with one hand and set them down on the table. The eyes that were revealed in that steam were somehow unfamiliar.

It was a sharp feeling that I wanted to be like that originally.

"I heard Kim Young-hee had a lover?"

Words are suddenly cut short. Even the tone of voice had completely changed, and he seemed like a completely different person. However, the voice was oddly familiar. Where did he hear it?

"I saw it clearly on the boat, and it was gone. The ring Kim Young-hee wore."

The lawyer raised my left hand and flicked my ring finger. Lee Cheol-jin's eyes widened. It seemed that I finally knew the cause of the uncomfortable feeling of deja vu. The man in front of me was not my lawyer, but him. A Korean agent got into a fight at a vending machine in Perian. The person who made Lee Cheol-jin himself was imprisoned here.

He jumped up from his seat. Then the lawyer, Kwon Taek-ju, disguised as him, quietly looked up at Lee Cheol-jin. Looking straight into Lee Cheol-jin's eyes, who were shaken in embarrassment, he nodded to him to sit down again.

"I even put a gag on it so that I can't die carelessly. Even that has disappeared."

Lee Cheol-jin's face adds to the confusion. He clearly understood the meaning of the clues Kwon Taek-ju threw at him. The two people's eyes play a tense tug-of-war in the air. Lee Cheol-jin seldom cleared his doubts.

"Sit down. I'm not here to compromise with you."

"Are you here to hide?"

"I was wondering if the older brother knew that he was stabbed in the back of the head."

Lee Cheol-jin's brow furrowed. The look of doubt deepened again. He seemed to believe that his failure to complete his mission was solely due to their mistakes.

He also said that he was responsible for Kim Young-hee's death.

Looking back at the situation at the time, there was nothing suspicious.

However, Kwon Taek-ju appeared and was talking about a completely different dimension.

The death of Kim Young-hee, who was unable to commit suicide, and the missing ring. There was a person who was reminiscent of just those two questions. However, Lee Cheol-jin did not act hastily. With eyes that want to ask about this and that, he holds on with his mouth tightly shut.

"Anyway, that guy might be the next NIS chief."

".....You said you were the head of the National Intelligence Service?"

"Even a great man who sold his country would have his mouth watering.

Perhaps, starting with the head of the National Intelligence Service, it is possible to advance into politics. There are only two competitors, and it's not a position that can be won only by accumulating a lot of achievements. In the meantime, they are even frantic to find out about each other's infidelity. How anxious were you? If things like Kim Young-hee's identity

or relationship with her were revealed, it would be difficult for her to maintain the status quo, let alone become the head of the NIS."

Lee Cheol-jin's face darkened even more. The wandering eyes of his aimlessly expressed his confusion. At that point, he straightened his upper body, which had been held back. Then, while keeping an eye on Lee Cheol-jin's eyes, he continued to push him.

"If you have something to say, you better do it now. I'm never coming here again, and nobody but me will listen to you. Even your lawyer."

"Yes, why are you trying to reveal the truth? Isn't that a pain in the ass?"

"Certainly annoying. But how come you've already been hit by one? What cannot be undone must be repaid."

He smiles, revealing his chosen teeth. Lee Cheol-jin's expression became somewhat shaken. They say he can't spit on his smiling face, but Kwon Taek-ju was an exception.

Every time he laughed, it didn't feel pleasant at all. He was like that from the beginning. It must have been because something had happened.

The trial, which has been going on for months, is now coming to an end. He could guess his sentence just from the atmosphere flowing in the courtroom. at least 10 years. It was fortunate if it wasn't removed by someone else before that.

"There is nothing complicated about it. He said he abandoned his older brother first. Do I need to be loyal to a guy like that?"

He persuaded Lee Cheol-jin again. But he kept his mouth shut and his head down. Doesn't even flinch.

Was it something that wouldn't happen either? It would be difficult for me to believe the words of the person who captured him. Moreover, in order to prove the charges of Deputy Director 1, he must confess his identity,

affiliation, and even the purpose of infiltration. It was an act of abandoning his duty and betraying his country.

Even after waiting a long time, there was no reaction from Lee Cheol-jin. He showed no signs of compromise. He was not in a position to stay in one place for long. He got up from his seat without hesitation.

Even so, Lee Cheol-jin did not budge.

However, the feeling was a bit strange. Looking closely, he could see that his body was twitching. Hey, at the moment he grabbed him by the neck.

"....Whoops!"

White foam flowed from Lee Cheol-jin's mouth as he collapsed on the table. The eyelids were completely turned over, showing only the whites of the eyes.

"Hey! Is there anyone out there!"

He shouted at the closed door. At that time, Lee Cheol-jin, who was having a seizure, grabbed Kwon Taek-ju tightly. Then she struggled and lifted her shroud.

The bandage on his abdomen was peeled open, revealing a wound that appeared to have been stitched up not long ago.

"Ugh….."

Lee Cheol-jin ran his fingers through the wound.

The sutured area opened, and blood flowed from the wound that had barely healed. A moan erupted from the teeth that were clenched in pain that's unbearable. Just by looking at it, it seemed that the pain was transferred intact.

Soon, a small chip was caught in Lee Cheol-jin's blood-stained hand. Lee Cheol-jin held it out to Kwon Taek-ju without hesitation. When Kwon Taek-ju frowns and just looks at him, he even puts a chip in his hand.

"Is there a problem!"

Immediately the guards came running. They sent Kwon Taek-ju out of the interview room and gave Lee Cheol-jin first aid. The area around the quiet interview room suddenly becomes noisy.

A prison guard approached Kwon Taek-ju, who was startled.

"Have you tried to harm yourself?"

"No. I had a sudden seizure during an interview. Have you ever had a problem with your diet or suffered from a disease?"

"No….Such a thing...."

The prison guard blurted out his words and averted his gaze. He spares his words, lest he be caught openly by the prisoner's lawyer.

In the end, he had to leave the detention center as if he was being chased. The detention center said they would contact me when the cause of the seizure was confirmed. The last time he checked, Lee Cheol-jin was completely unconscious.

His face was also pale, and he could not be sure of his life or death. Maybe the 1st deputy director tried to get rid of Lee Cheol-jin as well. If it was revealed that Kwon Taek-ju himself was a fake lawyer, that crime would also be overturned.

As soon as he came out of the detention center, he took off his artificial skin and threw it away. He had to move faster.

What Lee Cheol-jin handed over was a memory card. what is contained in this Judging by the fact that the flesh was ripped open and hidden deep inside, it must not have been an ordinary material.

He walked casually toward the boulevard and stopped. It was because three or four patrol cars passed one after another with sirens blaring. He went straight into the side alley and moved without stopping only on the narrow road where cars could not pass.

Then, luckily, he found a photo studio. When we go inside, the photographer who was eating awkwardly gets up and says, "Welcome." He held out the memory card to him who stole his lips.

"In-hwa, please."

The photographer, who was flipping through the memory card, soon put it into the reader. He tried to wipe off the stained blood, but it didn't read well, so he disconnected and reconnected several times. The barely recognized card contained photos and videos.

"There are quite a few... All of this?"

The photographer turned to Kwon Taek-ju to ask for confirmation. Exactly as he said, there were hundreds of saved photos. Inside, he could see Lee Cheol-jin, Kim Young-hee, and the first deputy chief. There was also a case where only Lee Cheol-jin and the first deputy director were filmed. Given the different appearances and backgrounds of the subjects, it seemed that the places and times the pictures were taken were different. If Lee Cheol-jin did not serve at

'POC', it was clear that he had captured the scene of the interview instruction.

In order to prepare for the possible betrayal of an accomplice.

"How long will it take to print all these pictures?"

"There are so many that it will take a couple of hours."

The photographer answered, moving the entire image into the print folder. Then the siren rang again outside. This time, it was not on the far road, but on the adjacent alley.

Was the movement route captured by CCTV?

"What happened outside? It's been noisy ever since."

The photographer glanced out of the store and handed over a memory card that had been backed up. He wrote something on a notepad without any response.

Then he gave it to the photographer and asked for it.

"Would you mind sending the pictures over here as soon as they appear?"

".....Is this the prosecutor's office?"

On the memo, it was written, 'Seok Jae-hee Prosecutor's Office, Public Security Division 1, Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office'. To the bewildered photographer, Kwon Taek-ju did not explain the circumstances. However, he took out 50,000 won bills as soon as he picked them up.

"Then please."

The photographer nodded bewildered. Kwon Taek-ju slightly bowed, then took his memory card and left the photo studio.

The photographer, who was left alone, looked at the money lying on the counter in disbelief. Great profits always come at a corresponding price. Maybe he's getting entangled in something unpleasant. He was concerned, but the place he was asked to send the picture to wasn't anywhere else, it was the prosecutor's office. At least he didn't seem to be involved in any crime.

The photographer immediately put the money in and started printing.

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The hospital was crowded with plainclothes detectives. Three or four people stand at the front door alone, and two at the taxi stand and at the bus stop, guarding their surroundings.

Perhaps more personnel were deployed inside.

It was right not to go in. Nevertheless, Kwon Taek-ju dared to enter the hospital.

He had to make sure his mother was okay. The hem of his robe fluttered with each stride he took. Underneath the white gown was a gray shirt and tie. His hair was parted moderately, and his sharp eyes were covered with black horn-rimmed glasses. His plainclothes detectives glanced at him as they passed by.

But he didn't come up and check his ID. It was because, to anyone's eyes, he looked exactly like the internal medicine specialist at the hospital.

Detectives were camped in the reception desk and storage window, as well as in the cafe and bathroom on the first floor. passed in front of it naturally.

Occasionally, if someone from the medical team or staff pretended to know, he would respond leisurely.

Thanks to confirming the location in advance, he arrived at the internal medicine ward without hesitation. Detectives were also hanging around the station. He took a deep breath and walked towards him calmly. "Hello", the nurses who were working there also greeted him. The eyes of the detectives, who were focused on Kwon Taek-ju for a while, fall without a doubt.

He searched for his mother's name on the computer. It was to check the hospital room in which she was hospitalized. The search results came right away. It seemed that he was assigned a single room, probably because he was subject to special surveillance.

Good job, he was about to leave, but the head nurse came out to the station just in time. As he nodded, she tilted her head.

"Oh, sir. Aren't you off today?"

"Ah….."

At the suspicious voice, the detectives looked closely at the station again.

"I changed it to tomorrow."

He walked away from the station with a smile on his face. The detectives who were watching also nodded their heads first. The detectives were

greeted coldly.

He passed them leisurely and got back on the elevator. Then they went up to the eighth floor where his mother's hospital room was.

The problem was from now on. As the mother's place was in a single room, no one would be able to approach her. The police force was also more likely to be concentrated. It had to be approached carefully.

The elevator soon stopped on the 8th floor. The door opened, but he didn't get out right away, he checked the movement of the hallway. For some reason, he didn't feel any strange. He waited a while longer and went out.

The reason he was dazed was because the hallway was unexpectedly empty.

Not even detectives could see a shadow of a person. He passed through the hallway, doubtful.

It was around the time we reached the emergency exit in the middle. Discomfort is maximized. The door that should have been closed was slightly open. What came out of that gap was someone's hand. Closed the door more. Then, he saw six or seven men who had collapsed on the emergency stairs. It looked like detectives and guards.

He looked around again, but he couldn't detect any other signs. He approached carefully and inspected the condition of the unconscious.

Only breathing was barely perceptible, and all limbs were limp. The trauma was barely visible.

It seemed to target only vital points and subdue them in a short time. Someone broke into this place, without causing any fuss. The workmanship was unusual.

So what about mother? His heart thumped. A cool aura spreads on the nape of his neck. He immediately jumped up from his seat and threw open the door to the hospital room.

"……!"

He tries to enter the hospital room, but hesitates. Someone was sitting in front of his mother's bed. Is it an intruder? His heart was pounding and he was shaking uncontrollably. The speed suddenly became more sluggish. It wasn't simply because of the antipathy towards the unknown intruder. It was more like a game, stemming from a more foreboding feeling.

He was used to the back view of sitting with his back turned. It's not common for people to feel intimidated by their back. He didn't look back at Kwon Taek-ju.

He just sat there and looked down at his unconscious mother indifferently. He must have heard the sound of the door opening.

Would it be better to run away now? I had to do that to save my life. But leaving my mother in his clutches? That was not going to happen.

He may not have noticed Kwon Taek-ju himself looked like a doctor who belonged to this hospital. Even if he was a guy, it would be difficult to see through at once.

He made up his mind and went inside. He went closer to the bed and checked the dangling injection. Only then did a clear gaze come from the side. When he turned his head, their eyes met immediately. It was Zenya who sat calmly by his mother's side.

He gasped as if his heart would burst through his flesh. He was worried that the sound would reach him. His confident courage quickly lowers his tail and runs away. His mind was confused as to how he got here and what he was trying to do with his mother.

".....Excuse me, but are you a guardian?"

He managed to hold back his anxiousness and opened his mouth. It was in Korean, so there was no way he could understand it. His voice was quite different from that of Kwon Taek-ju.

As expected, he just stared at Kwon Taek-ju. He'll check the patient's condition for a while, he said. Then he examined his mother's pale face.

Needless to say, the corners of the eyes were swollen, and the lips were dry. The white marks on the eyelashes and the corners of the eyes were traces of tears.

Looking at her saggy cheeks and neck, it seemed like she couldn't even eat properly. Something like a heavy lump of lead pressed against his chest.

Pretending to check the IV needle, he stroked the back of his skinny mother's hand. Looking at vital signs such as heart rate, blood pressure, and brainwaves, it didn't seem critical. He didn't know if it would be better to enshrine them here until the false accusation was completely cleared.

The problem was Zenya. He couldn't leave him with her mother.

"Come out with me for a second. I have something to tell you."

He nodded his head outside to the guy who couldn't understand. He intended to drag him out of the hospital room and run away at the right time. There were cops everywhere, but he wouldn't go on a rampage just because he was a bastard. It wasn't a very hopeful plan, but right now he had no choice but to bet everything on it.

He turned around first. One after another, the guy slowly got up. As he walked ahead of him, the distance to the door seemed infinitely farther away. He couldn't even breathe easily. His body odor seems to have already filled the hospital room. His heart also pounded uncomfortably, compressing his lungs again and again. His tension made his hands tingle.

He pushed the door aside. The door, which opened in an instant, was soon closed again. A hand stretched from behind his back was holding the door. It had a distinctive body odor. He felt like he was going to suffocate. His shadow had already swallowed Kwon Taek-ju.

His brain was blank. His body stiffened completely, unable to move. There's no way he would have recognized it, and there's really no way he would. It felt as if his neck would break at any moment.

Suddenly, his hand slipped into his pocket. Unknowingly, he shrugged his shoulders. The guy who took out his cell phone regardless and turned it on and brought it to the door. It was right in front of Kwon Taek-ju's eyes. One after another, he called somewhere on his cell phone. The distinctive beeping sound clearly reached Kwon Taek-ju's ears.

Drrrr…..drrrr…..

Right after that, the cell phone next to the door rang loudly. On the screen, the phrase 'Caller ID Display Restriction' appeared.

His hair fluttered with a burst of laughter. His mind flashed incessantly, sounding a belated alarm.

Soon, his face approached Kwon Taek-ju's ear.

"Did you enjoy playing hide-and-seek?"

There was deep joy in the whispering voice. It seemed as if the floor he was standing on was utterly collapsing.

checkmate.

He was grabbed by the shoulder. One after another, his body spun around.

Faced his bastard head-on, his breath caught. His eyes were frozen like ice crystals.

"Shit... !"

The artificial skin is ripped off in his hand. He didn't even have time to fight. He felt like he was suddenly naked when even the last bastion that had been hiding him disappeared. His blue eyes twitched wildly.

The close confrontation was short-lived, and he was grabbed by the collar and dragged right in front of him. The height difference makes his heels lift. As his breath stopped, he unconsciously grabbed Zenya's hand. It was cold, and it didn't look like a human hand at all.

Zenya glanced at the desperately overlapping hand on the back of his hand and stared at Kwon Taek-ju again. His gaze was rather sharp.

Kwon Taek-ju's pupils, who had dangerously captured his cool face, slowly rolled aside. He looked over Zenya's shoulder to see his mother. If she woke up in this situation, his situation would get out of hand. He never wanted that.

He shook off Zenya's hand. He pushed his shoulders as hard as he could. While he was careless, the guy who was pushed behind took a quiet breath. Then he twists his head and glares at Kwon Taek-ju. A thick band of blood stood up on his smooth forehead.

Something to come has come. The moment he sensed danger, he was pushed violently. There was a bang as it hit the door from the back. A corresponding shock is applied to the whole body. In his shaky vision, he saw his hand go up.

Reflexively, he closed his eyes. He was so cold that he had no room to react otherwise. He anticipates terrible pain, and every cell in his body is drawn together.

But for a long time, he didn't feel anything. It can't be.

He slowly lifted his eyelids. The situation was as it was right before he closed his eyes. Zenya's hand was raised as if it would strike Kwon Taek-ju at any moment, and the threatening airflow did not change. The only thing that changed was that his face was distorted.

Zenya's hand was shaking as if hesitating. He didn't seem to understand the situation either. He seemed a little taken aback by his actions that were separated from his head.

Kwon Taek-ju also looked blankly at Zenya. It is because of the various emotions swirling in his eyes. Anger, hostility, embarrassment, and resentment.

Resentment? Kwon Taek-ju's eyes widen even wider.

At that time, Zenya's hand, which had been still, rushed forward.

"......!"

Thinking that this time would be right, he turned his head. But he didn't feel the pain he had foreseen. He was simply pushed back again. Then, he got choked up. He tried again to free Zenya's hand, but he wouldn't budge. Frowning his eyebrows, he glared at him. At a short distance, the eyes are thickly entangled.

"Don't let me kill you with my own hands."

It twists the bridge of its nose and growls. It sounded a bit odd for a threat. He wasn't the only one. The hand that had been tightening his neck seemed to loosen for a moment, and then his face suddenly approached. There was a strange heat in the eyes that were wriggling with all kinds of mixed emotions.

The signs were not good. He quickly raised his hand and pushed the bastard's chin away.

"Bastard, aren't you going there?"

He put on an annoyed expression at the hand that stopped him. The power to stubbornly push and the power to refuse to engage in a silent battle. Really, has he forgotten where he is and who is lying on the bed?

"Damn it, put this down! I'm not in a situation like this with you."

When he pushes him away, he raises the corner of his mouth and smiles. Then he nodded slightly at his mother's bed.

"Will it be like that if I put it on top of it?"

"Crazy... !"

He screamed in shock, but quickly lowered his voice. He hurriedly looked at his mother. She was still motionless. The moment he calmed down with relief, he dragged him into the bathroom attached to the hospital room. He

stretched out his whole body with an ominous foreboding. If Zenya and him were locked in there alone, they would be in for an unsightly thing. However, he violently pushed Kwon Taek-ju, who was trying to hold on.

As soon as he was slammed against the wall, his back was pressed. As the cold tile and chest were completely pressed, the lungs were squeezed infinitely. He struggled on his limbs to free himself from its grasp. The more he did, the stronger his restraints and pressures became.

The guy recklessly grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's pants. The lower body fell backwards from the terrifying pulling force. The buckles of his pants could not handle the force exerted on them and came undone. Then, the bare skin behind his back was exposed. The one who ran blindly stopped at the moment.

An intense gaze landed on his waist that he could not ignore. It was as if he was looking at the skin that had been burned with a laser.

".....Well."

He mumbles softly. The spine suddenly became chilly.

The next moment, the road pants dance was caught. With the addition of the quarter, he felt a stronger grip than before. He tried to stop it somehow, but it was helpless. His butt was exposed as the trousers and droz were pulled together. Suddenly, he heard the sound of a zipper coming down behind me.

The ominous swelling inside was materializing.

He turned white and shook his arms desperately. He pushed his legs against the wall, trying to hold on somehow. But he couldn't handle an insane guy. It was only pushed back against the wall and crushed flat. Crumpled between the wall and the guy, it felt like his body was stuck in the gap between the machine.

Even though he was tired of doing it, he lifted his elbow and pushed him away.

He continued to push the thighs of the guy who was coming close to him. He wondered if even a small sound leaked, this much was kept tight. Without a sign, his fierce gestures come and go. Soon, his entire body was wet with sweat.

It was around that time.

"....!!!"

Suddenly there was an uproar outside the door. Detectives stationed throughout the hospital seemed to have noticed something suspicious. He must have found his colleagues collapsed at the emergency exit, and he was ready to infiltrate the hospital room at any moment.

If he was caught now, he would be put on hold of all charges. Prosecutor Seok may not have received the photo yet, and the original that can be used as evidence belongs to Kwon Taek-ju himself. Moreover, even sticking with the subject suspected of having an affair. It was hopeless.

Then there was a sign that the door to the hospital room was carefully opened.

Even so, Zenya did not back down gently. He only focused his gaze, which had been heading out the door for a moment, back to Kwon Taek-ju. A thousand thoughts crossed his mind. Now it was really all-or-nothing. No matter how optimistic the future situation was, only the worst outcome came out.

Choose me.

A low murmur suddenly reached his ears. It may be that the situation is so urgent that it is mistaken. Even so, his heart thumped with a completely different feeling than before. At the moment of desperation, it seemed as if a rope had come down.

He stretched out his hand behind him and covered the back of Zenya's hand that was holding his butt. Zenya just stared down at Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was overlapping his own. There was only one way out of the current

crisis. He didn't even know if that would work or not. He just has to try it once.

He licked his lips and begged.

"......please."

A sigh is mixed with the voice. However, there was no reaction from Zenya. Even his hand, which was holding him against the wall, clenched into a fist and clung to it again.

Please.

Immediately after that, his body turned backwards as he grabbed his fisted hand. The miserable stare was fixed on Zenya. Even though it was not such a situation, things like his crumpled eyebrows and his eyes busy trying to confirm the truth were stuck in his field of vision.

"Don't go back and say anything else. You caught me."

He sensed an unsuitable nervousness in the grip of the guy who gripped his arm tighter. He only looked into my eyes suspiciously, but he urged Kwon Taek-ju, who didn't respond.

"Answer me. You are clinging to me."

There was nothing different about each other. He nodded his head, as if telling him to think. Then the hand that seemed to break his arm finally fell off.

Then the bathroom door knob slid down. The detectives seemed to be peeking into the situation outside. Zenya grabbed the doorknob and pulled it inside without hesitation.

"Ahh!"

When the door opened without warning, the detectives lost their balance and fell over. One of them punches him in the back with the blade of his hand, and the other kicks him in the face, knocking him out. The last

detective, hurriedly aiming the gun at him, snapped his wrist completely back.

Zenya, who subdued the three with simple gestures, looked back at Kwon Taekju. It was before he even got his pants on. He nodded his head as if to go and left the bathroom first. He followed as he filled the hook, then looked back once.

Perhaps because of the previous commotion, his mother's face flinched slightly.

She seemed to open her eyes any second. He must be gone before then. He hurried out of the hospital room, pulling the colt out of his overcoat.

"That way!"

"East, east of the ward!"

As soon as they went out into the hallway, it was noisy. A group of policemen were running from the other side. Zenya did not slow down his stride. All he had to do was take the colt out of his bosom and pull the trigger without hesitation.

He didn't even have time to stop him at the hospital.

Police officers hid themselves behind walls in panic at the sudden gunfire.

In the meantime, we ran down the hallway side by side. Even though there was no discussion about what to do, he carefully coordinated his breathing. Even if only a person appeared in front of him, he tried to dissuade Zenya from taking the colt and ran away, avoiding a physical collision as much as possible. Zenya responded to him with rather docile restraint while clicking his tongue inappropriately. A guy like that was unfamiliar to him. Even when he pretended

to be his colleague, he was the guy who only watched Kwon Taek-ju in crisis with his arms crossed.

That kind of guy was helping me without any cost. It was so unexpected that his chest kept pounding dizzy.

How long did they run? The lower stairs were in an uproar. It seemed that the police, who received a request for assistance, were coming one after another.

He couldn't stay in the hospital like that all the time. Not only was it becoming more and more like a rat in a poison, but it was harming innocent civilians.

"Your car, where did you put it?"

Zenya nodded at the corner that soon appeared. As soon as he followed the bastard and turned the corner, he was again confronted by the cops. He threw smoke bombs at them, warning them that he would shoot them if they moved.

As soon as the smoke rises, the whole area becomes a mess.

Taking advantage of the confusion, he went out through the emergency exit in the middle.

The sound of urgent radio calls, people's voices, and the sound of footsteps mingled, making the stairs reverberate. From above, from behind, and from below, the encirclement is constantly tightened. It seemed that there was no choice but to pass through one place.

He took a deep breath and ran down the stairs below. Soon they ran into the detectives who were coming up. He flinched and threw himself at them as they pulled out their guns. A bunch of people were swept away by Kwon Taek-ju and tumbled down the landing.

Zenya, who followed, grabbed Kwon Taek-ju and raised him up. Then, holding on to his head, waist, and legs, he groaned and kicked those who tried to fight back, even breaking his will.

Even went down the stairs. They stand in front of the emergency door for a while and look for people, then fold into the hallway. Soon, the sound of many footsteps followed. The stride of the two also became larger.

It was when they were running around the hallway as if they were being chased.

The front window appeared, and the view was open out of nowhere. Because it was tempered glass, it was no different from a dead-end wall in itself. They tried to turn right away, but before they knew it, the special forces that were put in blocked the front.

"Stop!"

"If you don't surrender, I will shoot you!"

The rifles, which had already been loaded, aimed at the two at once. If they break through like before, it will become a beehive.

What to do? He obediently raised his arms and pondered. Then, Zenya quietly approached. Even the slightest movement causes his muzzles to quiver at the same time.

"Catch."

He whispered so that only Kwon Taek-ju could hear. Looking at Zenya curiously, his arm suddenly wrapped around his side. At the same time, something he threw stuck to the front windshield. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, as well as the confronting special forces' eyes, pursued the small object at the same time.

What is that? It was around the time he made a stupid expression as if he had promised.

A crack formed around the small adhesive, and then the entire tempered glass suddenly ruptured radially.

Led by Zenya in succession, they ran to the half-broken window. As soon as he touched it, the glass shards shattered into pieces. He threw himself into

the air

while half-embracing him. In his perplexed vision, he saw a long unwinding fire hose.

A commando belatedly rushed to the window. In the meantime, the two were swinging from the height of the second floor, hanging from a fire hose. No matter who said it first, he jumped down onto the lawn. As soon as the commandos confirmed that the two were fine, they fired bullets without hesitation.

They ran through the bushes to avoid the rain of bullets. They were able to reach the back door in no time. Zenya, who arrived first, suddenly threw something at him. Upon receiving it, he realized that it was a motorbike helmet.

He was completely dumbfounded.

"Didn't you come by car?"

"I never said that."

He started the engine all of a sudden. He quickly put on his helmet and sat behind him.

"Damn it, I'm going to step on the nether road properly today."

While muttering disgruntledly, the motorbike bounced off without warning. His unbalanced body clung to Zenya's back. The cops who followed them hurriedly opened fire. Dozens of bullets flew in, but the motorbike gilded freely and evaded them all. It runs straight toward the back door.

But there was no easy way. Patrol cars waiting outside the back gate blocked the way. The motorbike that was going down the slope was gradually gaining speed. No matter how big it is, there is no chance of winning against a car.

However, if he applied the brakes now, he would not be able to overcome the speed at which he was running and fall down.

Pick up the steering wheel in an immediate situation. Then the front wheel lifted and the entire motorbike instantly floated up. The moment of floating in the air

unfolded like a slow motion. He even saw the officer in the patrol car widening his eyes in amazement.

Before long, the motorbike landed on the roof of the patrol car with a thud. The warning light went off without a hitch. He pressed down on the ceiling and fell to the floor. Fortunately, the engine didn't turn off, and the tires were fine.

Maintain his speed and turn into the boulevard. The wind blew her hair and clothes into a mess. Because it is a dedicated road, it slides like acrobatics between cars that run faster.

He was about to be thrown on the street in an emergency, so he held Zenya's waist tightly. Then, the guy's gaze, which was only looking straight ahead, descended to Kwon Taek-ju's arm.

Peace did not last long. Soon sirens rang out in the distance. When he turned his eyes to the sound, he saw three or four police cars running in a row from the opposite lane. The commando vehicle that had followed them from the hospital was also tightening up behind them.

As he was nervously looking back and forth, a motorbike came close to the side of a dump truck. Even though it is dangerous as if it is about to be hit by a car body at any moment, it runs at the same speed without caring about it. Because of that, the police couldn't come soon enough.

Before long, the exclusive road ended, and a wide intersection appeared ahead.

It was time for the straight ahead signal to drop soon. In response, police cars running from the opposite side, as if trying to attack them, rearranged the display. If they stopped at the straight ahead signal, their retreat would be blocked by a commando vehicle chasing them from behind.

The sidewalk that starts at the end of the dedicated road was not wide enough for motorbikes to pass because of the trees. By ignoring the signal and turning left, there was a high risk of colliding with another vehicle that was going straight ahead. It was a quandary.

However, Zenya's run did not stop.

On the contrary, increase the speed to the maximum. The guy ran through the cars waiting for the straight ahead signal. Soon the green light came on at the traffic lights ahead.

Cars threatening the stop line accelerated all at once. At the same time, Zenya's motorbike jumped out and cut a long way in front of the cars going straight. Tilt the motorbike to prevent it from falling over due to excessive torque. It felt as if his body would touch the road surface at any moment. He closed his eyes and hugged him tighter.

Cars about to go straight slammed on the brakes and honked their horns. In an instant, the middle of the intersection became tangled up, and even the police were unable to move. Leaving the fuss behind, he ran through the empty left-turn lane without hesitation.

Even after the moment of crisis had passed, he couldn't relax his arms holding Zenya. The limbs were tingling. In a situation where his life was being quenched, the hairs all over his body stood on end and she even got goosebumps. His fingertips seemed to tremble a little.

He barely caught his breath when he heard a familiar noise overhead. It was the sound of helicopter propellers. A chopper flying from behind quickly catches up with the motorbike. Not only that, but every time he passed a large or small driveway, even a police car joined one by one.

"Stop. If you don't stop, we'll shoot."

The following police car warned repeatedly. Ignoring it and continuing to run, Zenya and him roll down the windows. The shooting was about to begin.

Suddenly, Zenya turned his steering wheel sharply to the left. Then the motorbike crossed the center line and started to run.

Cars running from the opposite side rang their klaxons fiercely. It seemed that his hearing was going to fall off. While the police cars hesitated, the road led to an overpass. Separators also appear above the center line. Now, even if he wanted to come over, he couldn't.

However, under the helicopter, it was impossible to completely escape. Even if they manage to get rid of one team, a support team will come from the other side in no time.

Would it be better to surrender? He stared at Zenya nervously. For some reason, he didn't slow down at all. All he had to do was hold on tight. He put his forehead on his back and squeezed his hand tightly. He wanted to be what he was meant to be, albeit for a moment.

The moment the speed peaked, the motorbike rushed into the edge fence. He closed his eyes in anticipation of the end. All that was left was a distant fall.

The fence was ripped off with a loud grinding sound. A motorbike with no tread and two people are pushed out of the overpass.

Rapid traffic congestion occurred on the roads where communication was smooth. The helicopter made a large turn and inspected the situation under the overpass. Visibility was not well secured due to the smoke rising from the scene of the accident. After a while, he understood the situation.

Wreckage of motorbikes and fences were blocking the road. All four lanes of cars were stuck on the road.

However, no matter how much he looked around, he couldn't see the target.

The number of drivers with me to see what happened continued to increase.

There was no mayhem.

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They went to find an unmanned motel. Totally exhausted. The moment they fell from the overpass, they landed on a passing truck just in time. It's a shame

because he was lucky, otherwise he would have been arrested in the end. That's in a state where he would be happy if he was still breathing. It was as if sirens were still ringing in his ears.

The room was full of worn out things. Unknown stains were scattered all over the wallpaper, and the corners of each piece of furniture were chipped. There was no way to know when the bed sheets, which seemed to be in good condition, were gone. Of course, as a hiding place, even this was detectable.

He raised his hand and wiped his face.

Excessive fatigue set in. He just wanted to lie down and do nothing. However, the situation has reached a level where he can't stop it with his will alone. He had no choice but to go to the end.

He let out a long breath and turned his head. Immediately, Zenya's eyes met his.

He was sitting at a table by the window. He thought that if the two of them were left alone, he would definitely be bitten off, but unexpectedly, he just quietly looks at Kwon Taek-ju himself. The small room and the guy's presence made a sharp contrast. Clearly, this place was not a place for him to be.

After staring at him for a while, he got up. Then he rummaged through the drawers and closets around him. Soon he found a first aid kit full of dust. Inside, there was an ointment with the contents leaked out, a bandage that had turned yellow, and disinfectant. He let out a sigh. It was never in good condition, but he had no choice but to use it as he wished. He grabbed them and approached Zenya.

Push the table back a bit and sit on it. Zenya just watched Kwon Taek-ju without saying anything. He responded to the tenacious gaze for a moment,

then he pulled his arm towards me. There was quite a bit of bleeding in his left upper arm. He didn't know if the bullet had grazed him or what facility he had scratched. At first glance, it didn't look like there were any bullets or shrapnel stuck in it.

For full-scale treatment, he twisted and unbuttoned Zenya's shirt buttons one by one.

Even though they were living together, it felt strange to take off his clothes. It seemed that his fingertips were all stiff from his needless tension. It was because of the stubborn gaze.

A torn shirt revealed a huge body. There was an aspect of clothes that maximized a person's imagination by covering the body shape. But the guy did the opposite. It was less suffocating to hide himself under his clothes. He clicked his tongue disapprovingly and tucked the hem of his shirt behind his shoulder.

Then, Zenya, who had been watching the whole time, let out a low laugh. Even to him, the current situation seemed quite delicate.

While cutting something apart, he looked at the injured part. The wound was so deep that suturing was unavoidable.

"You're going to get hit, it's better if you get hit in the head."

While muttering angrily, he poured the disinfectant all over. The transparent drug mixed with the blood and dripped down. A bubbling red bubble of blood appeared at the wound site. It's going to be pretty bitter, but he doesn't let out a single groan. It was still the same to look at someone else's face with the momentum to pierce it.

Ignoring those eager eyes, he searched for a hemostatic agent in the first aid kit.

At that time, Zenya, who had been calm until now, abruptly stood up. His shadow covers Kwon Taek-ju's face. The moment he turned his head in

shock, his face came closer. One after another, warm lips touched Kwon Taek-ju's cheeks. It was right above his chin to be exact.

".....What are you doing?"

He frowned and shook his head. Zenya didn't care about him and just moved closer, touching the table with his hands. Kwon Taek-ju's lips, which had fallen

after being pressed against the chin, gradually rose to the top of his cheek. side, side. The soft hairs in his ears stood up as a low, crackling sound rang out.

He shook his head at the unfamiliar stimulus. His upper body also slowly pulled back. Zenya supported Kwon Taek-ju with his hand. Holding him tight so he can't escape, he moves his lips to the mouth of his.

Zenya's warm lips touched the corner of his mouth and then fell. For a moment, the two eyes met.

"....."

"....."

In the next moment, Zenya broke the tight boundary and attacked violently. He had nowhere to back down and he tried to push him on the shoulder, but to no avail. As he carried his weight, he almost laid his body on the table. He touches his lips at first casually, then twists and turns his head. The two lips interlocked without a gap.

He was quite taken aback by the sudden kiss.

Even though he had sex with Zenya so many times, he had never kissed him. It is strictly a physical act, but he didn't even try it because it was a skinship that presupposes mental sympathy. It was the same with him, and when the atmosphere happened to be like that, he woke up.

In a relationship between a man and a woman, the act of affection that took precedence over sex was the only taboo in a relationship with a guy. But

now, he felt like he was crossing a line that he shouldn't have crossed.

Zenya covered the eyes of Kwon Taek-ju, who was at a loss for words. Then, he alternately presses his tightly pressed lips together. His tongue rubbed and burrowed into his teeth, licking the even teeth on the inside. Even so, when Kwon Taek-ju stubbornly persisted, he unexpectedly bit his thick lower lip.

"Ah... !"

Kwon Taek-ju frowned and groaned. He thrust his tongue into the gap. He pressed his tongue sweetly against the slippery mucous membrane. The fact that there were such soft corners all over the body that seemed to be only hard made me excited again.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was coming up to stop the intruder, held back his tongue and gnawed the freckle under it with the tip of his tongue. It seemed as if the thin film, which was being brushed at random, would break at any moment.

Soon, saliva pooled under the tongue and the whole inside of the mouth was swollen. Some of the saliva that had been boiling inside flowed down his chin.

A sultry breath hits his throat. Breath and breath mingled, and saliva exchanged.

As the lips got wet, even the slightest contact made a tactile, tactile, naked adsorption sound. As soon as there was free breath, it was sucked out. His rough eyelashes tickled as they were brushed against his cheeks and eyelids. The body odor emitted by him dominates the sense of smell. The way he stubbornly bit his lips was like a crocodile tearing people apart.

"Cut your breath..."

He shook his head as he caught his breath. Then he turned his head at the same time and swallowed Kwon Taek-ju's hard lips. He wrapped his tongue around his tongue and sucked on it sweetly. As he repeatedly pressed his

tongue against his upper lip, he prayed to stay still. The table on which the weight of the two people was loaded swayed precariously as if it would fall backwards at any moment.

It was just that the lips and tongue were intertwined as if mixing flesh. It wasn't even a first kiss. But he doesn't know why his pulse is so intense. The breath he couldn't even spit out or swallow purred from his throat.

Unbeknownst to him, he was cautious, but even his vision was blurred by the ruthless offensive.

Zenya's lips only separated when Kwon Taek-ju came into contact with him.

"....Cough..Cough."

He coughed until his face was red, and in the meantime his pants came off. He shuddered at the feeling that his bottom was empty. As a result, the table that had been rattling the whole time fell backwards.

The back of his head rang loudly. He didn't even have time to let go of the pain before he was taken to Zenya. Once again, the view turned over. It was because of being thrown roughly on the bed. The old mattress screams.

Zenya immediately pressed Kwon Taek-ju and went up. His hand gestures, which groped incoherently, were impetuous, like an animal that had not eaten several meals.

He was caught by the collar. He quickly grabbed the guy's hand with an ominous feeling, but he ended up tearing his shirt. In an instant, it became cold.

It doesn't stop there, and even drags down the one remaining droz. The wind blew the penis out and fell into his hand.

The genitals covered in the unfamiliar body temperature trembled. He kissed the face of Kwon Taek-ju, who looked just as nervous. The genital

organ in his hand was gently moved with his thumb. His soft, flabby flesh was congealed.

When he peeled off the skin, Kwon Taek-ju's knees felt hot. The sensation spread through the entire lower half of the body, subtly pressing down on the waist.

Slowly, he collapsed his upper body and pressed his lips along Kwon Taek-ju's chest bone and cracked abdominal muscles. Then he suddenly raises his head and makes eye contact with Kwon Taek-ju. As he applied pressure to the flesh in his hand, Kwon Taek-ju's eyebrows furrowed. He opened his mouth to ask why, looking straight into his jet-black eyes.

"Did you run away? Didn't you cling to me to live? You caught me first. But why?"

He came out again, an expression of resentment that doesn't match. His eyes were full of pure desire that he couldn't even begin to notice. The guy repeatedly hired Kwon Taek-ju.

"You wanted me. You first."

"Ugh….What bullshit are you talking about all of a sudden?"

He frowned at the growing pressure. He couldn't understand what he was talking about. To say that Kwon Taek-ju himself wanted him first is something he can't even remember. It was clear to him that the bastard was delusional again.

However, Zenya ignored Kwon Taek-ju's objection. He just squeezed his genitals as if squeezing them and argued several times.

Kwon Taek-ju, who groaned without answer, widened his knees. His hand, which had been clinging to him annoyingly, was also pressed onto the bed. He stared intently at his exposed genitals, then opened his mouth and snapped.

"Ha... !"

The raw meat was tightly wrapped in lukewarm mucous membranes. The sensation of sharp fangs brushing against his sensitive skin was vivid. All of a sudden, goosebumps broke out all over his body. Unlike the head that slashed itself, the lower abdomen pressed close to the guy's face, wanting more pleasure.

"....Aww."

He groaned at the feeling of a soft but tight clamp on his genitals. The sensitive glans was stimulated by being brushed against the rough roof of the mouth.

Zenya, who had been holding the tip of her penis until it touched his throat, slowly moved her head. The surface of his genitals quickly became wet and glistening with oozing saliva. He presses the reddened flesh with his lips and

tightens it, repeating a deep nod. The genitals, which had been flaccid without energy, suddenly stiffened and flared up.

Kwon Taek-ju's thighs fluttered as if they were on fire. His lower abdomen twitches whenever Zenya's head pulls all the way behind him. He is very impressed with the body's reaction that is too honest. Even though he wanted more intense pleasure, he couldn't let go of his reason, so he saved himself.

He held only the glans part in his mouth and sucked hard on the other side.

Kwon Taek-ju's knees jumped again at the unprecedentedly powerful feeling of adsorption. A tingling energy goes through his whole body. There was a grinding sound from the tight teeth. He squeezed his twitching thighs and moved his head quickly up and down.

"Ahh, ugh….That, only, ahh... ."

He shook his head. The grunts could not be swallowed. The warm energy rushed ferociously into his nostrils. Every time Zenya sucked his glans hard, it felt as if something that had accumulated inside him was being

sucked out. His two clenched fists turned white and trembled. Even when he tried not to, his ass kept bouncing around.

As soon as his eyes turned yellow from the intense pleasure, the stimulation applied to his groin suddenly disappeared. At the same time, the fever that was rushing fiercely toward the climax suddenly lost its place. The breath that had been rattling in his throat was dying in vain.

".....???"

He recalled the tightly closed eyes with difficulty. He could see his genitals, red and ripe. He wriggles pathetically with the ultimate pleasure right in front of him. Zenya watched Kwon Taek-ju while leisurely licking his lips that were glistening with copper fluid and saliva.

What is he trying to do? The flesh that hadn't erupted yet resounded painfully throughout the pelvis. He frowned in pain and glared at him. He reached out and opened a drawer on the bedside table. It contained disposable love gels that are common in motels. He bites off the film wrapping paper with his teeth, and spills the transparent contents into Kwon Taek-ju's crotch. Kwon Taek-ju's body flinched at the cold touch.

When everything in the drawer was spilled, Kwon Taek-ju's lower abdomen, penis, and entire thighs were wet. The wet, slippery texture was very unpleasant. Even in the meantime, the excited penis did not know how to cool down. On the contrary, it was just that the head was beating more vigorously.

Looking down at Kwon Taek-ju, who is grunting with a passion that can hardly be relieved, he declares.

"If you hang yourself, I'll put it in."

What's up? He didn't even ask him to, but he put his thing on his feet and took it out irresponsibly. Even though he might be impotent, he couldn't do what he wanted. His eyes were pricked open and his teeth gnashed. However, unlike the strong determination of reason, the lower abdomen, faithful to instinct, gave an unbearable throb. He seemed to be rebelling.

Blood was rushing to his every nook and cranny, and he couldn't even breathe.

He reached out his hand to masturbate. But Zenya didn't even allow that. He quickly grabbed both of his wrists. He wanted to kick him away, but his legs had long since been crushed by him.

The shoulders of Kwon Taek-ju, whose limbs were bound, thump annoyedly. His stomach, which felt like urinating because he couldn't feel it, also trembled. He wanted to get out of that cramped pain right now, but he couldn't do that alone.

No matter how many times he struggled to free himself from Zenya's grip, he only lost strength. A thick vein stood up on his forehead. It was hard to bear because the body was stained with sweat.

He tried to do something with his whole body. Then he suddenly felt a strange sensation on the inside of his thigh. Something hard and hot in him was rubbing against his relatively soft skin. In response, Zenya's huge body moved little by little. The erect man's big cock was being rubbed against his thighs before he knew it.

He rubbed so hard that the rubbed part hurt. At the same time, he stubbornly looked into Kwon Taek-ju's face. It seemed that he had no intention of withdrawing his request to hang on first.

"Ugh...ugh….."

Before long, his fingers are grabbing his butt bone. He touched the soggy ridge with gel over and over again, drawing out dense wrinkles, then gnawed at the small hole as if tickling it. Kwon Taek-ju's toes turned white. A thick band of blood was visible even on his blushing neck.

"Oh... Aww... ."

Zenya's fingers, which had been fiddling at the entrance, dug into the hole.

However, it does not pierce properly, and only slightly twists the entrance to widen it. No matter how long he waited, he never got to where he wanted to go.

Really, it seemed like it would be cheap. Urinary urges rushed fiercely, but he was going crazy because he couldn't eject anything.

It seemed that Zenya's situation was not much different. His body temperature rose noticeably. The breathing that came out one after another was rough and muddy. His broad shoulders went up and down with difficulty, and his abs were also constantly tightened and loosened. He also showed the patience that he didn't have when he was burdened.

His penis kept slipping on the gel. Every time that happened, even Kwon Taek-ju was shocked. The completely wet and rusty hole opened up even with a light touch and sucked in the guy's genitals. It was only touching the hot flesh.

Even so, Kwon Taek-ju's genitals swayed violently. He seemed to put it in, but he didn't insert his penis in the end. blood dried up

Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju with fierce eyes. He seemed to be asking if he would not beg even if he did that. The nape of his neck felt sultry. No, that wasn't the only reason he was suddenly upset. The promptings in his heart asking if he should just do it drained his humble patience.

It was around that time. Kwon Taek-ju's lower abdomen was knocked down gently. It was such a small movement that it was impossible to notice at once.

Each time he sat down, his cheeks were crushed, and Zenya's penis was squeezed tightly through the shallower bone. A grunt escaped every time the black-red glans touched his recessed hole. Even his thighs trembled at her subtle pleasure. His forged eyes were also quite blurry, and a blush formed on her wet cheeks. A smile of repentance spreads on Zenya's lips as he watches the scene.

He pretended not to know anything for a while and left Kwon Taek-ju alone.

Then, Kwon Taek-ju's movements become bolder. It didn't stop at the level of lightly tapping his lower abdomen, and he turned his waist and rubbed Zenya's penis against his buttock.

He licked my lower lip and looked around, then slightly pulled his back.

".....What?"

When Kwon Taek-ju paused in puzzlement, he brought his penis back as if nothing had happened. The dark red glans is strung over the sweet hole again.

Right after that, Kwon Taek-ju's lower abdomen descended deeper and attempted to insert itself. However, Zenya pulled his back this time as well, giving Kwon Taek-ju trouble.

Kwon Taek-ju tilted his head annoyedly. It was gradually limiting. His hands were still bound and he couldn't move, and his lower leg was throbbing to the

point of wanting to cut it off. His lungs tingled because he couldn't breathe easily. He would have turned away if he had endured that much longer.

"Shit….Do something, you son of a bitch!"

Unbearable, Kwon Taek-ju shouted out loud. He was so angry that his whole face turned red. A wicked smile spreads across Zenya's face. One after another, his genitals poked into the hole he was struggling with.

"Ahhh... !"

The entire genital tract is impaled at once. As his stomach rapidly filled, Kwon Taek-ju's jaw sharpened. His straight shoulders and chest also swelled greatly, revealing a strong sense of rejection. While holding Kwon Taek-ju's nipples with his pointed hair up, he caressed his soft waist as if to comfort him. There were no crocodile tears.

Since the entrance was left open and the penis itself was covered in gel, insertion was not a big deal. However, the problem was that the nervous inner wall squeezed the genitals as they were. As he pushed in, the stiffly brushed shell was pushed back.

"Haha...You're trying to kill me."

He could have taken it off if it was that hard, but he endured it even while squinting one eye. The guy who enjoyed the tight tightening for a while slowly bounced back. The penis, which had been pulled out after scratching the soft mucous membrane, plunged at once and expanded his inner wall. Nausea soared as the internal organs were pulled up together. He bit his molars and endured it.

When he opened his eyes, he could see his legs wide open. The movement of the guy who settled in between them was also clearly imprinted. But when he closed his eyes, the sensation of his genitals going in and out of his body became more vivid.

".....Ugh."

He picked up a pillow and buried his face. If he didn't do that, it seemed that the moaning he didn't want to hear would pour out in a mess. It was still a horrific act, tantamount to violence. Even if he stabbed his back with something else, it didn't seem like it would hurt like it does now. So he could no longer understand himself. To put himself through such excruciating pain.

It was like Pavlov's dog. He just naturally got used to it because he received excessive stimuli continuously. He tried to masturbate like that, but he couldn't fake his body becoming honest in front of his desire. Every time Zenya's penis poked deep inside his belly, he trembled involuntarily. The sharp and heavy stimulation helplessly released the reins.

The different skins creaked and interlocked non-stop. Zenya bit Kwon Taek-ju's neck and repeated the deep insertion. The thick guy's penis was pushed out, leaving only the glans, and then came in with one action. It

ruthlessly digs and grinds the inside, making the mucous membrane soft. It felt like his stomach was being chopped into the shape of his penis.

Just as he was about to get used to the act, Zenya suddenly pressed Kwon Taekju on the shoulder. Then he scooped his waist up from underneath him. His curved glans pricked a corner of the mucous membrane like a shovel.

"Huh!"

Without realizing it, his whole body fluttered.

For a moment, it seemed as if the stars were bouncing in front of his eyes. The tingly sensation that originated in the stomach did not dissipate immediately and wandered through the body. No way, he looked at Zenya with the look of his eyes. Why doesn't that 'no way' miss just one time?

Zenya instinctively held Kwon Taek-ju, who was trying to run away, with his body. After that, he throbbed the area just before.

"Haugh, uhhh, ah, ahh... !"

He groaned and groaned like a scream. He couldn't come to his senses from the tingling sensation that surged up to his head at once. With his whole body immobilized as if crushed by a rock, he was thrown into a desolate pleasure.

Zenya's penis was persistently pumped up only in the same corner. It wouldn't be strange if there was a hole in that area. A tingling sensation shook his whole body. His eyes seemed to melt.

"That's right….Yes, haha, ahh!"

The fingertips sharpened their blades. His throat was dry from rapid breathing.

His hyperventilation made his head dizzy. Just in time, Zenya lowered his head and cupped his lips. His sweet saliva rushed along with his hot breath. He sucked on his tongue as if he had found an oasis in the desert.

He wrung his tongue and pulled him closer.

The sweat-soaked body was stitched together and shook. Reason became more and more blurry due to the intense stimuli flooding in from above and below at the same time.

Zenya suddenly lifted Kwon Taek-ju's legs onto his shoulders. Then he got on his knees and came in and out more often and faster. His stone-like glans poked his prostate and completely smashed and crushed it. It felt like his groin was about to burst.

As the ejaculation approached, his whole body went into convulsions. Her thighs also stiffened. His abs twitched and sent a lumpy head to his precarious genitals. His eyelids intermittently closed and opened, and at some point his vision went white.

"Ahhh... !"

It swelled up and roared like a beast. The hair on his head stood on end. At the same time, the crystal of desire that had been seething only inside surged up.

His thick semen was also drenched in Zenya's stomach.

"Ah, ha ha... ha….."

His lips rattled and he let out a rough exhalation. His sweaty, wet chest and abdomen were also swollen. The freshness that relieved his sluggish congestion and the deep sense of exhaustion came at once. His whole body was gooey and slippery, which was very unpleasant.

He closed his trembling eyelids and opened them again. The shaky sight finally came into focus. The ceiling of the motel, which he has never seen before, comes into his eyes. The lights were like that. After realizing it again, the sense of reality was revived.

Is that why? What makes Zenya feel heavier?

His lungs were pressed by the thing that was still covering his entire body and crushing him. He shoved him away while saying, "Look out of the way."

But Zenya didn't budge. He didn't step out of the way, and he didn't move the penis that had been driven into Kwon Taek-ju. Something was a little strange.

He looked at him with curious eyes.

"......!"

The reason he was shocked was because the shoulder of the frozen guy was wet.

His hands were stained with so much fresh blood that they were soggy. It flowed from a wound that could not be sutured.

With a little more force, he pushed Zenya away. His body tumbles sideways. The insides of his closed eyelids were silent, as if he was unconscious. Sweat dripped from his bloodless face. He couldn't breathe with difficulty pouring out. "Hey,"

he said, shaking his body. There was no reaction. He would have been slapped

on his cheek, but he can't even lift an eyebrow. It was like he was in shock because he was bleeding excessively.

Even in that situation, the unfading penis was still inside the body. He slowly pulled his body back. He let out a low groan as he tried to pull himself out of the flesh that was completely lodged in it. Goosebumps appeared on the nape of his neck as the tight bottom suddenly became loose.

He came down slowly to the floor. The bed sheets were stained with his blood.

Stand a little farther away and think. It really couldn't have been more embarrassing.

However, if he thinks about it calmly, it was rather an advantage for Kwon Taekju himself. Due to the urgency of the situation, he took his hand, but he wouldn't have done it had he had other options. He didn't want to mess with him again.

He had no intention of going back to such a deformed relationship.

The one who was nothing short of a disaster lost consciousness. He might be able to get away with him if he runs this way. He goes back to the hospital while he's unconscious and runs away with his mother... Just thinking about it made his heart thump.

Finally, he put on his clothes that were spread on the floor one by one. He's sorry to Zenya, but right now he has to figure out how to live. His intrusion was clearly out of the calculation. He didn't know how that variable would disrupt his plans. Moreover, he has no desire to make the allegation of having an affair with him a fait accompli.

His injury itself wasn't too serious. It was only because he moved violently without even treating him properly that the amount of blood was increased. So, if Kwon Taek-ju himself went into hiding, there would be no danger to him. Even if it's an unmanned motel, there will probably be a manager, so they'll be found before they become invoices. So let go of any guilt.

"Why….."

It was the moment he was just turning around. Zenna's voice came from behind him. Startled, he turned his head. His eyes were still tightly closed. It seemed that he was muttering nonsense unconsciously.

Fortunately, it was enough to leave safely. However, his feet did not come off as if they were stuck to the floor. Wasn't my sympathy or conscience lacking more than others? Besides, he's not an innocent person, he's the one who fed him countless times. Still, he felt confused when he saw him

getting involved in unnecessary things because of him and suffering from injuries.

He shakes his head angrily. Even so, it was a worthless feeling. He couldn't even imagine what happened after that. If he doesn't intend to handle it, it's better to shake it off early.

He walked briskly to the door. Grab the doorknob and go outside. Then again, a low murmur reached his ears.

"....mother."

Somehow, he felt confident. He didn't think he'd ever call his mother so sorrowfully. That one unexpectedness caused a strong wave within Kwon Taekju.

His crazy heart beat wildly. He furrowed his brow in annoyance. Even his hair was messy. A remorse wells up in his shameless conscience. He was going to ignore that and just go, but his legs wouldn't move.

Why the hell should I feel guilty about that monster?

No matter how many times he asked himself, he couldn't come up with an answer.

He stood in front of the door for a long time, confused. He grabbed and released the doorknob a few times. Inside, reason and conscience were tightly confronted. Even the head is entangled in the fierce power struggle. He tilted his head in anger and shouted.

"Fuck, I'm going to turn around!"

Closed the door. Kwon Taek-ju was inside, not outside. Even so, the question constantly echoed in his mind whether this was right.

He took a hesitant step and went to the table. He saw an overturned first aid kit underneath it. Dig through the spilled medicines to find powdered hemostats.

Picked it up and looked at the bed. Now that he has decided, it would be better to deal with it quickly, but he kept hesitating. It seemed that if he went up there with his own feet, his humble identity would be uprooted. It was vague, but there was no other way to explain it.

But the hesitation did not last long. As Kwon Taek-ju's weight is added, the mattress tilts to one side. Zenya's face was covered with sweat. Even breathing was wheezing. He slapped his tongue low and sprayed his styptic. Then he put his gauze over it and secured it with the bandage.

Even after he was finished, he continued to keep his seat. With his eyes closed quietly, he looked pretty well. No, his face was pretty from the start. It's because the unusual eyes and physique make that sentiment vague. A rice cake that looks good is also good to eat, he wondered, which made a fuss about it. He wanted to drag this bastard in front of that idiot and ask what happened.

Even in the dark, his golden ivory hair shimmered softly. He was looking at him blankly, but without realizing it, he reached out his hand. Then it stops immediately. He looked down at his hands in amazement. He couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Crazy, really.

He doesn't think he can turn away now. The reason Zenya, who should be in Russia, came to Korea, and the reason he was blinded and bled was Kwon Taekju himself.

"....Nothing to worry about. Because 'for now' is safe. Oh, this cell phone? I borrowed someone else's for a while."

In his dim consciousness, he heard a familiar voice. He raised his eyelids, which only felt heavy. Kwon Taek-ju's back was visible in the sight that gradually opened up. It seemed that he was on the phone with someone.

It seems that he has been unconscious for quite some time. He couldn't remember why he was lying there. Revisit the memories of the night before. It reminded him of pushing Kwon Taek-ju to the limit. As he waited for him

to cling to him first, he managed to suppress his surging lust. When he finally got what he wanted, it seemed that all the bodily fluids in his body evaporated in an instant.

But after that it was unclear. Suddenly, he looked down at the bandage on his shoulder. He doesn't remember attaching it by hand, so it must have been Kwon Taek-ju's work.

Why didn't you run away?

If he had the will to do so, he would have been able to run away. But why does Kwon Taek-ju remain here?

He stretched out his hand to see if the man he could see was an illusion. His straight back touches his fingertips. He even glanced back at the feeling of something touching his back. Their eyes crossed without speaking. Kwon Taekju continued the call in that state.

"Anyway, I wish you all the best. I'll shoot you big later."

He quickly hung up and threw his cell phone away, saying, "I wrote it for a while." When he checked the call list, he saw a number that looked familiar. It was Yoon Jong-woo's phone number. He doesn't know what's going on, so he turns on the TV.

The news was broadcasting on TV. It seemed to be re-reporting what had already been reported last night. The theme was none other than a chase that took place in the middle of Seoul in broad daylight.

The content did not go beyond Kwon Taek-ju's expectations. The charges of impersonating a lawyer, charges of attempting to assassinate Lee Cheol-jin, charges of obstructing the execution of public affairs and damaging public property, and charges of injuring police officers in an attempt to arrest were added to the existing charges. Why, when he woke up after sleeping, it seemed that the crime was cell division.

As it was widely reported, all the people involved in the investigation would have had their eyes open. If he leaves prematurely, he will be caught

right away.

It has yet to be confirmed whether the evidence sent by the photo studio has reached Prosecutor Seok.

A little while ago, he asked Yoon Jong-woo to go to the photo studio and ask Prosecutor Seok to speak to him. But he wasn't doing it himself, so he was anxious.

Hw had to hold on until Prosecutor Seok received the photo safely and obtained a warrant. In the unlikely event that the photo evaporated, he would have to hand over even the originals he had.

While contemplating complicated countermeasures, a metallic noise was suddenly heard. When he turned his head, Zenya sat up and twisted his handcuffed wrists. Shows an uncomfortable look when making eye contact.

"Isn't this fun?"

"If it's fun, where's the threat? From now on, I'm going to try to intimidate you. If you agree to obey me, I will let you go."

"Listen and see."

He's tired of being ridiculous. Kwon Taek-ju made it clear that he had no choice.

"Say you will do it. I will tell you that."

"Do you know what an outrageous request this is?"

"It's not a request, it's a threat, bastard."

He frowned fiercely, but he wasn't afraid at all. On the contrary, it was just splitting the picks as if they were not the same. It was a strict mockery.

"Ha. Don't you think you'd be better off offering a deal than threatening me?

You have to think about the future."

Advise while fooling around. He's clearly smiling, but it's not at all comfortable to see him. The threat seemed to come back. It didn't seem like the guy himself had changed just because his attitude toward him had changed.

In fact, what if it was a threat, and what if it was a proposal? He has only one thing to say. He shrugged and explained rather abstractly.

"It feels unfair to have the car scrapped like this, so I'm thinking of arranging traffic, but I need your help. So help me out."

"That is your personal matter. There is no reason for me to intervene."

"If it is justified, it is."

Confident, he raised his chin slightly. His confident gaze was directed straight at Zenya. The guy tilted his head as if he was saying something, but he dared to be sure. His life, still intact, was proof of that.

"You bastard, you should look good to me."

Without a doubt, Zenya's eyebrows crumpled. But even for a moment, he smiled coolly and put it aside. He seemed to know exactly what he meant.

He took out his memory card and put it down in front of him.

"Therein lies the reason I am being chased. I want you to turn it over to the prosecutor in charge of the case. It probably won't be easy. The police would

have been all over the place by now. Maybe even a kill order was given. Even if the country of Korea looks timid, it becomes violent when you touch my rice bowl. So I need your help more. I'll draw attention, so pass it on in the meantime."

The tone of the request was quite sincere. Zenya had a very unwilling expression. Kwon Taek-ju's plan couldn't even guarantee his own safety. He

appeals again to Zenya, who wonders if that is the only way.

"It's the original, so you have to bring it. No matter what you think about it, that's the only way in the current situation. I don't know about the other guy, but if you're a monster, I can trust you, so please ask."

They said it was trustworthy, but there was nothing more to say. It was not that he was completely unaware of Kwon Taek-ju's situation or circumstances.

He obediently held the memory card in his hand. Then he waved it gently and protested.

"Isn't it the principle to pay the price when hiring mercenaries?"

Kwon Taek-ju sighed as if he had clearly expected it to happen.

"Nothing. I'll be proud of you when this is done safely. I think it would be quite fun to tame a guy like you."

"Who tamed whom?"

He crinkles his face as if he heard a strange sound. Kindly added an explanation.

"I'll be chasing you wherever you go. Now I'm fed up with running away too. In order to give up on that thing, you will have to compromise with reality to some extent. So, this body will stay with you. It will be difficult to die right now, but I will do it humanely."

For an instant, Zenya's face goes blank. Even the back of the head looked like it had been beaten.

Kwon Taek-ju is contained in his blue eyes. He rarely smiles at him, but it doesn't seem like he's talking nonsense. Even so, he couldn't conclude that it was Kwon Taek-ju's true intentions. He doesn't know if it's the lesser evil he chose on a dead end road.

Leaning back, he snapped his fingers at Kwon Taek-ju.

"Your credit rating is zero, so you should get collateral first."

It's a heavenly trade. He climbed onto the bed at his request. Soon, it was close enough to touch if he stretched out his hand. Zenya, who had been quietly watching Kwon Taek-ju, suddenly wrapped his back. Right after that, the two of them's lips engaged somewhat roughly.

Zenya coveted Kwon Taek-ju's lips with his eyebrows crumpled bitterly. He felt something unknowingly affectionate. Compared to the desperate gesture, the act of holding only the upper lip still and then releasing it was quite cautious. He watched the stranger's figure and slowly closed his eyes. His whole body was pulled by a strong force. Like a lie, his heart started beating again. Once he had a bean pod, there was no answer.

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An emergency was put on the NIS headquarters. It was after the circumstances of Kwon Taek-ju infiltrating the hospital were captured. With the chase that took place in the city center, it was inevitable to avoid the media's concentration.

Voices were pouring in criticizing the incompetence of the public authorities as it became known that the wanted person had been missed even though traffic was paralyzed in the area and even civilian damage occurred.

Moreover, when Lee Cheol-jin, who was arrested as a suspect in a public security case and awaited trial, was mysteriously poisoned, it became more noisy both inside and outside. It was the reason why he had to catch Kwon Taek-ju.

Someone had to take responsibility for this.

As the situation was serious, Lim, who was hospitalized, also came to the headquarters. He hasn't even left work since last night and receives situation reports every minute. Kwon Taek-ju's whereabouts were unknown. He put in all available means and searched like a tooth, but he couldn't find any trace.

It wasn't that there was no harvest at all. It was thanks to the unexpected appearance of Psyche Bogdanov. For some reason, he even helped Kwon Taekju escape, and if the two of them attacked him while they were together, the allegation that he had an affair with him would be a fait accompli. Perhaps Kwon Taek-ju might have already lost his reputation at the hands of that bastard.

There was a bit of a fuss, but everything went as planned. If only the sacrificial offering to complete the ancestral rite was obtained, everything would be unified. The only stumbling block was the lack of time.

Then a knock rang, and an employee entered the office. He had assigned him the task of tracking Yoon Jong-woo's cell phone usage in real time. The first deputy chief who was with him couldn't hide his nervousness and asked what was going on.

"A little while ago, I got a call on Yoon Jong-woo's cell phone."

"Have you checked the sender?"

"Yes. The line is in the name of a Russian name Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov."

"Where is the call from?"

"It has been confirmed to be near Pyeongtaek, Gyeonggi-do."

"All right."

The first deputy chief clenched his fists. Director Lim also nodded his head politely. Now was the time to finish what had been done. The ingredients are ready, so all you have to do is mix them well.

Waiting for follow-up instructions, politely told the staff.

"Immediately send an official letter of cooperation to the local police station.

Have our elite agents stand by as well."

"How do you manage the field?"

"I am the conductor."

The employee who was listening to the order made a puzzled expression. This was because managers and executives were usually briefed on the situation in the control room and gave instructions, but did not go out to the field and direct operations. Of course, it wasn't absurd given that Lim was a former agent. Still, he's going to make sure he hasn't heard it wrong.

"Are you going by yourself?"

"I'll go. In one way or another, he was mine, so shouldn't I also do the reaping with my own hands?"

"Then I will go too."

He went to the 1st conductor who was listening. He wondered what it was, but it was such an unusual situation.

"I will prepare as you say."

"One more thing before that. Support Team Yoon Jong-woo, is he at work?"

"No. He still is."

"Did he go home?"

"Yes. He was caught leaving early in the morning."

Lim rubbed his lower jaw and thought for a moment. Immediately after being contacted by Kwon Taek-ju, Yoon Jong-woo disappeared. He must have been given some instructions. He knows Kwon Taek-ju well, as the time he spent with them was not short. Even if he was caught when he was caught, he was not a

great man who would end things so smoothly. He must have come up with a plan to throw a punch at the person who fucked him. The visit to Lee Cheol-jin before he disappeared also bothered me.

"Then, find out where Yoon Jong-woo is too and hold on to him until he says where he is."

"All right."

The staff who received the instructions politely ignored me and went out. There was no conversation between the two remaining until his presence faded away.

Director Lim spoke only after the sound of his footsteps had completely subsided.

"Now we must put an end to it."

"If this is done safely, it will all be thanks to you. I will not forget you."

Director Lim just laughed silently at the early public inspection. Soon after, he got up and opened the locked drawer. It contained a detached rifle. Taking his parts out, he quickly assembles them. He aimed the finished rifle into the air at once. The eyes staring at the scale were just blind.

"Are you sure you sent it yesterday?"

Yoon Jong-woo held onto the front door he was about to close and asked to confirm again. He didn't know how many times he had already asked the same question. Because of him who came out of nowhere, he overslept or ruined plans to sleep. He only left an emergency contact number at the photo studio, but he couldn't figure out how he came to know his home address. He sighed and yanked the front door.

"Ah, yes! On the eve of the holiday, they say that most of the photos will be sent out. Even if he said he couldn't have left it out because it was the photo he entrusted to him?"

"Then, sir, please tell us about the courier you used. It usually arrives in one day, right?"

"I use the Chollima courier service. And the delivery date should be checked directly with the courier, not me. Are you done now?"

The owner of the photo studio said, "Let's go now," and pushed Yoon Jong-woo.

The front door slammed shut in front of his nose. He couldn't even find out the invoice number. He thought about ringing the doorbell one more time because he couldn't bear it, but if he did, he really thought he would call the police. He trudged back and forth without any hesitation.

He walked down the alley and took out his phone. There was no further contact from Kwon Taek-ju. He heard about him on the news last night. He was so shocked that he couldn't sleep, so he answered his phone. As per his instructions, he didn't even go to work today.

Now, if Kwon Taek-ju was really caught, Yoon Jong-woo himself would become a co-conspirator.

A long sigh came out. Now that he has come this far, there's nothing he can do about it. He can do his part, and he can only hope that everything works out.

He went online and searched for Chollima Courier. Without the invoice number, he couldn't look up the delivery status. He had no choice but to call the main number. After a while, he was connected to an agent.

-Yes, Chollima Taek Bap.

"You worked hard. I want to ask you something. This is 1724 Seocho-dong. The package I should have received yesterday didn't arrive."

He skillfully gave the address of the Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office.

Then the expected answer came back.

-Oh, is that so? Don't know the invoice number?

"Yes. That's fine... The shipping company said it was a holiday today. They don't even answer the phone. Would it be difficult to look up the sender information and my information?"

-Can you call it then?

This time, he recited the sender and recipient information that Kwon Taek-ju tipped him off. "Thank you," came back.

-Customer, when I look up, I can confirm that the courier has arrived in the area?

We will provide you with the contact information of the driver in charge. Could you try contacting me there?

He wrote down the number that was quickly called. Kwon Taek-ju said that the photo would be conclusive evidence. If that is true, it should have been safely reported to Prosecutor Seok before he was arrested. Due to the nature of the courier service, he couldn't be sure exactly when it would arrive or if it would be delivered properly, so he was anxious.

Call the courier driver. Soon, the characteristic ringing tone dropped. Wandering without a destination, impatiently waiting for an answer. However, only voice guidance came out saying that the customer could not answer the phone.

".....Driving me crazy. Why aren't you taking it?"

He was busy with work and couldn't answer the phone. Such cases were quite uncommon. Even so, thoughts continued to spread in the wrong direction.

Since it is something that must be conveyed, he could not let go of his concerns that it might be lost along the way or someone snatched it from the middle.

Tried calling again. Again, there was only a long ringing tone. He was looking to see if there was something wrong with his phone, but a shadow of someone else came over from behind him.

"Yoon Jong-woo."

He looked back anxiously at the sound of the call. Two men in black suits stood there. He sensed their identities through intuition. They were agents sent by Director Lim from the headquarters.

Yoon Jong-woo's cell phone falls to the floor. There, the notice rang again that the customer could not answer the phone.

After leaving the motel, Kwon Taek-ju went up to the roof of a shopping mall.

There were buildings of similar heights all around. There were several roads leading to the main road, but most of them were alleys so narrow that even a single car could barely pass. From above, the town itself looked like a maze.

He thought a siren kept going off somewhere, and then people who looked like plainclothes cops started to stand out one by one. It seemed that he was tracing back Jong-woo's cell phone records and was scouring the base station area.

From now on, he has to become a bait himself and hold their attention firmly.

He took the colt out of his belt. He then pulled the trigger towards an investigation vehicle equipped with a warning light. Thanks to the silencer, the gunshots did not ring out. However, the fired bullet hit the wheel and focused attention in an instant. Detectives nearby lowered their bodies. He frantically scans all directions, looking for a firing point. Soon one of them beckoned to the rooftop.

"There!"

Scattered detectives and police officers rushed to the building where Kwon Taek-ju was. He quickly jumps up the stairs and crashes into the roof.

"Stay still!"

They each pull out their guns and aim at Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju didn't care and ran away, spurring his seat. The police watched him blankly as he suddenly sprinted to the railing. He warned of firing, but if he pulled the trigger prematurely, he would be poisoned with excessive suppression. Kwon Taek-ju,

who was running fast, perhaps committing suicide, jumped over the railing. His body fell down without a hitch. The frozen cops hurried to the railing.

Kwon Taek-ju was not on the floor, but in the building next door. He immediately gets up and runs away, making sure no one is hurt. The police, who had been watching in dismay, opened fire in unison. However, blank bullets were fired, and even live bullets went to the wall instead of Kwon Taek-ju and got stuck. In the meantime, Kwon Taek-ju once again went from rooftop to rooftop.

"It's over there!"

Personnel waiting below spotted him and shouted. A group of cops pursued him from all sides. A patrol car also followed, repeatedly announcing his location via radio.

Since it was an area densely populated with low-lying shops and houses, even if Kwon Taek-ju passed by in front of his eyes, he could not recklessly pull the trigger. It was because the safety of the citizens was the top priority even if the opponent was a heinous criminal. He had to be more careful when the media's attention was focused like now, and distrust of public authority was rampant.

Perhaps trying to take advantage of that, Kwon Taek-ju only hovered around the residential area the whole time.

As the detectives pushed through their numbers and gradually narrowed the encirclement, he jumped off the 3m high stone wall. Then, he quickly ran over a wall that seemed to be less than 15 cm wide. There was no hesitation even in the circumstances where he would fall headlong to the ground. In the gap where the manpower chasing him can't catch up easily, he jumps down the wall and disappears. He said he was a field agent belonging to the

National Intelligence Service, but there was no such thing as a human cheetah.

-Target discovery. Moving west, moving west.

He was running while listening to the radio, when he suddenly heard a loud engine noise. A car pulls out in front of the detective who was looking around.

He was driving so fast that he didn't have time to check who was in it. However, he could see the patrol cars following in a row and knew that the driver was Kwon Taek-ju.

Detectives also hurriedly climbed into the investigation vehicle. The support team is waiting with control of the road, so all he has to do is drive it and catch it. From now on, it was only a matter of time.

A sharp federal siren sounded in the small residential area. Kwon Taek-ju broke through the commotion and drove the car freely. It does not slow down even on roads narrow enough for one car to pass.

How long did I run?

The side door of a multi-family house was unexpectedly opened, and a man came out to throw out the garbage. Turning his head at the unusual sign, he screamed when he saw Kwon Taek-ju's car rushing towards him.

"Aaaaaagh!"

The steering wheel was attached to the right. The car body is completely pressed against the wall and the side mirror is smashed. Thanks to that, he was able to pass in front of it without suffering any casualties.

The patrol cars that were following could not bear to pass by the man who sat down and stopped. While the police got out of the car and evacuated the man to a safe place, Kwon Taek-ju leisurely slipped through the alley.

Go down the hill and turn into the main street. The support team waiting nearby caught up without a doubt. When two patrol cars got out of the way,

they crossed the center line without hesitation and ran backwards. Fortunately, there were no cars passing by.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of propellers overhead. A military helicopter followed Kwon Taek-ju's car closely. A sniper was also seen aiming a gun. He was ready to die for quick suppression. The investigation vehicles also ran one after another, interfering with the driving. One of them crossed the three-lane road and crashed into the back of Kwon Taek-ju's car.

As a result, the car body spins in a large circle. Dark skid marks formed as the tires skidded. Cars that were pursuing close by hurriedly slammed on the brakes. However, because of the sudden stop, a collision between them could not be avoided. A rare scene unfolded in which six or seven patrol cars collided one after another. Even the investigation cars that were running from the other side stopped together.

Smoke rises from among the cars that are tangled in each other. They couldn't tell where Kwon Taek-ju was riding.

As patrol cars arrive one after another and surround the surroundings like a barricade, the area becomes a graveyard for cars.

Soon the doors of the cars opened, and armed police came out. In case of a firefight, take cover behind an open door. Then, he kept a close eye on Kwon Taek-ju's car, which was silent, leaving only the black muzzle out.

Just then a black sedan arrived on the scene. Inside, Director Lim and Deputy Chief 1 were riding. Lim got out of his car and identified himself to the police who were trying to block him. Then he called the site manager and handed him a megaphone.

"You are completely surrounded. Drop your weapons and surrender."

Manager Lim's voice reverberates on the road where only sirens were heard.

However, there was still no sign of Kwon Taek-ju's car.

Pedestrians whose access was restricted and people in nearby buildings watched the situation with their heads drawn. He had a cell phone in his hand.

"I warn you once again. Raise your hands right now and come out. Then I will spare your life."

A comment that can only be heard in a movie brings to mind the faces of the onlookers. Not knowing the seriousness of the situation, everyone was busy taking pictures and videos. The police tried to stop him, but to no avail. The related content was already spreading through social networks.

It was then. The driver's door of Kwon Taek-ju's car, which had been silent the whole time, opened wide. The driver who finally appeared stepped on the bonnet of the vehicle and climbed to the ceiling. He was wearing a mask of a character that young children would wear. Everyone was puzzled by the unexpected development, but only Lim was able to recognize that he was Kwon Taek-ju.

Kwon Taek-ju climbed onto the car and slowly raised his arms into the air.

Detectives and police gathered at the scene immediately put their guns on the spot. The air is agitated by each individual movement of Kwon Taek-ju.

Just like that, another silence came. Everyone held their breath and waited for Lim's instructions holding a megaphone. Everything is over once Kwon Taek-ju is arrested. Even so, Lim silently rolled his eyes and looked for someone.

Since Kwon Taek-ju's exposure, there have been no reports of anyone moving in with him. Even now he was alone. Psyche Bogdanov was nowhere to be seen.

Wasn't he with him? Is it really possible to be released intact like now only if he doesn't communicate with him? It was confusing. He couldn't guess the cause of the reluctance that quietly climbed up the nape of his neck.

Continuing to look around in an ominous way, he catches an unexpected scene.

The window of the sedan in which the first deputy was riding slid down, and the long muzzle of the rifle protruded through the gap. Because all attention was focused on Kwon Taek-ju, no one except Lim noticed it.

It was as if Kwon Taek-ju had caught everything. What else do they want to do with things that are already done? He frowned and glared at the first deputy commander. For an instant, their eyes meet in midair. He shook his head to stop. However, Deputy Director 1 closed one eye while looking at the scale at the stubborn manager Lim's dissuade.

Any sprouts that are likely to develop defoliation should be removed beforehand. Eternal silence was guaranteed in only one way.

"Only the dead are silent."

Just like Kim Young-hee and Lee Cheol-jin did. The index finger caught on the trigger is completely folded. Immediately after that, flames erupted from the black muzzle.

The Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office also had a strange sense of tension. It was because the wanted man who had been missed every time despite mobilizing so much public power was on the verge of being arrested.

Related news was being conveyed one after another through the media and social media as well as the contact network between investigative agencies. He couldn't do it if he had to turn off the attention because the case that was handled by the public security department in the jurisdiction was related.

The situation was not different from the Prosecutor Seok. Of course, it was beyond Prosecutor Seok's authority to arrest Kwon Taek-ju and reveal his crimes. He just needed to find out if it was he who poisoned Lee Cheol-jin, and if so, why. Kwon Taek-ju claimed that the series of events surrounding him were someone's conspiracy. But so far no evidence has been provided about him.

Perhaps the reason he came to Prosecutor Seok himself was a play to confuse the investigation.

"Prosecutor?"

He was lost in his thoughts, but Chief Kim approached and called his attention.

He suddenly came to his senses.

"Yes, what is it?"

"A courier has arrived for the prosecutor."

He handed over a silver courier envelope. He checked the invoice and it was correct. The sender was stamped with the name 'Garam Photo Studio'.

He has never received mail for personal use from the District Prosecutor's Office.

Therefore, this courier was also sent unilaterally by someone. Usually, solicitations, bribes for entertainment, personal letters, and threats were delivered that way, but sometimes they were clues sent by anonymous informants.

Chief Kim hinted, "I thought it was a photograph." Inwardly, he was curious about the contents. Perhaps because of the exquisite timing, he was automatically reminded of Kwon Taek-ju. He denied it and opened the envelope.

Inside were hundreds of photos. He inadvertently tried to pull it out, and some of it spilled onto the floor. Chief Kim said, "Ike," and quickly picked it up. Then,

"uh", he let out a low exclamation. Prosecutor Seok also stiffened when he saw the photo in his hand. Most of the photos showed Lee Cheol-jin.

What surprised him more was the person he was with. He gave an impression that was somehow familiar to the eye or not. Chief Kim seemed

to feel the same sense of deja vu as Prosecutor Seok. He constantly tilted his head and said,

"Where did I see it?"

"Don't you know who this is?"

"Well. I seem to have seen it a lot, but…"

Chief Kim looked closely at the person in the photo. Looking at a few more pictures, he searched his brain. After a while, there was a vaguely reminiscent existence. He might have been mistaken. He had heard that he usually doesn't forget someone he's seen once, but this time might be an exception.

Hebtook out his phone to be sure. Then he connects to the Internet and searches for someone. Soon, information about the person in question surfaced. Chief Kim, who checked his name, current affiliation, and photos in turn, opened his eyes. It must have been.

He immediately turned his phone around and showed it to Prosecutor Seok. It was clear that the searched person was the same person as the person in the photo. His identity was Cha Moon-seok, the first deputy director of the National Intelligence Service.

Taang.

A single gunshot breaks the momentary silence. At the same time, Kwon Taekju, who had been holding his arm up, passed backwards. The police, who were aiming at him, were confused by the untimely gunfire. A few bullets that lost their target shot up into the sky. Despite the commotion, Manager Lim and Deputy Director 1 exchanged disapproving glances with each other.

It wasn't long before he heard the noise of the propellers. A helicopter was approaching from above. He thought that the support helicopter had arrived late, but it looked quite different from the existing helicopters. Its sleek exterior and uniquely thick and long landing skids were characteristic.

Everyone's gaze is directed into the air. Her hair and collar fluttered wildly as the helicopter approached. It was difficult to keep his eyes open properly. The helicopter continued to lower altitude. The fact that the rotation of the propellers did not decrease at all did not seem like an attempt to land. However, the distance to the road surface was too close if he was not going to land.

A helicopter that could not distinguish whether it was friendly or not, even the purpose of the approach was unclear, poured out a large amount of gas. It was a dense smoke grenade. Even in the middle of the day, the view was blocked in an instant. It was to the point where he couldn't tell even an inch in front of him.

While everyone was confused, the sound of the propellers continued. No, closer than before. The first deputy commander in the car looked around awkwardly.

Strangely, it felt like the helicopter was only hovering over his head.

The vibration of the air generated when the propeller rotated shook the vehicle body. Black smoke and strong wind blew through the open window. He hopes it's not because of his mood.

He gripped the rifle tightly in his sweaty hands.

In the next moment, the sedan bobbed violently from side to side. A squeaking, sharp sound scratches the eardrum. When he looked out the window in horror, he saw a rapidly approaching lump of metal cutting through the smoke. Soon it broke through the window and crashed into the car at once. Glass shards fell onto the seats with a violent explosion. He was so surprised that the process just caught his eye like slow motion, but in reality it happened in just a few seconds.

The lump of metal pushed right in front of the first deputy commander was the landing skid of the helicopter. Perhaps it was specially made of titanium, and there were no scratches even in the previous collision. The skid, which managed to miss the first deputy commander, gets stuck in the ceiling.

As a result, the helicopter and the chassis collided non-stop, causing sparks. He couldn't figure out the party's intentions. Unless he wants to die together.

Soon after, the car body, which had only rattled from side to side, began to shake up and down. Sometimes it seemed to float slightly into the air. It was only then that Deputy 1 realized what was happening to him. He tried to get out of the car in a hurry, but the door was crushed and wouldn't open. Meanwhile, the helicopter gradually gained altitude. The sedan stuck on the landing skid was also tilted up and lifted up.

"Aaaagh!"

He screamed and rolled down the window. The open/close button didn't work.

He tried to break it with a rifle, but the car body shook violently at the slightest movement. The skids embedded in the ceiling also slide with a squeaking sound. If it fell out, it would inevitably fall. Realizing his situation, he stiffened.

He couldn't even breathe.

The smoke gradually dissipated, but the police were unable to take any action.

He just watched the helicopter flying across the sky. If they opened fire, even the hostage vehicle would not be unharmed. For the same reason, a police helicopter hovering over the area failed to attack. It was just following the mysterious helicopter at a certain distance.

Surprisingly, the chase did not last long. It was because the helicopter in question landed in the parking lot of the Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office. At the appearance of a helicopter out of nowhere, security guards at the prosecutor's office rushed out with puzzled expressions. The helicopter dropped the vehicle from the landing skid, flew up again, and landed completely next to it.

At the same time, Prosecutor Seok was leaving the district prosecutor's office with the prosecutor's investigators. Then he stops when he sees a chopper that has landed in the parking lot. Other employees clung to the windows and watched the unexpected sight. Guards surrounded the helicopter and sedan, hesitant about how to respond.

Soon the helicopter door opened. The one who appeared inside was none other than Zenya. When the Russians appear out of nowhere, the airflow around them becomes even more disturbed. Zenya walked to the sedan with everyone watching. Then he opened the dented door and pulled out the bewildered first deputy chief. After checking his face, Prosecutor Seok strode towards Zenya.

Zenya pushed the 1st Deputy Director, who could not stand up properly because of his pulse, against him. Kwon Taek-ju suddenly holds out the memory card he

asked for. As soon as Prosecutor Seok received the item, he immediately recognized what it was.

With that, he finishes all his work and heads to the helicopter. The guards pulled out their guns in unison to stop them, but they didn't care and boarded the cockpit. Prosecutor Seok stepped in and prevented a physical clash. Soon, the helicopter flew back into the air, generating a tremendous wind. When the wind died down completely, it had gone far away, and it was as small as a fingernail.

Prosecutor Seok clearly informed the first deputy chief, who was still fascinated.

"I am Prosecutor Seok Jae-hee of the 1st Division of Public Security at the Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office. We urgently arrest Cha Moon-seok for violating the National Security Law. You have the right to have a lawyer, you have the right to remain silent, and anything you say going forward can be used against you in court."

Zenya's helicopter landed on a skyscraper. The door opens, and Zenya and Kwon Taek-ju get out one after another. He leaned against the railing and

enjoyed the wind blowing from all directions. It was all over the place, but there was no place that was very uncomfortable.

When the first deputy commander opened fire unexpectedly, he reflexively twisted his body and barely avoided it. It was because as he followed Lim's gaze, he saw a gun pointed at him from behind. He sprained his ankle as he fell under the car, but he was lucky to have escaped a gunshot wound.

Shortly thereafter, Zenya drove a helicopter and lowered a rope ladder through the gap in the smoke. When he asked him why he had come to his job, he said something incomprehensible that he was going to do it from now on. Then, the 1st Deputy Chief was threaded through and carried to the Seoul Central District Prosecutor's Office.

There was nothing out of the ordinary at all, but he felt cute when he did the work he was instructed to do, so he wasn't normal either. It was clear that he had gone mad from too much stress.

"It's quiet now."

Zenya leaned leisurely against the railing. He looked up at the side of his face for a moment, then looked away and said yes. He felt relieved at the thought that it was all over, but something was missing. Maybe it's because he doesn't feel it.

From the day he left for Russia until now, it seems like he had a long dream.

He was soaked in emotion for a moment, but Zenya's hand approached him.

Unknowingly, he tried to pull his head out, but hesitated. As he reacted with caution, Zenya's hand froze in the air. He just became cool. He stared at him without stepping back any further. Then he reached out his hand and took off the mask he was still wearing. At last, their gaze and gaze completely met.

Am I really okay? Even if I am swept away by the emotions of the moment. Even if I have never wanted a man or dealt with him properly, I rush at him

blindly. It would be impossible to run away now, but I still have no intention of coveting the man's butt. Cut off from the world as before, he wasn't the only person to turn to.

At least if I'm with him though.

".....You won't have nightmares."

He muttered to himself while looking intently at Zenya. It's not that he's trying to get married, maybe he'll cool off sooner. So he didn't have to worry too much. He just had to give it as much space as possible.

If I am tired and afraid of being chased, I don't have to run away.

A clearer answer than this did not seem to come immediately. Even after he came to the conclusion, he was dumbfounded and smiled.

He looked down at the world beneath his feet and let out a long exhalation.

"I want to rest in a quiet place."

"I know of one such place. It is a place where no one will disturb you."

"Oh, look over there."

The shotgun ceremony leaked out of nowhere. Seeing her disgust, Zenya raised a corner of his mouth. Then he came behind him and grabbed the railing. His body was caught between his rigid arms and the railing, almost engulfing him in his arms. His body odor is getting thicker.

Zenya bit off the collar of Kwon Taek-ju's shirt and put his lips on the exposed nape of his neck. He inhales his body odor as he rubs the bridge of his nose against his dry skin. His heart and pulse fluttered dizzily at his tickling stimuli. It was as if he couldn't deny it any longer.

He let out a deep sigh and mocked himself, saying that he never thought his taste would be so limited. It was in Korean, so Zenya couldn't understand it. As if punishing Kwon Taek-ju, who was lamenting and talking nonsense, he just bit his back until he felt like it.

The long day was coming to an end and the sunset was setting. The wind, which had only been fierce, felt warm for some reason. It was a harbinger of spring.

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Seoul Central District Court Criminal Agreement 21st Division 426 Court. The trial of the operation case involving a high-ranking NIS official has begun.

The defendant was accused of receiving orders from North Korea and carrying out operations for decades. However, he gradually underwent a change of mind, and when his name was mentioned as the next director of the National Intelligence Service, he tried to cover up and manipulate his past activities to wash his history. As several conspirators arose in the plan, including personnel at the NIS director level, even public power became embroiled in it. He also

garnered attention when he was pursued after being accused of stealing state secrets from an innocent NIS employee.

However, as the first trial was held behind closed doors, reporters as well as audience members were completely banned from entering. Due to the strict control of the court, even the defense team had to prove their identity at every entry. It was an unprecedented sight.

"I am applying as a witness for an agent from the National Intelligence Service who arrested the accused at the time."

The judge accepted the prosecution's witnesses. Then, the courtroom organizers bring office partitions and install them one by one in the prosecutor's seat, the defense's seat, and the audience's seat. It was to protect the identity of the witness, considering the professional characteristics of the witness.

After a while, the door opened and the witness entered the courtroom. Hiding in a shielded facility, he swore to only tell the truth and faithfully

answered the questions given. Including him, a total of three current agents sat on the witness stand. The fierce battle continued for over two hours.

"I will take a break for 30 minutes."

With a short break, the court declared that it would switch to an open trial from now on. Immediately, the partition to protect witnesses was removed, and the closed door was opened. Reporters waiting outside the courtroom rushed forward. They appeased the regret of not being able to attend the witness newspaper by capturing the shielded facilities that were in the middle of being cleaned up on camera. In the meantime, the witnesses escaped through a closed passage.

Yoon Jong-woo took off his cramped jacket and threw it over his shoulder. Even the most styled hair is messed up.

"Ah, I didn't commit any crimes, but I was scared for nothing. I went to court and was completely stunned. If we were just a little bit unlucky, the two of us would have been sitting in that prison cell."

Hearing the chatter, Kwon Taek-ju loosens his tie and laughs. Obviously, there were many variables. As Yoon Jong-woo said, luckily, all of them worked positively and led to the current result. He doesn't know how things would have been different if either one had gone wrong. Most of the truth was like that. Of course, things that should be revealed are easily buried, distorted, and difficult to identify.

After the case was over, Kwon Taek-ju's life went back to normal. He is still working as an NIS agent, and his mother's concern for him has not changed.

He still hasn't been able to tell his mother everything honestly. He pretended that the only thing that made him want was a computer error. The reason he hid his job was because of the job regulations of the NIS, and his job there was simple support work. Of course, when his mother heard the word 'National Intelligence Service', she was the torch to stop it immediately. So he had to lie and tell her not to worry because of this he was placed on standby and he would soon be transferred to another agency.

Cheating on his mother wasn't very pleasant. But he wanted to quell her anxiety and couldn't live the life he didn't want to. His job as an intelligence agent suited him well enough to be considered his calling. When he walks the field, he feels alive. He wasn't sure if anything else could replace the euphoria and sense of accomplishment that came immediately after completing her mission.

Recently, his mother started receiving counseling to overcome a long trauma.

Little by little she is taking care of her own life, which she had abandoned. For the sake of peace and well-being between his mother, it seemed that she would have to endure white lies for the time being.

He decided to get help from Zenya in that part.

Although he doubts whether it is acceptable to use a public agency for such a private matter. On second thought, he doesn't know why he took on such a position. It was all the same with him and Russia, who quietly listened to his request, and there was no countermeasure. It's a molecule that will only cause trouble if left in its own country, so it's like speculating on Korean land far away.

"Anyway, I was surprised to hear the news a few days ago. Did you know the senior? That crazy Russian is going to be the next Russian ambassador."

While he was clicking his tongue inside, Yoon Jong-woo suddenly brought up a related story. He was blatantly stingy, as if he had read his insides. He is not enough even as a certified lunatic in Russia, and now even in Korea, he hears that he is crazy.

What do I do with a guy like that?

He took a deep breath and nodded dryly. Then, he expressed concern, wondering if Yoon Jong-woo would be okay.

"It will be a while. Even if I roll my eyes and scream like that now, I'll get tired of it soon, right? How far can a guy who says he won't do more than

twice with one partner have genuine feelings for him? He won't stick around until he bends over. Isn't it?"

He sighed with a faint hope. Now, he has no intention of breaking promises.

That said, it was difficult to start playing love games right away with a guy who said he would kill him or save him. He was a bit scared to throw himself at him.

That's why he was hoping that his bizarre interest would naturally fade with time. Until then, he was determined to make it as far as he wanted. As long as he has a tickling heart for me, he won't act carelessly like before, and if he looks closely, there are corners where he's as simple as a child. His genitals, which are at the level of a weapon, are still uncomfortable, but he seems to be a good match for sleeping, so he wasn't completely losing trade.

He was trying hard to put his bloated worries to rest, but Yoon Jong-woo asked without notice.

"What can't happen more than twice? What do you mean by innocence?"

"... There is such a thing, man."

He glazed over with a displeased face. Yoon Jong-woo said that he had said it first, and only pouted his lips. Just then, his cell phone rang.

"I need to go into headquarters, but what about you?"

"I'm going to enjoy the rest of my vacation…."

It was just when he said that. He felt a sudden vibration from the inside of his jacket. He had an ominous feeling. When he sneakily took out his cell phone, sure enough, the direct number for the headquarters was on display. Yoon Jong-woo looked at his cell phone at the unusual reaction. Then he puts on a tired expression. He glared at his cell phone, which kept ringing, and muttered in case.

"If you don't... ."

"They would call me and tell me to change it. I know you're together."

The expected answer came back. Received a phone call involuntarily. The call started and ended unilaterally, as always. He couldn't even open his mouth once. The new manager was a typical worker. The main characteristic of able people was that they had a knack for pampering their subordinates.

"What do you say?"

"What is it? It's a new mission."

A sigh came out. As if they had made a promise, the two of them hung their shoulders and immediately smiled. While serving in the NIS, it was a daily routine that could not be escaped. He can't avoid it, so he has to enjoy it.

He gave up and was about to start walking, but his phone rang again. Somehow, this time he felt like he knew who it was without having to identify the caller. It was vague, but it was an intuition close to certainty. If he didn't get it, he would hang on until he got it. He hit the call button and put his cell phone up to his ear.

Before he could say anything, the opponent hit him.

-Say you can't go.

The one who always said that was Zenya. The timing of the call also seemed to have hacked Kwon Taek-ju's own cell phone.

"Hey, hacking and eavesdropping are absolutely illegal, right? Did you forget?"

–You may have forgotten about it, but diplomats have immunity from immunity.

You don't have to give that privilege to him alone. No, it must be so.

Is the future of Korea good as it is? He felt a sense of concern and guilt.

He doesn't know if he'll have the same heart as Zenya. It wouldn't be easy because he had never considered a man as a love object in his life. He never knew when it might act on a whim again.

But one thing is for sure, he was the only person who made my heart run wild, regardless of man or woman. Whether it was Stockholm Syndrome, wild sympathy, or some other emotion was still unclear.

He just wondered how far he could change because of me. Every time he showed an unfamiliar appearance, a strange sense of challenge and interest welled up. Wouldn't it be okay to start from there?

Kwon Taek-ju laughed silently and did it anyway.

"I'm coming."

So, whatever you're waiting for.

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honey trap.

Russian Embassy in Korea.

The president's goodwill visit and the Royal Ballet's performance in Korea are approaching in a month. Naturally, the embassy business was also in an emergency. Employees spent a hectic day responding to phone calls that rang wildly as soon as they arrived, receiving and organizing faxes that arrived one after another, sending official letters to related organizations, and answering various inquiries received by email.

After the official event was over, the embassy was planning to hold a 'Russian Night' event for cultural exchange between Korea and Russia. It was the reason why the fire fell on the instep regardless of which department. In addition, visa applications for students preparing for study abroad and training were also lined up, so there was no time to breathe.

Unapproved papers continued to pile up on the ambassador's desk. Assistant Pavel Menshikov let out a long sigh as he placed another pile of papers on it.

There hasn't been a day without a sigh since the new ambassador was appointed.

It is also sad to serve a young ambassador, but it seemed inevitable that he would be evaluated as an incompetent aide.

It was dark before his eyes when he heard that Zenya had been appointed as the next ambassador, since he is as famous as the president in his native Russia. He didn't know how much he hoped it would be a vain rumor.

In the third month of the announcement, there was no commotion that was feared. In a way, it was a very natural result. It was because the author of the ambassador appeared only when he felt like it and did not go out of his way.

There was no trouble maker present, so there was no way there would be a problem.

It was a time when he was contemplating whether he should take care of the overdue work on behalf of Zenya today. There was a knock, and soon the door opened. The Secretary of the Culture Bureau and the Secretary of the Politburo came in one after another. They opened their mouths as if they were tired of asking the familiar scenery unfolding in front of them.

"Where is the ambassador again?"

"I wish someone would let me know that too."

"Tsk tsk, there are so many documents to pay."

"Where are you working for a day or two?"

The three sighed in unison and shook their heads.

"Where does he go around like that after leaving his phone behind on a fictional day... I wonder if Kremlin knows about it."

"Why don't you know? You pretend you don't know. No, you wouldn't have expected it in the first place."

"I heard that this appointment was requested by the ambassador himself. Why Korea?"

"Who knows who he is? Even the birth mother who gave birth to him wouldn't know that."

A sigh erupted from the three of them again. Counting the rest of his tenure, the future seemed even more bleak. He didn't even feel like working.

The aide still tries to interpret the current situation as optimistically as possible.

"It's nice to see you in a good mood every now and then. How many words were there in Russia? They say that even a little bit of annoyance has turned

the

surroundings into a mess. It might be better to let them do as they please than to stick around and watch."

The two scribes nodded in partial agreement. They were complaining about the delays in their work, but in reality, they weren't happy to see Zenya either. It was because of rumors related to him. It was not even a rumor that it was the only one-man unit of the FSB. It was understandable that everyone was reluctant to become part of his unit. It was best not to run into trouble with the boss, who had a lot of emotional ups and downs.

An ambassador is never an idle job. As a high-ranking diplomat, he represented Russia himself, so he had a lot of work to do externally, and personal affairs were important.

Nevertheless, it must be said that Kremlin carried out such a ridiculous greeting because of speculation. He had failed to get rid of it, and it was difficult to keep him around due to repeated friction, so he was sent away altogether. If Zenya himself wanted to do that, he would have no reason to hesitate.

The embassy staff was drastically changed into competent diplomats, and there was a reason for that as well. It was clear that he had guessed the chief executive's frequent absences and negligence from the moment he was appointed. Even if he realizes now, it won't change anything.

"Come to think of it, what is the identity of that Korean belonging to our embassy?"

"I know, right. I also checked it a while ago and was a bit puzzled. They told me to contact the ambassador if someone is looking for that Korean employee, right?"

The two scribes raised questions one after another. In fact, not only them, but all the staff in the embassy were curious about it. This is because no one has ever seen a Korean who proudly put his name on the employee list. They don't

know what he does or what he looks like. It was just that the ambassador had specially hired him, so it was only expected that he would be his acquaintance.

The secretary of the Political Bureau showed disapproval.

"Tsk tsk. The person who was appointed as a parachute hired another great person as a parachute. They say it's a type of breastfeeding, but look at how it hasn't even peeped out yet."

He is not the Secretary of the Bureau of Culture that they had been silently listening to, and corrected them.

"He dropped an atomic bomb, not a parachute. No, have you dismantled nuclear weapons?"

There was no excess or deficiency in the analogy. No one objected. He just laughed without reason and let's do something, he just did it.

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The gate opened and a group of people poured into the arrivals hall. Kwon Taek-ju was mixed in the procession. The neat outfit reminded him of a white collar worker who had just finished a business trip, but the band-aids everywhere proved that it was not an ordinary business trip.

It's been a while since he had stepped on Korean land. He stopped for a moment and breathed in the air he longed for. Enjoy the view outside through the glass walls. It was the beginning of spring when we left, and people's outfits had become quite light in the meantime. It seemed that summer was about to begin.

Suddenly, he lifted his sleeve and checked the time. It was already past 7pm. He hurriedly took out his phone and turned it on.

Fortunately, there were no calls or messages from his mother urging him to return home. Yes, it was only delayed by 30 minutes. If it was like before, she

would have contacted him dozens of times because she couldn't stand that moment. That was a good sign. His mother is gradually getting better.

For some reason, Zenya was also silent. Until just yesterday, he seemed to be exhausted from calling every second until he answered. Or something happened that made him unable to contact him.

"....."

Has a bad accident happened to him? He laughed at the absurdity even assuming it was cheap. He was the kind of guy who never got sick. Should I break down and see some blood? It was hard to imagine that such a person had a problem so serious that he couldn't even lift a finger. Of course, even monkeys sometimes fall from trees, and there may be some exceptional circumstances.

He can't even guess.

He glanced down at my cell phone. Shall we take a big heart and go down to do the thing? Find Zenya's name in the past calls list. Soon his number filled the screen. However, the finger did not press the call button right away and wandered over it for a while.

He thought about his reaction for a moment. Unbeknownst to him, his face became more and more frowned upon. It seemed better to give up than to see him raise his chin and show off. Put his cell phone on the road.

"Where is it that you talk about me….."

It seemed that his ears were itchy. It must have been because he was tired. He needs to go home and get some rest.

He went outside and took a taxi. He only tells the driver his destination and immediately closes his eyes. His body immediately sagged.

It never happened, but lately it seemed to be turning the treadmill more fiercely.

After barely completing one mission, the next one awaited, and when he finished that and returned, he was assigned another new mission. Because the

time for regime change is approaching. Every time a regime changes, foreign and security policies change, and that affects external interests.

The work of the National Intelligence Service had no choice but to increase naturally. He understood it with his head, but his body gradually reached its limit.

He tried to close his eyes even for a moment, but the taxi arrived quickly enough to stop. Not wanting his mother to be worried, he slapped him in the face to drive him to sleep. The taxi driver silently handed me a fatigue reliever. *Thank you", he empties at once on the spot.

He got out of the taxi and walked slowly. It was evening, so the lights were bright inside the complex. The same was true of Kwon Taek-ju's house. His mother, who would normally have been at the entrance of the line, was nowhere to be seen. Every time he found such a change, his heart softened.

He waited for the elevator and went up the stairs. The closer he gets to home, the more neatly he dresses. He buttoned his shirt up all the way to his neck, and tightened the loose tie. When he reached the front door, he even removed the bandage on the back of his hand.

He opened the door lock and went inside. "I'm here", he says as he takes off his shoes and walks into the living room. His mother, who was sitting on the living room floor, greeted him with a smile.

"Are you coming now?"

"Yes, I have been….."

Stop saying hello. Because there was an unexpected guest. He could see why his mother hadn't contacted him. She must have been preoccupied serving cut fruit to unexpected guests.

It was none other than Zenya who looked up at Kwon Taek-ju while dipping the apple cut into pieces into pieces on a fork. Seeing Kwon Taek-ju's distorted face

in shock, he raises the corners of his mouth. Why is he here? He protested with his eyes, but his mother scolded Kwon Taek-ju, who was like a wooden stone.

"Huh? What were you doing? The ambassador came all the way here."

"Hurry up and say hello", and she slapped him on the back. He couldn't have understood Korean, but his expression became more arrogant.

His mother knows that Zenya is the Russian ambassador to Korea. And she believed that Kwon Taek-ju, as promised, quit the NIS and worked as an office worker under him. He was a person who had lived his whole life in a vertical culture of top to bottom. It must have been because he was Kwon Taek-ju's boss that he greeted the sudden visitor with socks.

"Why are you here?"

Unable to overcome his mother's torch, he greeted him bluntly. His head was also slightly upturned. When he showed his disapproving side, his mother said,

"It must be because he is tired." while she smiled awkwardly. Then she grabbed Kwon Taek-ju and took him to the front door. Even as he was being dragged along, he continued to protest against Zenya. Of course, he just ate an apple as if he hadn't seen it at all.

Hus pushed Kwon Taek-ju against a wall and scolded him in a low voice.

"Why are you disrespecting the ambassador?"

"We're the same age, well. No, he's a lot younger than me. He can't even understand Korean anyway. Since he's a foreigner, he must be used to being comfortable with his superiors and elders, right?"

"What, him? Foreigner? You…You… Do I teach you that? If it matters inside, it doesn't matter when you come out!"

"My mother is too. You have become a soldier to the core."

He joked back and got slapped on the back again.

"It seemed that the young person had helped out. When you're away on a business trip, this mom says she's alone and she visits her house every day.

What is it? Who else takes care of her subordinates as carefully as I do?"

It's because he wants him to take care of him less. He wishes he cared less. His mother knows nothing. With a disapproving look on his face, he grunted.

"That's right. He is very affectionate, our ambassador."

"Don't talk like it's such a bother."

"It's because I'm tired. Russia is not that far away."

"No matter how tired you are, you can't use it. Her mother is not very greedy. I just want you to continue working there. know?"

"Okay, okay. First, I eat rice. I'm hungry."

"Even if you eat fruit first."

"First? Rice?"

"It is not changing, so I'm going to go shopping some more. I wish I had known in advance that the ambassador would be coming... Did I not even know he'll give my mother a tip."

"Oh, because of that? Ay, you don't have to. I'll eat whatever you give me."

"Really... ?"

Zenya must have heard it, so he glanced behind the federation and slapped her grown-up son on the back. He didn't know anything else, but the sound of grinding on his back definitely seemed to come through. When Kwon Taek-ju escaped from a troublesome situation, he tried to show aegyo to his mother.

"It was all wrong, mother. But I'm really starving to death. So today, let's just eat with side dishes. huh?"

"Oh my, how is that? I'll be gone soon. You'll befriend the ambassador."

Mother pushed Kwon Taek-ju into the living room and hurriedly left the house.

She doesn't know how she hastened her steps. The door opened and closed, and the door lock was carefully locked. The sound of his mother's footsteps also quickly disappeared. He can't dry it anyway.

After shaking his head, he changed his expression and went back to the living room. Zenya was still leisurely eating the fruit. Strawberries are hot despite Kwon Taek-ju's naked glare.

"What are you going to do here? A precious body."

"I was afraid you wouldn't be able to sleep because of worrying about your single mother in a faraway country….Should I do it, at a time like this?"

There was no way there was such a deep meaning. He stood there with his arms crossed and questioned.

"How many days have you gone? I don't think it's the first or second time you've talked about my mother, right?"

"What does that matter? Your mother likes me."

"A misunderstanding. What mother wouldn't like to look good to her son's boss?"

He shrugs his shoulders as if asking for anything. Talking about it only hurts his mouth. Seeing him at home made him feel the fatigue amplified.

He grabbed the tie that was tight around his neck with one hand and untied it.

He also undid a couple of buttons on his tight shirt. After staying on a dry plane for a long time, his throat was dry. He thought he should eat some fruit.

Without hesitation, he approached Zenya's side. As he sat close to the table, he felt a stinging gaze on the crown of his head. Like it or not, he grabbed his strawberry and took a bite. As the fresh fruit juice spreads, the stuffy mouth is instantly refreshed. He quickly ate a piece and checked Zenya's current status while picking up one of his apples.

"What about the embassy?"

"If I'm there, they don't care. Because I told them to attach a competent aide."

"What is it that your country treats you like that?"

"If I still don't know, can you teach me?"

He murmured slowly and ran his fingers down Kwon Taek-ju's neck. The sudden contact gave him goosebumps. He flinched and even dropped the strawberry he was trying to hold in his hand. On top of the white shirt, the color is always light pink.

Oh dear. With a low sigh, he immediately tried to take off his shirt, but hesitated.

He wanted to immediately put it in the laundry basket and go to the shower. But it was unimaginable in front of Zenya. It's been a while since he had seen him, so even the slightest provocation he'd throw off his hair iron without hesitation.

Soon his mother will be back too, and that should never happen.

He couldn't help it, so he only glanced at the extension bathroom. It wasn't hard to see why Zenya was doing this, and he grinned.

"It's sinister."

"What?"

"I tell you, I stayed still."

He hatefully claims innocence. He wondered if it wasn't him who touched his neck a moment ago. Or is it that if he keeps his butt on, he won't be able to move?

He couldn't bear to go into the bathroom even if it wasn't a provocation. Even if he had no intention of 'that' right away, he didn't know when he would suddenly feel like 'that'. He was an inexorable changer.

"Don't be too conscious. If so, it will only damage you."

Now to the transfer of responsibility. It's ridiculous.

He glared at the brazen Zenya, then quickly stood up. Then he went to his room and got her clothes. So he sat quietly on the sofa. He took off his wet shirt, threw it into the laundry basket, and went into the bathroom. It was enough to lock the door from the inside.

But for some reason, the door didn't close well. Feeling like something is stuck.

When he turned around curiously, Zenya had approached without a sign and was holding on to the door.

"Hey, that's different."

He frowned and protested. It couldn't be eaten.

His pupils were already constricting with excitement.

"I thought I would stay quiet from now on, but I don't think I did."

"You crazy bastard. Don't go into heat without even trying."

He pushed the door with his whole body. But the door hardly ever closed.

Rather, the gap only widened. The wooden plank bent helplessly under the force applied from both sides. It felt like the gears would break if he held out any longer. If that happens, how will I explain to my mother who will be back soon?

The door was so worn out that it split it in half by itself. Puck will believe you too.

When the bent door crackled, he let go of his hand as if resigned. At that moment, the door opened completely and Zenya rushed inside. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's face with both hands and hit his lips. His unrestrained lips landed indiscriminately on the corners of his eyes, forehead, nose, and mouth.

He arbitrarily licks his cheeks and squeezes them.

He was trying to argue if he thought it would be sweet because he was hot for no reason, but in the gap, he kissed his lips. Along with the sound of the touch, the

soft and moist texture clings to the philtrum. The guy who was sucking on his upper lip in a shallow way laughed.

"It's fine here."

He smiles with a smirk on his face. He looked at him in a daze for a moment, but he caught him off guard and completely closed his lips. A sultry breath drifted into his mouth and tickled his uvula. Naturally, the head tilted back. As he was hesitant to push, he finally bumped his thigh against his sink. He didn't stop there and kept pushing Kwon Taek-ju. His upper body was bent over and over again, putting pressure on his lower back. As he grunted and frowned, he picked up Kwon Taek-ju and sat him down on the sink with his lips pressed together.

He bit and released his lower lip, then asked and released it, and suddenly his tongue lifted his upper lip and slid inside. As the red tongue mingled densely, the sweetness of strawberries and apples quickly spread in the mouth. A stream of saliva pooled at the tip of his chin. He inhaled the tongue of Kwon Taek-ju, who was about to drown in boiling saliva, with all his might. The pressure was applied as if the root of the tongue would be pulled out. At last, the tongue was pulled out of the lips and overflowing saliva flowed down the chin.

The guy who sweetly sucked Kwon Taek-ju's tongue kisses the area around his wet chin. By the time his pressed lips reached his neck like water, he hurriedly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey, calm down. wait for a sec."

Zenya's lips part slightly at the urgent declaration of a ceasefire. He took advantage of the gap and let out a breath. The guy who had been staring at Kwon Taek-ju, who was wheezing with a flushed face, suddenly lowered his head and held his collarbone. Then he munched all the skin covered on the straight bones, as if eating them. Kwon Taek-ju grabbed his face with both hands and pulled him in front of him in a persistent attack of affection, as if he had starved for several meals.

"Please stop for a moment. If you behave well now, I will definitely serve you later."

He made a pretty plausible offer. However, Zenya looked at Kwon Taek-ju's eyes alternately without much reaction. It seemed like he was trying to ascertain the truth. It was disapproving that he had to trust only verbal promises and endure the present thirst. He shoved the bastard's face away and was fooled, she did.

"It's because each other piled up."

He doesn't hide his lust. Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's hand that covered his face and slowly pulled it down. The eyes of the two intertwined between the gaping fingers. Their eyes were imprinted on each other and had a subtle heat.

"....It's okay."

But after a while, he frowned and groaned. It was because Zenya had driven his teeth into the inside of his wrist. He tried to free his arm, but it only bit him harder. A deep kiss mark is left where the guy's lips fell off.

Just then, he heard the sound of the door unlocking from the front door. It seemed her mother had returned. It would not be unusual to see two grown men in a cramped bathroom. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju's face, which was shaking with embarrassment, Zenya laughed happily.

"Don't expect it."

He murmurs in a rustling tone and quietly closes the door and leaves. Soon he could hear his mother outside telling him to wait a moment as she would prepare a meal right away. Of course, it was Korean that Zenya couldn't understand.

After Zenya's brief response, the two exchanged several more conversations.

The peculiarity was that her mother spoke Korean and Zenya was steadfast in speaking Russian. He put his ear to the door and overheard the conversation. He laughed out loud. There was no separate answer from it. Still, it was just

amazing that the atmosphere didn't break. Contrary to concerns, it seems that the two of them have been doing well together.

He has to wash. He was just about to take off the rest of her clothes and head for the shower. A word from Zenya that came out of nowhere made his heart skip a beat.

"Thanks to you, I got something good. I decided to get good service from your son."

That kid.

He grabbed the doorknob and let it go. It was impossible to run out naked and grab him by the collar. It was fortunate that his mother did not understand Russian at all.

When he left after taking a shower, his mother was busy cooking. Zenya stood leaning against the counter next to it. The sight of his arms crossed didn't seem to help anything in particular. He just watched intently as his mother chattered happily as she prepared their meal.

The cooking was in the final stage, and it was full of delicious smells. Steam rises from the pot and rice cooker, warming the air in the kitchen. Occasionally, the sound of clinking dishes was added to provide the utmost comfort. Even just looking at it seemed to make me feel a lot better.

Sensing his gaze, Zenya turns his head to Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju, who warmly looks at him with a softened face after a long time, is so unexpected that he can't take his eyes off him for a long time.

At that time, Kwon Taek-ju's mother said, "Would you like to taste some bean sprouts?"

He just stared at the bean sprouts in front of him. He didn't seem to understand how he was supposed to do it.

Shaking his head, he approached the two of them. Then, holding his mother's shoulders behind him, he hurriedly put the lost bean sprouts into his mouth.

Zenya looked at Kwon Taek-ju, who was chewing on the food that hadn't even been served yet, strangely.

"Mm, it's delicious. Ambassador, you know you are blessed. How good is my mother's cooking skills? No one can even taste it."

"Oh, he's really….no. It really doesn't change."

His mother covered his mouth and laughed while stabbing Kwon Taek-ju in the side from behind. It was a signal to hurry up and set the prize.

His son returned after two months, but he took a back seat in front of his boss.

Without a murmur, he put down his spoon and took out the side dishes. Sit down with an ironic tone, and he even removed Zenya's chair.

Zenya, who was accustomed to sitting down, looked down at the long iron bar on the table. Only then did he say "Oh, oh," and took out a fork that was no different from a relic and handed it to him.

A table is quickly filled. Zenya looked around at the colorful food and muttered without much emotion.

"It smells weird."

His mother asked with her eyes shining, "What did you say?" She couldn't bear to say it directly, so she made it up roughly.

"It's delicious, I think I can eat a lot."

"Oh, yes? Ambassador, I prepared a lot of rice, so eat as much as you need."

His mother pushed more side dishes in front of Zenya and recommended. She watched Kwon Taek-ju with an expression that Zenya did not understand. Kwon Taek-ju only smiled contrivedly and tucked his chin at the food. He even squinted at me to eat quickly. He looked at him as if he was making a different

face only in front of his mother, and then picked up a fork. He could feel the hesitation at the end of the fork hovering in the air. Soon, he takes a bite of the most easy-looking cucumber and puts it in his mouth.

Zenya's jaw, which had been moving slowly, suddenly stopped. It must have been a bit spicy to him, too. He didn't say anything or move for a while, covering his mouth with his fist. The tip of the fork in his hand seemed to tremble slightly.

His mother gave a concerned look at the unusual reaction.

"... Doesn't it suit your taste?"

"No. I usually eat Korean food very well. I must be thrilled because it is so delicious."

Again, he picked up the side dishes one by one and piled them in Zenya's bowl.

Then, leaning her chin on his arm, she smiled at Zenya. It was a pretty benevolent expression, but it was far from a genuine smile. Beneath the table, he lightly kicked his legs.

Zenya's chin tensed up. The guy who had been glaring at Kwon Taek-ju disapprovingly said see you later, then resumed eating in silence. A smile blooms on her anxious mother's face. While explaining the efficacy of the ingredients used over and over again, she advised to eat evenly without covering them.

She even poured water as soon as his glass was empty and watched him happily eat.

Seeing things like that, it didn't seem like he was just trying to flatter her, making an effort he didn't even have in his heart. It seemed like a pleasure to meet people. It must have been very tiring to keep the house alone without Kwon Taek-ju.

He doesn't know how long it's been since he had a house like this. In the past, there were many times when he was out for work, and even if he stopped by, he

would barely sleep and leave. Part of it was because he had a lot to hide from his mother, but that wasn't all. He didn't think he was a very kind son either.

Suddenly, he stared at Zenya. There must have been a dark inside, but he should be a little proud that he kept looking at his mother without knowing it.

After a long look, the guy soon met his gaze.

"Eat slowly and a lot."

Put a piece of fish personally coated on Zenya's spoon. He didn't eat quickly and just stared at his spoon. The deep, unreachable places of his hand tickled subtly.

"You can go to bed after."

Hiz mother, who had come to the elevator to see them off, expressed deep regret. Then, Zenya stared at Kwon Taek-ju. He seemed to want to know what this little woman was saying to him with her sad face. Kwon Taek-ju shrugged his shoulders and interpreted her falsely.

"She's telling me to get out of here quickly."

Eyes of doubt fly by without fail. He ignored and stopped his mother.

"Ah, mother too. What so far would the ambassador be comfortable sleeping at our house? Look at him, he's in trouble."

There was no change in Zenya's face, but Kwon Taek-ju insisted that he was in great trouble. Then he wrapped his mother around his back and let her into the house.

"I'll take the ambassador to his house, and I'll just have a drink on the way. I might be late, so go to bed first."

"Right, then? Don't worry about me and take good care of him."

His mother readily agreed. Even if he looks good to the ambassador, it has nothing to do with promotion. Mother watched the two of them get into the elevator before she entered the house.

As soon as the door closed, Zenya came close. "Hey", he buried his face in his hair. Every time that happened, it was like raising a big dog, not a crocodile.

Zenya's car was parked in an underground parking lot. It shows off a presence that cannot be ignored if he tries to ignore it like its owner. The already narrow parking spaces seemed tighter. Is that why everyone avoided them? Only the bugatti area was empty. Anyway, he hopes he doesn't have to worry about parking.

"Should I drive?"

"I will."

He starts the car and nods to get in. He sat in the driver's and passenger's seat side by side. Tak, as soon as he closed the door, he slipped out of the parking lot.

He leaned back in his chair and leaned back comfortably. In the car, where there was no common music, only a certain engine noise rang out. In the middle of the night, there were almost no cars or people in the city. He looked at the street lights that passed by quickly. He was full, and he was exhausted from taking a shower.

The subtle vibrations transmitted from the car body also helped to make the body more relaxed.

Before long, Zenya's Bugatti arrived in front of his house. A sensor in the garage activated and the shutter opened. He put the car in it and turned it off. At the same time, the light that illuminated the interior went out.

"Hey."

Zenya, who was about to open the door, looked back at Kwon Taek-ju, who was silent. Arrived at his destination, but he was unmoved. Tilt his upper body to check, he was asleep with his head completely bent. It seemed that he was very

tired from making deep breathing sounds. He had to wake him up in order to receive the service he had promised.

"....."

He watched the sleeping Kwon Taek-ju for some time before getting out of the car. Then he goes around his body and opens the passenger door. Kwon Taekju's body, which was leaning toward it, fell down on its own accord. He grabbed hold of him, slung him easily over one shoulder, and headed leisurely into the house.

He laid the fallen Kwon Taek-ju on the bed. As the soft mattress supported his body and the soft sheet wrapped around his skin, Kwon Taek-ju instinctively rubbed his face.

Unconsciously, he burrows into the dreamy blanket.

As he watched, he unbuttoned his shirt button. The corner of his mouth rises and draws a cool arc.

Kwon Taek-ju fell into a deeper sleep without knowing what would happen to him in the future.

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"....Hmm?"

Both eyes widened. Whether familiar or not, a ceiling suddenly filled the field of view. How did I get here? He quietly reminisced about the night before. He even remembered getting out of the house and getting into Zenya's car. But he doesn't remember getting off his feet. It seems that he lost consciousness halfway through. It was because he couldn't close his eyes properly for a while.

He rolled his eyes and looked around. It seemed that the place where he was was the bedroom of Zenya's house. He had only been there once before going on a business trip, so it was still a bit awkward. Zenya couldn't see where he had gone. He didn't even feel his presence. Is he not at home? He vaguely guessed,

but didn't think to get up and check. He mumbles for nothing and procrastinates. His body odor lingered on the sheets. He buried his head in spite of that.

Then, suddenly, the blanket is lifted. Even though it was summer, he thought it was especially cold, and he didn't have a thread hanging over his body.

Come to think of it, his head felt refreshed as if he had slept soundly, but his body felt stiff and throbbing as if he had wrestled all night. In particular, the uncomfortable sensation was concentrated in the crotch.

He jumps up and sits down, grabbing his throbbing waist. He groaned and checked his groin. Unexpectedly clean. However, everywhere he looked, there were red and orange kiss marks. The inside of his thigh was reddened as if it had been bruised. Could it be that he doesn't know how to bite it like this? He was dumbfounded by the numbness of his body.

He was trying to get out of bed, but his leg gave way. As soon as he sat down, the inside of his ass tingled unspeakably. Even without checking properly, it was obvious what it was like.

"He did, he did….."

He muttered in despair. He didn't think they finished it once or twice, but he slept really well.

"Did I enjoy it too?"

He looked down at his dead lower body and asked. No answer came back. He just knew it by feel. Seeing that he wasn't very refreshed, it was clear that he had fallen asleep like him.

Damn Zenya. He was the only one who had a lot of fun.

His throat was dry. Go to the kitchen and open the refrigerator. The inside was empty. At least a few bottles of bottled water were rolling around. He opened the lid and immediately quenched his throat. The skin around his neck, which

had been severely bitten off, tingled whenever the bones of his crow's nest swelled.

Wiping his wet mouth with the back of his hand, he looked around the house. It was like entering a model house. The beds, sofas, and even the TV were matched, but there was no sense of life at all. He wondered if he had used it properly after purchasing it.

He threw himself on the sofa that smelled of leather. Where did the guy go? It was obviously a weekday, but he was sure he wasn't at the embassy.

He turned on the TV because he was vaguely waiting for him. The noon news was on the air. He looked at it without thinking and suddenly thought of his mother. Come to think of it, I told her that I would come in late, but I couldn't contact her until the day changed.

He went straight to the bedroom and found his cell phone. The remaining battery was less than 10%. As expected, he received a missed call from his mother, a message asking him where he slept and whether he went to work.

Press the call button. Before long, "Hello?" He heard his mother's voice.

"Mother, it's me. I drank too much yesterday and couldn't go home. They didn't let me go until dawn because they thought someone might not be Russian. I went to the sauna and went straight to work."

–Oh. You should eat Haejangguk.

"I'm going to eat now."

–Ugh, how much did you drink so your voice is all locked up? Aren't you tired?

There was another reason for his hoarseness, but he couldn't speak even with ten mouths. He was just reassuring his mother that he would blame everything on his alcohol and go home early.

By the time the call was over, he felt a presence at the front door. He pulled his head out and saw that Zenya was just entering the house. He was carrying a heavy plastic bag, probably on his way to the convenience store.

He put the thing he bought on the table and stared at Kwon Taek-ju. For some reason, it seemed that his face had become more polished than yesterday. He finished the call and approached him.

"Did anything good happen last night?"

"Is it because it has been plugged in for such a long time? It seemed to tighten more than before. I was only going to do it twice, but because of your hole... ."

He doesn't know how embarrassed he is, and he flutters without a change in his expression. He couldn't hear him so he covered his mouth. Then he licked the palm of his hand. It was after blocking the escape route early by firmly supporting Kwon Taek-ju's loathing. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the buttocks while holding him close to his lower abdomen.

"If you regret it, we can do it again from now on. A day is very long."

"I only shortened the name line to enjoy that long day."

He endured it by pushing Zenya's chin, which was clinging to him reluctantly. He easily picked up such Kwon Taekju and sat it down at the table. In the meantime, the things he bought at the convenience store spilled out. Some of them tumbled to the floor with a loud noise.

As he reflexively looked back at the fallen object, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's chin and turned it to him. Suddenly, his eyes filled with his face.

The straight-down eyes looked quite serious. He often opens his eyes like that. It felt like he was being disarmed every time he saw that quiet trembling face. He was swept away without even realizing it, and his heartbeat and pulse were often irregular.

There was nothing different this time. His heart weakened, and he relaxed his hand that had been pushing Zenya away. The guy who noticed the change like a ghost slowly put his lips together. When his tightly pressed lips parted, a pitiful exhalation leaked out. At a distance where the bridges of their noses would touch, Kwon Taek-ju stared at Zenya's lips, and he

stared at Kwon Taek-ju's eyes. The thinly bursting breath trembled uncontrollably.

In a strange confrontation, the guy came to bite his lips again as if he was about to attack. At the same time, he bit his upper lip and grabbed his face. Naturally, my body was bent halfway backwards, and it was as if he was clinging to him.

Chok, chok, making a sound, repeating the two lips falling one after another and then entwining. Lips gently interlaced and interlocked, new lukewarm breaths were exchanged over and over again. The heat slowly rose to his body as well.

It would be nice if he could just focus on that, but the sound of the TV that he hadn't turned off kept coming into his ears. It was news that the North had recently conducted a missile launch test in the presence of the supreme leader, and when the government expressed regret, it poured out strong criticism. It's not even a day or two, but whenever the inter-Korean relationship strains, he can't help but be nervous. It was a common occupational disease.

"... Oh, please."

He muttered as if he were casting a spell. It was because of an ominous foreboding. Zenya, who had been kissing Kwon Taek-ju's chin and neck, finally looks back at the TV. On the screen, North Korea's missile launch data screen was being transmitted. He went straight to the TV and unplugged it. He pulled it off with such force that the plug rattled. Really, there is no degree.

Just then, Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone vibrated. He was embarrassed to check the sender. He let out a long sigh until the ground soon disappeared.

In the meantime, Zenya, who had returned, pulled Kwon Taek-ju's legs and laid them completely on the table. He leans in after him, twists his head, and tries to

kiss him again. However, his lips that came down without hesitation met Kwon Taek-ju's lips, not his hard cell phone. It was because Kwon Taek-ju suddenly pushed his cell phone between his lips.

"Headquarters phone."

He also announces with a displeased face. Then he nudged Zenya on the shoulder and got up and went down to his table. Zenya's disapproving gaze relentlessly follows.

He put on his clothes one by one while answering the phone. By the time he buttoned up his shirt, the call was over. Sensing his gaze, he turned his head, and before he knew it, Zenya was standing at the door. He tells him the regrettable sad news.

"I think I should go into the headquarters. It's a call."

There was no way he didn't know that Kwon Taek-ju had returned just yesterday, and that it was headquarters. It was one of two things that he called anyway. There is a problem with the previous job, or another urgent task arises.

He couldn't be bothered either way.

Kwon Taek-ju left the house without looking back. The door closes with a bang.

As a result, only Zenya remained in the spacious house. He stares at the ramen scattered on the floor with disapproving eyes. There was no point in coming to Korea in this way. He seemed to have to come up with a solution.

"Senior. Didn't you get a lot of rest?"

When he arrived at the headquarters, Jong-Woo Yoon was there to meet him.

Seeing Kwon Taek-ju's shy face, he glanced at him for no reason. He nodded casually and put his chin arm around Yoon Jong-woo's shoulder. He let out a soundless scream as he strained his body. He guided him

pretending not to know who was grunting and grunting. Yoon Jong-woo couldn't bear to abandon the overworked shooter and personally took him to the manager's office.

It was Director Kwak who newly filled the vacancy of Director Lim. Like Director Lim, he was not an agent, but he was a person well versed in North Korea to the extent that he was evaluated one after another as the Minister of Unification.

One thing he and Lim had in common was that he treated his subordinates vehemently.

No matter how physically strong Kwon Taek-ju was, his blood dried up after not taking a break for several months. Does he think he will realize what death from overwork is like? He arrived in front of Director Kwak's office and prayed that he would not be assigned a new assignment.

After taking a deep breath, knock on the door.

"Come on in."

Even after the consent was lost, he put his spirits on again and went inside.

When Kwon Taek-ju, who had been waiting for him, appeared, manager Kwak glanced at the chair opposite him. He went there silently, bowed lightly, and sat down.

First of all, Director Kwak paid tribute to the past achievements.

"The past work was completed safely. You've been through a lot."

"Well, that was what I was meant to do."

"I heard that he has a strong pride in his work, but the more I see him, the more I understand what he means."

He smiled and changed the subject to "Have you seen the news today?" ask

"Is it because of the missile test conducted in North Korea?"

"That's right. Recently, intelligence has been obtained that the location of missile launch pads in North Korea has been changed extensively. Just yesterday, there was a report that the launcher was heading up into the sky.

Prior to that, the missile test was conducted under the supervision of the

Supreme Leader, so it is worthwhile for the government to keep a close eye on the unusual trend. I don't know if it's related to it, but I heard that a high-ranking North Korean official will pay an unofficial visit to China soon. So you go and find out what is going on."

"You mean right now?"

"I know you will be tired when you come back yesterday. But what if the matter is urgent? You shouldn't fix the barn after losing the cow."

He raises his eyebrows and makes a very sad expression. But there seemed to be no intention of handing over the instructions.

"I'm going to go because you told me to go, but I don't know what to say to my mother."

"If necessary, I will even decorate an official document. Maybe you can get help from the Russian embassy where you work."

"That's a bit... ."

"Why, you seem to be pretty close with that one? We often come and go privately."

"You know a lot."

"I made an effort to become friendly with my subordinates."

Director Kwak smiled ironically. It seemed that the raccoon had left and the snake had come. He wondered if his words would be too long, so he stood up silently and nodded. Director Kwak saw off Kwon Taek-ju, who left the office without making a sound, saying, "Let's have a drink after work."

He let out a sigh. At this point, he doesn't know if he lives for work or work to live. He had no desire whatsoever. He just wanted to rest. When this mission was completed, it seemed that he would have to pay a leave of absence.

Anyway, what did he explain to my mother? What else can I say to Zenya? It was stifling. If he confessed honestly, he might be tied up forever. Wouldn't it be better to let it go and then report it?

Thinking of various excuses, he headed home.

To his dismay, his mother was nowhere to be seen. She seemed to have gone out to do errands. There was no sign of Zenya's visit.

Am I quietly waiting for him at my house?

He couldn't help but pack his things first. His mother did not return to get him ready to leave. He had no contact with Zenya either. He called a taxi and replied to the driver who asked where he was going. He said to go straight to the airport. Then, after looking out of his window for a while, he called his mother.

–Yes, son. why?

"I stopped by the house and came out, but you weren't there. I think I won't be able to go home for a while because I'm busy with work. Did I tell you last time?

There is a large-scale event hosted by the embassy in a month. While I was on a business trip, I was extremely busy with work. I have a lot of work to share with the Russian department, so there won't be many people going to work. Because of jet lag."

–Ugh, you must be hurt. Son, it's okay, so come home even if it's late. You should eat well and go.

"It is because I am uncomfortable. It's work to go in every day when commuting to and from work is uneven."

–Then, I will make some side dishes? Do you have a change of clothes?

"All the rice comes out. I got everything I needed. I just called to say don't worry if I can't reach you for a while. I hope you take good care of your body."

–Ha, the guy too. Just like someone who goes anywhere.

"Mother, I have to go back to work now. I will contact you again."

–Yes, work hard.

After the call ended, he continued to look at his phone. Since he came out like that during the day, he should have contacted Zenya as well. The problem was that no excuses would work for him. Normally, he would have tried to intervene by saying no to new assignments, but he didn't like being quiet the whole time.

After thinking about it, he tried calling Zenya.

However, for some reason, only the ringing tone continued.

Of course, that guy doesn't have to wait all the time, waiting for Kwon Taek-ju.

He may not be able to answer the phone once or twice.

However, he had rarely been like that before, and he always contacted me first, and he was worried because he had no connections in Korea other than me. Did the gears swell? He was about to leave a message, but stopped. If he really scored a goal, it seemed like we should calm him down with words rather than unilaterally notifying him. Even to avoid regret.

The taxi soon arrived at the airport. He went through the procedures early after receiving the ticket he had reserved at the head office.

Before entering the departure hall, he called Zenya again. But this time, he was silent. After screening, he continued to try to call as he went to the boarding gate. Each time, it ended up in vain.

He lifts his sleeve and checks the time. It seemed like he had to get on board. He had no idea how many days this mission would take.

Finally, touch the call button. But in the end, he couldn't hear Zenya's voice.

Looking at the call log that was accumulated, he felt like a stalker for some reason.

"It doesn't matter."

He gave up, but he couldn't take his eyes off his phone. Even though the power wasn't turned off, how could he not be able to answer the phone this far? Of course, even if Zenya had a problem, he had to worry about the other person, not him.

Even so, the mouse presses the call button again as if thinking of a cat. "Take it, please." and even placed an order. At that time, a voice guidance came out asking him to get on board as soon as possible. On the phone, only the indifferent beep sound continued to drop as if it would stop.

Soon after, the annoying call disconnected. Then came the sound of the man's breathing, which he had been waiting for. He was outside and there was a lot of noise around him. At best, the guy who answered the phone said Kwon Taek-ju before he said anything.

-I'm busy right now. Later.

"What?"

As soon as he asked again, the call ended. He blankly looked down at his phone.

Call connection time was less than 3 seconds. To say it was futile, it was quite embarrassing. He's busy. Did he go to the embassy?

Fortunately, there didn't appear to be any problems.

He left a message saying that he was going out for a while because of work.

Then he finally turned off his cell phone and boarded the plane.

The plane flew for about two hours and arrived in Beijing. Mixing in with the crowd, he headed to the immigration checkpoint, and on the way, an airport employee was standing there holding a sign. The name of Kwon Taek-ju was openly written on it.

"Mr. Kwon?"

Asked if he had even figured out his facial features beforehand, approaching him first. He felt a deep sense of deja vu. This time, too, he hadn't heard that

anyone in particular would come out to meet him. He turned on his cell phone, but there was no message other than the text message that comes in when entering overseas.

Has my existence been exposed already? If so, it was necessary to confirm who was trying to make contact and for what purpose. The other person was already aware of my identity as well as my appearance, but he couldn't deny it blindly.

After deliberation, he slowly nodded his head.

"Follow me."

The staff took the lead. He followed him in silence and took out his prescription glasses and put them on. If he breaks the leg and pulls it out, an injection needle comes out, which contains a powerful anesthetic. He couldn't afford to assemble a firearm, so he was trying to prepare for an emergency with that.

As he got further away from the crowded screening table, people gradually became rarer. The employee who was ahead of him took the elevator, occasionally checking to see if Kwon Taek-ju was following him. When he got on it and went up one more floor, he found a lounge. It didn't even have a name, so it seemed that it was used by a limited number of people.

Now there was not even a shadow of a person to be seen around. The employee who guided Kwon Taek-ju there knocked on the closed door, bowed politely and left. After making sure he was going down, he quietly took off his glasses. He then breaks his leg and wraps it tightly in his hand.

When he opened the door, the runway beyond the panoramic window filled his view. And an unexpected person was sitting in front of him.

"Why don't you put that in?"

He chinned the temples of his glasses in his hand. At once, he recognized Kwon Taek-ju's ulterior motive and even laughed at him. It was Zenya. He was sitting

with his back to the runway of Beijing Airport, a guy who should be in Korea. He didn't understand at all.

"What happened?"

"How about something to drink? We still have some boarding time left."

When asked, he does not respond and relaxes. He even snapped his fingers as if to come closer. As he requested, he went and sat across from him.

"Explain. Why are you here?"

He throws an envelope of papers at Kwon Taek-ju, who is inquiring. It was a series of incomprehensible situations. Frowning his brow, he nodded at the envelope to check it. Then he poured the wine into his glass and enjoyed the aroma. He glared at him suspiciously, then opened the envelope first.

He took out the papers inside and skimmed them without thinking. But not long ago, his eyes widened.

"This... ."

He stared at Zenya, as if trying to make sure he wasn't seeing something wrong.

The guy silently raised the corner of his mouth and took the wine that was swirling in his glass.

No matter how many times he re-read it, it was unmistakable. That document was the reason Kwon Taek-ju came here now. It was because the inside story about North Korea's recent moves was written. Where the hell did he get this from? He didn't even think that he would have used a legal route.

So, is this why I haven't been able to contact him so far, why there was a lot of noise around him when I managed to get through, and why he said we'd talk later because he's busy?

He checked the report again with bewildered eyes.

"....Can you give this to me?"

"Any reason why not?"

He asks questions calmly. He wondered if it was okay to move freely for the benefit of other countries. It's also the Russian ambassador.

Of course, it's nothing more than an empty battle, and there's no way that each of his actions will be tied to national security and image. He can't shake his anxiety that his goodwill will spread to a large-scale diplomatic issue. That said, he can't ignore the sincerity he's been trying so hard to save.

"Am I really getting it? Don't say anything else later."

"That belongs to me, my specialty."

When did he say it again? It was clear that it had been blown by the wind.

Anyways, what now? When things unexpectedly went smoothly, it became rather bleak. He doesn't know how to inform headquarters about this.

During missions, intermediate and intermediate situations must be reported.

This was to minimize the variables of information omission and prevent departure from the operation site. It seemed like he should have contacted them so that they had arrived safely.

"Wait for a sec."

He apologized and got up. At that moment, Zenya stretched out his arm and snatched Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone. Soon, it got stuck in an ice bucket without a chance. Wine was poured over it.

"What are you doing!"

Shocked, he set out to rescue his cell phone. Then, Zenya grabs that hand as well.

"It's hard to come out like this."

"What are you talking about, you crazy bastard?"

"You have no morals. I bought you time at best, so who wants to return it?"

Since Kwon Taek-ju did what he had to do, he would now use his time as he pleased.

Certainly, if he handed over the documents secured by headquarters, empty words of good work and a new mission would be handed down. So constantly spinning the hamster wheel, until the busy work is finished. Perhaps unification will come sooner.

The power was removed from the body. He also gave up his cell phone because he had already crossed the river of no return. Anyway, thanks to Zenya, he got quality information without lifting a hand. Moreover, because of the call from headquarters, he couldn't keep the promise he made yesterday. It seemed like it would be okay to comply with his request this time. He didn't even want to take a break for that reason.

So, he did it while still holding his hand.

"What do you want to do?"

A satisfied smile spread across his lips.

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"In the end again... ."

Looking out the window at a distance, he muttered resignedly to himself. The landscape beyond was familiar, but not entirely so. Green lawns spread out around the mansion instead of pure white snowfields, and vegetation grew thick in the forest where only bare trees were lined. Not a single cloud could be found in the overcast sky. It was as if spring had arrived in full force on this remote island.

The feeling was new. It was a place where he had been confined for months, and the space that was different from a prison now felt like a resort. The change in his feelings towards Zenya seemed to make everything around him look

different. He was so quiet that it was quiet, and even the fact that he had nothing to do to be free was just comfortable and nice. It seems that the last terrible days were all a dream.

He was just looking out the window, when a large shadow passed behind him.

Even if it wasn't because of that, he noticed Zenya's approach with his unique body odor. Even so, he bit off the scruff of Kwon Taek-ju's neck, who was not even vigilant. He stretched out his hand to his side and held Kwon Taek-ju's abdomen firmly as if supporting it.

"Can't you do something after a deep sleep?"

He cried out in a weary voice. But not even the seeds were eaten. As if he hadn't heard the story before, he repeatedly bit his neck and twisted his shirt buttons one by one. His front soon became loose, revealing his strong body. His other hand dug in and squeezed both of his breasts as if they were full. Dense mounds were kneaded repeatedly.

At that time, the sharp nose of the bastard drew down the neckline and landed under the ear. He took a deep breath and the guy who smelled Kwon Taek-ju grabbed his arm. The hand looked rather urgent.

He was thrown straight onto the bed. One after another, Zenya filled his field of vision and pressed his body. His vaguely draped shirt is also pulled back behind him. His smooth, curvy body was fully exposed, wriggling as if he were stretching. With his long fingers, he lazily ran his long fingers from Kwon Taekju's collarbone, through his chest, to his navel, and suddenly made a bizarre proposal.

"There is a way to finish at once and a way to do it until you feel like it. I give you a choice."

For some reason, each option. Of course, it's electronic, no questions asked. He can take off one foot in moderation and sleep to his heart's content.

Let's try to answer right away, but he added one condition.

"Move yourself to finish it in one shot instead."

What? Is he asking me to shake my butt?

When he made a troubled expression, he provoked him with a grin. So far, he has been adjusting it appropriately whenever he's in heat. There were often times when he fell asleep first or passed out because of his stamina. However, he has never been the first to run away from it.

Come to think of it, he thought he had been pretty passive. Obviously, the problem was that his stamina was far above the normal level. In a relationship with the opposite sex, he has never been deprived of the initiative. There was no reason to be different just because the other person was a guy.

He revealed his chosen teeth and smiled contrivedly.

"Then you must listen to my condition. Is that fair?"

He silently nods at the unexpected choice. Then, he raised Kwon Taek-ju and hastily seated him on top of him. He swept up his smooth waist in reverse and reached the chest area, gently crushing both nipples. Kwon Taek-ju grabbed his hand and pulled it away from him.

"Don't ever touch me while I'm doing it."

The relaxed face from beginning to end is slightly torn.

"That would be a bit difficult." The blue eyes made a silent protest.

Momentarily, he moved his waist and stimulated the guy's groin. The guy bursts out with an absurd laugh.

"Do whatever you feel like."

Proudly, he propped up the bed behind his back with both hands to support his upper body. He nodded his head as if asking where to try one after another, and split open. For some reason, that smile reminded me of a devil.

"Oh... Ugh."

He put his fingers in the back and opened it up.

He thought it would be better to do it himself than to have someone else do it, but that wasn't necessarily the case. He applied a lot of gel and was fiddling with it, but the stiff entrance was hard to loosen.

The fine wrinkles touch the fingertips clearly. He felt an unfamiliar softness, probably because it was hidden in the deepest part. His molars keep biting at the strange sensation of stabbing him in the back.

"Apply properly to the inside. I don't want to hear unnecessary resentment."

Zenya leaned back comfortably on the bed and gave instructions. He glared at the hateful guy and squeezed out a lot of gel. All at once, the mucus that had slipped down his buttock licked the back of her thigh. Some of them also landed on Zenya's pelvis and lower abdomen. Unexpectedly, his hands gnawed around the hole, and soon even his genitals were wet.

"Looks like you're covered in syrup."

Watching Kwon Taek-ju's genitals sway in front of me, Zenya quietly licked her lower lip. His blue eyes gleamed with subtle heat.

Even when the lower back was slightly lowered, something hard hit the thigh.

He didn't do anything yet, but his penis was standing upright. Even if he tries to ignore it, he wriggles and rubs against his body as if it has a life of its own.

"Put it away."

He looked disapprovingly at his big cock and pushed it away. As a result, the penis, which had been tilted back, boasted a rebound like a spring and struck

Kwon Taek-ju's thigh again. He glared at Zenya, annoyed. The guy was only lightly mocking.

He threw his arms behind his back to support his head. Even so, he swayed and bounced his genitals freely, stimulating Kwon Taek-ju. Even though he sat in front so as not to break it, the shadow came over and showed off his presence.

His eyes were automatically furrowed.

It's not like they had done it once or twice, but a fear like never before came over him. Just looking at it, trying to put something bloated into his stomach just felt helpless. Still, he didn't know if it would be better to move at his own pace than to be crushed and helpless.

Without warning, the remaining gel was poured into Zenya's hideous genitals.

As cold gel suddenly flows down the pillar, the relaxed guy frowns. He let out a low moan. The red-ripened glans trembled at the unfamiliar sensation. A bubble formed in the urethra, which was bubbling over, then burst.

It was soaked, so it should have been a little easier to put in. So optimistic, he firmly held the base of his penis. Even with the hands of an adult man, it was difficult to grab it at once.

He propped up Zenya's visibly wriggling abdomen for support. Then he aims his hole at the upright guy's penis. Even though it only touched the entrance, the guy's penis spat out Cooper fluid without a doubt. The heat gushing out of the federal urethra was unspeakable. Even a subtle nervousness was detected in the blue eyes that were always relaxed.

In anticipation and excitement, he sat down slowly, looking directly into his pupils.

Suddenly, strength went into the lower abdomen. At the same time, the bones of the abs become clearer. The entrance, which had been released with difficulty, had a hard time holding the guy's glans. Zenya's head tilted back slightly. Even his light eyelashes, which were quietly curled, twitched.

"... Aww."

As the hole widened to its maximum, even breathing was difficult. He couldn't stand it and sat down on her knees to catch his breath. However, it was not easy even standing on his thickest glans head.

He groaned and put his strength back into his lower body. However, the fully interlocked flesh did not budge. He thought he had widened it enough, but deep inside it was still stiff. He's confused and does not know what to do. It was a quandary. It was uncomfortable no matter what position he took due to the feeling of a foreign body that had filled up his bottom Zenya watched it with eyes that were consumed by the heat. He was tantalized by Kwon Taek-ju holding his genitals. Only his lower lip purrs.

It wasn't long before his shallow patience ran out. Suddenly, he reached out his hand to Kwon Taek-ju's waist. He was going to take a picture of his body, which only burns with love.

However, Kwon Taek-ju was one step faster. Grabbing the guy's hand, he reminds him of his promise while looking into his disapproving eyes.

He reluctantly clicked his tongue and bit his hand. Only then did he resume sitting down. A huge chunk of flesh with bulging tendons inevitably rushed in, scratching at the unripe inner wall. The spine stiffened. Because he gave so much strength to his whole body, even his vision spread yellow every moment.

"Ha ha ha... ."

He barely let out a piece of exhaled breath. It seemed as if his breath was caught in his throat. He was tired of what was so endless.

It was also cramped for Zenya. They had done it several times during the night, so he thought it would be just gentle. However, perhaps because Kwon Taek-ju was too nervous, even inserting it was not easy. It looked like the skin was about to peel off. It wouldn't be strange if the genitals were cut off as they were. The

feeling of biting the bottom made his thighs twitch. He even frowned on one eye and gnashed his teeth.

"...Keugh."

He stared at Zenya curiously. Perhaps he had misunderstood his moan immediately before, but he was breathing heavily with his eyes and ears reddened. The neck and abdominal muscles wriggling non-stop from the thirst that seems to be satisfied but cannot be satisfied. Seeing him tormented by lust made him feel a little bit rewarded for his hard work.

But he couldn't continue to suffer because of it. It was the moment when he looked away for a moment thinking about spraying more gel.

Suddenly, Zenya's waist was lifted upwards. The wind pierced his genitals, which had been stiff.

"Aww... !"

He flinched as if he had been electrocuted. Without realizing it, his body jumped up. The genitals that had accidentally invaded in the wind slipped

out again.

"Hey, don't move."

"You're going to leak me, what are you going to do? They say the cum is resting inside."

What are you resting on?

He thought he had heard of terrible sophistry. While he frowned and hesitated, Zenya lifted his back again. There was a thud, and his thighs rubbed hard. The genitals, where only the glans were hanging, were also stabbed to the very tip of the root.

"Ah!"

This time, a genuine scream erupted. As his knee, which supported his body, gave out strength, he collapsed completely on top of Zenya. He didn't miss the chance.

It penetrates to the deepest place in a single stroke and feels a tight squeeze.

His head and the nape of his neck, which had been hot enough to irritate him, were instantly cooled.

The hairs on her cheeks all stood up. He just wanted to fully enjoy himself.

Before Kwon Taek-ju could catch up to his collapsed body, he greedily lifted his waist.

His thighs slammed his cheeks and slammed them, making a naked friction sound.

Involuntarily, his body soared into the air and then fell afar. The genitals that had been raised to that height in an instant pulverized the inside of the mold. It felt like all the organs in his stomach would be crushed by the deep insertion. It was only a few times that he tried to get a little more comfortable, but then he slipped on the sweat and gel and sat down even more.

"Huh...Ugh! Aww... Yes, ah!"

Even though he tried to hold it in, he kept moaning. His whole body was excited with heat. Sweat began to seep out all over his body.

Zenya, who was lazily watching Kwon Taek-ju's polished body, reached out his hand. However, Kwon Taek-ju did not tolerate his touch until the end. Even though he is tormented by his pain and pleasure, he cuts off his hand like a ghost.

A short exhalation leaked from Zenya. He got grumpy when he couldn't touch what he wanted to do, even if she had it right in front of his nose. He radiates deep regret by hitting his lower body roughly. Kwon Taek-ju let out a scream-like moan repeatedly and collapsed into a mess.

The huge penis was swallowed in one bite between the cheeks and pulled out at once.

The skin that was being kneaded and mixed together became more and more red. Not only Kwon Taek-ju's buttocks, but also Zenya's thighs on which he sat down, and even the genitals that he stirred inside turned red as if they were leaking blood. As the mill was pounded, the whitened gel clung to it like a spider's web with a ticking sound. Opaque air bubbles formed in the muddy hole, and then burst without a trace in the scrotum being hit repeatedly.

Zenya satisfactorily appreciated Kwon Taek-ju, who was being threaded by hin.

Every time Kwon Taek-ju's body landed, his genitals and strong chest muscles also swayed. Just by piercing his back, the nipples that held his head up were dripping with sweat and shining smoothly. Even though he was just watching it, his throat groaned on its own and he swallowed his saliva.

It felt as if the heat that swirled all over his body was condensed in one place and sucked out in one direction. A thick vein rises on Zenya's smooth forehead.

He just wanted to dig up more.

"Ouch! evil! Yes, yes, yes, yes... !"

Kwon Taek-ju's upper body, which was trying to hold on somehow, collapsed little by little. Even if he tried to hold on to Zenya's legs or abdomen to support himself, it was not easy because of the gel. Eventually, he stretched out his arm and barely held the head of the bed. In the meantime, Zenya's face is almost buried in his slanted upper body.

"....Sorry."

Suddenly, Kwon Taek-ju twisted his shoulders and groaned. It was because Zenya suddenly put out his tongue and licked the nipple he was looking for.

Looking back, he had always been sensitive there. He thought that the reason why such a thing was attached to a man's body was simply because it would be weird to take it off.

It was only after meeting Kwon Taek-ju that he realized that men can feel it just as well as women. It's true that he wasn't even interested.

"....You should have thought of sucking it."

He muttered while rubbing his nipple with his sharp nose. Then, he wrapped the soft flesh around the tip of his tongue and sucked on it with a loud sound. When the top and bottom were attacked at the same time, Kwon Taek-ju's body naturally stiffened and trembled.

Even though he lowered his head and groaned, he couldn't bear to bite his excited body. The tingling sensation from above and from below made him shake up to his waist. He squeezed his nipples and poked them repeatedly with the tip of his tongue, raising his upper body. As a result, the genital organs stuck in the stomach were pierced, and the mucous membrane was lifted up. Kwon Taek-ju's body trembled as the area that had never been stimulated was aroused. His body was now completely sitting on top of Zenya.

In the meantime, he lowered his head and dug into his chest tenaciously. Kwon Taek-ju pushed Zenya's shoulder, telling him not to do it, but his upper body betrayed reason and came closer and closer to Zenya's face. His erect penis also rubbed his head on Zenya's abdomen.

"Hand, Ha….You know, I told you not to."

Kwon Taek-ju swallowed the pleasure and belatedly protested.

"Who do you think touched it?"

Raise his hands and brazenly protest. He didn't stop even at that moment and lifted him up. Kwon Taek-ju's body, which had endured through evil, momentarily lost strength. Zenya didn't miss the gap and held onto his back tightly. Then he grabbed his cheeks to one side and spread them apart, tucking up his elevator muscle, which he had been struggling with all along.

"Haha! Aww, yes... Ugh!"

"Ha ha ha... ."

He hugged Zenya's neck and let out a muffled moan in his ear. As Zenya heard the sound, he nudged Kwon Taek-ju's ear lobe. Every time his body moved, his excited genitals rubbed against the thick pectoral muscles and well-defined abs one after another. Because he had a solid body, rather than just being nice, he was aching and numb. He was suddenly in a rush to urinate.

The sweat-soaked skin peeled off again and again. Excited breaths exploded in each other's ears, raising their body temperature. His head seemed to be boiling, and his eyes seemed to melt at any moment. Zenya pushed his hot tongue into Kwon Taek-ju's ear hole and shoveled a shallow weight while gently bouncing his waist up as well. He was getting more and more anxious as if he was about to reach the climax.

In the end, he couldn't stand it and changed his position. He turned over at once and laid Kwon Taek-ju under him. Then he lifted his leg and poked at the green hole even more. The breath he couldn't exhale from the quick

shovel purred from his throat. The gel filling the hole is pushed out due to the rapid pressure difference. Some of them turned white and clung to the surface of their genitals like melted marshmallows. The number of strands increases as much as the number of insertions. Underneath, which naturally became soggy, there was a red, red sound.

"Ah, a thousand, ah….Ah thousand…Yes, Ah…Hah...."

He pushed the body of Zenya, who was mercilessly running out of control. But it didn't die down and it poured down like a downpour. No matter how much he twisted and flailed, it was no use.

As if Kwon Taek-ju's constant babbling wasn't enough, Zenya completely covered Kwon's body with his body and fixed it. Then he slipped his tongue into his mouth, which was rattling as he exhaled. "Yeah," the sound of pain stuck in his mouth. The black eyelashes and eyes were wet with soft water. Slowly

mixing the sweet tongue, he suddenly scooped up the bottom as if shoveling.

The stone-hard glans stabbed a certain part of the inner wall deeply.

"......!"

In an instant, Kwon Taek-ju's heart opened wide. His shoulders visibly fluttered, and the crushed lower half of his body also flared up. He completely covered his body, which was trembling with an ominous feeling and nervousness, and then intensively ground that part a moment ago.

Violent big cocks came and went in and out of her immobilized body. His toes turned white at the persistence of a guy who only poked at the weakest spots.

An intense throbbing sensation rushed through her nostrils, causing ejaculation.

His breath couldn't be sucked in from the barrel biting his lips. The field of vision was inverted to yellow or red. He turned his head away from the unbearable burning sensation. His rough breath burst and his moans, which had been echoing only in Zenya's mouth, spilled out in a mess.

"Aww... Awesome! Ha, Ah….Yes, yes, yes, yes... !"

The whole body shudders and suffers terribly. Kwon Taek-ju's genitals, which had been repeatedly rubbed against Zenya's abs one after another, exploded.

The thick semen spurted out and splashed all over Zenya's chest, collarbone, and chin. And soon it spread to the body of Kwon Taek-ju, who was in trouble.

Zenya didn't care and licked up the semen on his collarbone.

The exhausted Kwon Taek-ju only frowned, not reacting greatly. Only his body was still entwined with Zenya, and it only continued to stir. Watching him completely disheveled and sucking only his genitals, his mind raced. As his eyes spun around, a sharp feeling of pleasure ran down his spine.

".....Ugh."

There was a quick grinding sound from Zenya. Then, his lower abdomen comes in close contact. His sweaty cheeks were completely pressed up against his

waist. Right after that, something hot exploded in my stomach. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes narrowed and his body trembled at the feeling that his insides were getting wet.

The existence that had been charging at me with the momentum to crush his whole body collapsed on him and gasped. At the same time, he breathed heavily and was soaked in the deep afterglow. His fingers were tingling and languid. He just wanted to collapse and fall asleep.

Just then, Zenya raised his head. He lowered his sweaty eyelashes and quietly looked into Kwon Taek-ju's face. Kwon Taek-ju also looked at him without saying a word. His black eyelashes and eyes were wet with light water. Soon, Zenya lowers his lips and licks his eyeballs as if to eat them. He groaned softly at his unfamiliar stimulation and shrank his body. Goosebumps appeared on the sultry nape of his neck.

In the meantime, he pulled out his penis that was stuck in Zenya. The hot inner wall simmers and sips his appetite. He wondered why he was trying to keep the promise he made.

It was a mistake. He picked up the gel that had been rolling around. When he hears the sound of air escaping from an already empty can, he opens a new gel without hesitation.

"What are you doing? To do it just once... ."

"Okay, once. Until it doesn't come out even if I squeeze it, that one time."

Change words without blinking an eye. Kwon Taek-ju, who was trying to ask where that was, bit his mouth shut. It was because the inside of his buttocks was suddenly pierced with something cold. Gel-stained fingers dug in and scraped the fluids from his stomach.

Zenya held the bitten lower lip with his own and pulled it out. Then, he gently kissed the area around him.

After that, he tortured me until he lost consciousness. He heard a voice calling him affectionately, saying, "Taek-ju," in his ears, where even a small voice echoed in a lengthy manner.

Huh.

He didn't know if answering that call was real or a dream. He was soaked in dreamlike pleasure on a lonely island where no one visits.

***

Consciousness dimly returned. However, his eyes were closed as his body froze helplessly. He liked the feeling of the bed gently supporting his body. A breeze blew through the slightly open window. It was a bit chilly, but not cold. It was because the sunlight tickled his back and poured down.

He thought it was a dream in the utmost tranquility. Could I lie down a little longer? He rubs his head against the soft pillow.

".....Okay."

Just then, a shadow shimmered over his closed eyelids. He can tell it's Zenya just by his voice or body odor. It looked like someone was calling. Every time he shut his mouth, the other person's reply leaked out slightly.

A stare looking down was detected. If it wasn't an illusion, he continued talking on the phone next to Kwon Taek-ju, who was sleeping on his stomach. Is he also choking? The guy's voice talking into the phone sounded softer than usual.

"Your son, he really kills."

As if savoring his words, he hang the words. On the other side of the phone, the other person was chattering about something else. For some reason, the voice sounded familiar. But he wasn't completely awake, so he couldn't be sure.

At that moment, one side of the mattress tilted. His body odor also intensified.

The gaze was now staring down. The guy spoke in a loose tone.

"I really knew what was going to happen last night. He said he didn't like it, he bit me and wouldn't let me go. At least I almost shoved my balls into that narrow hole."

Madman, what the hell are you talking about? Who else is listening to that kind of dirty talk?

In the meantime, his consciousness became clear. He didn't open his eyes right away. Like the timing, it was to find out who he was talking to and what he was talking about.

"I don't know how to deal with it. If I try to treat him like a woman, it hurts his pride. But it's not enough just to feed him well. It's not like dogs or horses. What if he runs away again? I'd be really angry then. Oddly enough, I don't want to kill him. It keeps bothering me, it annoys me, and the more I look at it, the more I thirst. I need to get rid of such irritating things….I hate that."

A thick shadow fell over his face. It seemed as if his hand could touch it at any moment. Even then, his eyes were tightly closed. He said such things in front of people, and it was difficult to react somehow.

His hand, which was annoying enough to flirt, quietly covers Kwon Taek-ju's eyes. Thanks to that, the dazzling sunlight was covered. One after another, a softly encouraging voice reached my ears.

"How did he come up with something like this? Huh? You mean...He did something he couldn't do to me."

He's glad he covered his eyes. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to lie quietly pretending to be asleep.

The phone call ended soon after. There was a sign that the cell phone was placed somewhere on the bed. Then, his body temperature got very close. He whispered softly into Kwon Taek-ju's ear.

"Your mother wants to say hello."

Pretending to be asleep or something, he quickly shook off the hand of the blindfolded bastard. His eyes widened at once, and he saw the man's face with a wicked smile. It seemed that he knew right away that Kwon Taek-ju himself was awake.

Even so, he had a good phone call with his mother. The things he had said were played back in his mind. The leather on his face felt like it was about

to burn.

Of course, since he was talking in Russian all the time, his mother wouldn't have understood any of his dirty talk. However, that fact was not a reason to extenuate the punishment toward the bastard.

"You bastard!"

He stretched out his hand, ready to grab him by the collar. However, the guy easily avoided it by slightly biting his upper body. Because of his inaction, his body moved, and his forgotten stiffness was revived. Kwon Taek-ju groaned while holding onto his waist as if his gears had been smashed. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arm and lifted him from the bed.

"Wash up when you wake up. Let's have a meal."

It's not like it's not, but there was a growling sound in his slim stomach. The momentum of Kwon Taek-ju, who had been fussing, is broken. He smiled, nodded outside, and went outside first.

At times like this, he was indignant at the fact that he is a human being who feels hunger three times a day. Without noticing, he slowly rubbed his fluctuating stomach and left the bedroom. No matter how long he stretched, the feeling of the soles of his feet touching the floor was strange.

As he passed the kitchen and made his way to the bathroom, he smelled a familiar smell. He glanced over and saw Zenya boiling something in front of the gas fire. Come to think of it, he didn't even take care of his own meals so

diligently. However, he did not forget Kwon Taek-ju's own 'food'. Was that a different type of entertainment for him?

He glared at the pot while boiling only instant ramen, so anyone who saw him would know that he was cooking even gomtang. Kwon Taek-ju laughed at the guy who was more focused than necessary. It might even look a little cute.

He thinks about it unconsciously, and suddenly comes to his senses. He shook his head and hurried into the bathroom.

When he went to the kitchen after taking a shower, the finished ramen was waiting for me. As usual, he was about to go to the table and sit down, but Zenya suddenly blocked his way.

Then he handed over a mysterious black box.

"What?"

When he accepted it, it was heavier than it looked, and his arms fell down. He almost dropped it. As he looked at Zenya with his curious eyes, he replied indifferently.

"Anastasia."

Yeah, that's right. Anastasia.

".....What, what?"

He's startled as he tries to agree. Zenya was a bit more elaborate, as if he hadn't heard it wrong.

"That 'Anastasia' you were looking for before."

It is an unprecedented weapon that Russia and North Korea have been producing painstakingly for a long time. After the development failed, it was

'Anastasia' who took countless lives and buried them so that no existence like him could ever appear again.

He knows very well that only Zenya can interpret the blueprints of 'Anastasia', and that he is a specialized person when it comes to weapons.

The reason why the Russian government can't do anything about the troublesome guy is also because of the concern that he will be able to

reproduce the 'Second Anastasia'. If there was a real 'Anastasia' in the world, its owner would undoubtedly be Zenya.

However, one morning when there was nothing special, the item that was suddenly handed over was the 'Anastasia' in question. He couldn't believe it at all.

"As the lord of the house, I'll give it to you."

To Kwon Taek-ju, who couldn't get out of the shock, he said nonsense again.

Is he trying to make a joke in the morning?

First of all, he tried to put the box down on the table. He was careful not to cause a problem, but the guy who was just watching slowly warned me.

"You will have to treat it well. It is sensitive and explodes at the slightest shock."

What kind of landmine is this?

Kwon Taek-ju couldn't bear to put the box down and held it back in his arms.

"Take it back. I don't need any of this anymore, I don't care."

"You have to dream big. With that, you can get your hands on anything you want. Do you want to have power? Do you want to become the greatest rich man? Just talk and I will be happy to help."

"It will receive public attention and attention. Being the target of someone else who wants 'Anastasia', being chased all the time, living as if you've dipped one foot in death….Just imagining it makes me shudder. I will live quietly and die as if I exist or not. So, please take this burdensome nuisance back."

"It's natural to feel burdened. Because that's what I'm giving you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Instead, I will be paid a reasonable price from you. You gave me something as valuable as my breath, so it's fair for me to receive something too, right? So give yourself up without hesitation."

They arbitrarily hand over things they don't need and pay for them. There was no Nolbu Simbo.

To the ridiculous Kwon Taek-ju, he took a step closer. He took a step back without even realizing it. He thought he heard something great, but he thought he shouldn't be swept away by the atmosphere like this. If he's a guy, he'll understand everything according to his convenience, and he'll take the payment more viciously than any usury.

He told Kwon Taek-ju, who was reluctant, that he would explode if he did that.

The warning tone was smirking. In the gap where he hesitated because he really wanted to explode, he quickly narrowed the distance. In no time, his entire face is covered in his shadow.

"As you know, I do business to the bone. I won't do any unprofitable trades."

"Funny bastard. What profit is there for me?"

He protested, but he tilted his face without hesitation. The feeling of the air suddenly tickling was not too good. Two dark men doing such ticklish things in the morning. Kwon Taek-ju, who was about to get out again, but soon hesitated.

It was because Anastasia, who was holding it, shook as his back touched the wall unexpectedly. As Zenya warned, he didn't know if it would explode at the slightest shock, but he didn't want to end his life here like this.

Zenya's hand approached Kwon Taek-ju, who stood firm. His long fingers run down Kwon Taek-ju's chin and down his neck. The eyes that followed

his fingertips without a sound were endlessly languid. Before long, he raised his

eyes and looked directly at Kwon Taek-ju, gently touching his protruding wool shoulder bone.

"Even if it seems like a loss right now, you never know."

It might be of even greater benefit later.

Even if he put forward a plausible cause such as business or profit, Kwon Taek-ju was the only one with blue eyes. His eyes, which reminded him of a reptile rather than a human, had an aspiration that didn't suit him today. He looked at the guy completely immersed in him and smiled. For some reason, he remembered the moment he first met him. It was the first thing Kwon Taek-ju feared in his life.

Did I ever imagine I would end up like this with a guy like that?

He shrugged his shoulders lightly. He was the only one who struggled to avoid being swept away while already dipping his feet in the rapids. Sometimes it wouldn't be bad to let go of himself and go with the flow.

"I heard that good memories from the place, time, and experiences you spent with someone also sprout positive feelings for that person."

He realizes now. The real way to get Koschei's heart, maybe that's it.

"Don't let me get bored while you're with it, just in case."

The reindeer, startled by the gunfire, ran away. The two of them kicked off the ground and ran out without saying who was first. The forest covered with greens smelled of moist moss.

The clean air exhaled from the green trees fills his lungs. The dazzling sunlight penetrated through the thick birch trees. Everything that had been asleep all winter seemed to wake up.

The reindeer ran away quickly, snapping trees. The two people who blindly pursued him scattered in different directions as if they had promised. Kung,

thump, thump. His heart beat as fast as the heavy steps of the running reindeer.

His skin also glowed pleasantly.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been running non-stop, suddenly got down on one knee. Then he aimed his rifle at the direction the reindeer had fled. Moving the muzzle along the swaying bush, he held his breath and glared at the sight.

Before long, the reindeer suddenly appeared. He pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bullets bounced violently with a bang and cut through the forest. It overtook Zenya, who was running ahead of him in a single breath. The reindeer that was thumping down helplessly. Zenya, who was running after him, stopped one after another and did a hit.

He hurriedly ran towards it. As he got closer, he saw a reindeer lying down with his neck snapped. Zenya held his thick horn in his hand and was looking at its head from side to side. He couldn't tell the difference between Zenya's size and the reindeer's size. Like when he caught a big fish, a strange joy covered his whole body. He realized after a while that his hands were tingling from the recoil of the rifle.

Zenya soon pulled a sharp knife from the scabbard sheath around his leg. With that, the guy who was trying to completely stop the reindeer's breath stopped for a moment. Then he looked up at Kwon Taek-ju, who had been watching silently.

"Why?"

"Are you going to do it yourself?"

He readily hands over a sharp blue knife. Even if it was a huge thing, he spread his shoulders wide and had a triumphant expression.

He didn't want to cut the raw flesh and take the blood, even as punishment.

When he was on duty, he shot a gun and sometimes wielded a knife when

necessary, but it wasn't something he liked. The feeling when the blade pierces the raw flesh and cuts through the hide was never pleasant.

He shook his head with a puzzled face.

"I'm done."

"I have nothing to say. Because it's a special concession."

It's not a specification, it's a refusal, he burns.

Is he yielding to cutting off the neck of an animal because he has nothing to yield?

"Well, that's it."

As he took a step back with a disgusted expression, he shrugged his shoulders as if he couldn't help it. Then, at once, he plunged the blade into the reindeer's neck. The flinching reindeer trembled and soon fell limp.

It was time to go back to look at the dead reindeer. Zenya, who was still sitting in front of him, grabbed his ankle. Oh, the moment he did, his body fell over. It's a shame because the grass is overgrown, otherwise he would have given himself a concussion.

He climbed onto Kwon Taek-ju, who was holding onto his back to relieve the pain. Damn it, he looks down at Kwon Taek-ju who grunts.

Maybe it was because he saw the blood, his pupils were tight. He could see that his crotch was bulging with excitement.

At other times, he would have tried to take off Kwon Taek-ju's clothes first, but he lowered his head in silence and only pursed his lips. A light breath came through the cracks between their lips. With his eyes open, he watched him. The bitterly crumpled brow looked quite desperate.

You too have a taste.

He clicked his tongue and closed his eyes slowly. As he opened his mouth, he eagerly stuck his tongue out. The inside of his dry mouth was wet with sweetness. Body temperature and body temperature exchanged, and his hot breath was exchanged. For some reason, the more he mixed his tongue, the more hungry he became. The careful kiss developed wildly and fiercely as if they would soon swallow each other.

Kwon Taek-ju climbed up as his entangled body turned. He pulled and released Zenya's lower lip as if biting it, and opened his eyes to stare at him. He sees again the pure desire, unmatched by the monster's eyes. He doesn't know how he came to be like that. Whether there is a reason or not.

Suddenly, he remembered a question he asked him a long time ago. Even then, he had the same eyes as he does now.

"Why should I stay here….."

For a moment, many thoughts filled his head.

But in the end, nothing was left. At this moment, he didn't have time to think about his situation, the weight of Zenya's existence, and the past and future hardships the two of them had passed through. He saw only him.

His unfamiliar face was reflected in his blue eyes. Feeling awkward and embarrassed, he covered his eyes with his hand. The rough eyelashes tickled the palm.

"It depends on what you do next."

Leaving space for Zenya, who was waiting for an answer, slowly lowered his head. Before long, Kwon Taek-ju's lips lightly land on Zenya's lips.

Zenya's lips softened slowly.

There was a sharp smell of blood. It's okay, even if it's not sweet. Even if it's not just good. The long winter has passed and spring has come. If that's the case, right now, isn't that enough?

normal days part 1.

Las Vegas at night is more beautiful than the day. As the sun went down, the sleeping city began to awaken. The luxury hotels lined up on the main street showed off their presence with colorful lights and neon signs. Street lamps, bridges, guardrails, signboards, palm trees, large screens, etc., wherever the eyes reach, a colorful feast of light unfolds. Cars lined up on the road emitted dazzling headlights, and crowds of people poured into the streets. Music flows everywhere, and colorful lasers and water streams from a huge fountain color the pitch-black sky. People lined up to enjoy dinner, shop, and watch various shows while soaking up the spectacle at a fancy restaurant or bar. No kaleidoscope seemed more luxurious than that.

There was a place that peaked in that unreal world. A space where tens or millions of dollars evaporate like a mirage overnight. The casinos swallowed the influx of guests with their golden glistening mouths open. Some people searched endlessly for light interest, while others dreamed of the greatest jackpot in their lives.

Brilliant lights and wild melodies from hundreds of slot machines, acrid cigarette smoke, the smell of alcohol trapped in the air, strict surveillance by guards, international languages mingling all over the table, and the sound of chips sticking sharper than any other noise. until. The flood of stimuli quickly paralyzes all five senses and blurs reason. If he had to, he would lose control and become immersed in the game.

The casino side thoroughly used human psychology. He removed the clock and windows to dull the sense of reality, and he paid great attention to the arrangement of the table. The higher the betting amount, the further inside.

At the high-priced table, skilled dealers played the game, and most of the players were regulars who were rejected rather than wanderers. They also

provided customized services to attract them steadily. On each visit, Pit Boss,

who is in charge of the store, comes out to greet them and prepares drinks in consideration of each customer's taste. As big money comes and goes, surveillance has become tighter. This is because it was more difficult to infiltrate than any other operation site.

Kwon Taek-ju was shuffling cards at a table. He had a name tag of 'Philip', a 10-year veteran dealer and a Chinese-American, on his chest. Because he had a special disguise, his appearance was no different from him. This is to naturally approach the target, who is especially wary.

At the table he was in charge of, 'Blackjack' was in full swing. 'Blackjack' is a card game that is simple if simple, and infinitely complex if complex. The dealer and the player randomly receive cards, and the one whose sum is closer to 21

wins. However, if the sum of the cards exceeds 21 and 'Burst', he will lose regardless of hid opponent's hand.

None of the four customers seated were 'bust'. The sum of the cards varied from 13 to 19. Now it was the dealer, Kwon Taek-ju's turn to open his hand. The card that was revealed in advance was '3'. The smaller the number, the more likely it is to 'burst'. This is because only the dealer must continue to receive additional cards until the total of the cards exceeds 17. Players paid attention to the hidden cards with nervous eyes.

"Hidden card, open."

The remaining card is turned over. When '7' came out, a strange sigh erupted from the players. If the soon-to-be-added card was an 'A', the blackjack would be complete, and the dealer would collect all stakes. Even if a '10' card or a letter card such as 'J', 'Q', or 'K' came up, the sum was 20, and the dealer won.

'Blackjack' was normally a 1:1 game between the dealer and each player, but everyone at the table unanimously hoped for a '6' or less.

According to the rules, one more card was drawn. The card is immediately opened and placed next to the existing card. It was a '5' card. His total was still

under 16, so he had to take another card. The players now clenched their fists tightly, muttering bursts as if casting a spell, and glared at Kwon Taek-ju's hands.

Draw one more card. Even turning it over and putting it down, the tension on the table was maximized. A '6' card appeared, destroying the expectations of a player who said please. 3, 7, 5, 6 in order. Like a lie, 21 is completed.

"Black Jack."

Declaring another victory, he retrieved all the chips on the table. The collapsed players backed off.

"Anyway, Asians are tight."

While smoking, openly complaining. He has no sociability, and even if he dies soon, he will try to win. It was a complaint that he had been hearing scabs in his ears for three days. There is a common misconception of people looking for a casino. If he gets acquainted with the dealer, he will help him a little, and if he wins the psychological battle, the board will move in his favor. Unfortunately, all games are purely based on chance. As the number of repetitions increases, the probability of successive wins decreases. Being able to joke around with the dealer didn't change anything.

Players who had blown money several times left one after another. An elderly man who had been guarding the table until the end bounced off the remaining chips. He said he was the owner of a large shipping company, and the tip was generous every time.

"Philip. Leading the game may seem practical right now, but you have to lose often to achieve a long run. If you just keep winning, who will sit at your table?"

Well, because that's not what he wants. He wanted to refute it, but he pressed it down and nodded.

"I will keep that in mind. If I remember, please look for it again."

The man laughed as he said, "I want you to sweep it away like that and find it again." But perhaps, he will visit Kwon Taek-ju's table again tomorrow. People who have a unique desire to win will become stronger only when they win in the end. When he even left the casino, the table was empty for a while.

It's time to slowly show up

"Are you alone again? Did you finally win today?

While he was clearing the table for a while, he heard a voice he had been waiting for. Looking up, he saw a middle-aged woman grinning. She wants to play too, she does and takes her middle seat and sits down.

Her name is Kiara Chang. She was in Italy and she had a trading business related to fashion, she said. She was born in China, but she lived mostly in Italy. During her games, she used to say that she married her local husband 10 years ago, and they have no children, and that may be the reason for the estrangement between her and her husband.

It was all lies. Kiara Chang's nationality is North Korean, not Chinese. His real name is Choi Yeon-hwa, and she has been in Italy for nearly 20 years, where she has been in charge of North Korea's European finances. She said that only her slush fund she managed reached trillions of won, which was impossible without the trust of her party leadership.

However, she, like other North Korean elites, seems to have undergone a gradual change in ideology. As her long-term overseas life broadened her knowledge and expanded her thinking, she felt a great skepticism about the North Korean system, which had been at a standstill for decades. In the meantime, a large-scale purge is carried out according to her leader's hereditary succession, and when her relatives and colleagues who obey her party are killed, she finally decides to go into exile.

Italy, which was discussing and cooperating with South Korea and the United States on the issue, did not provide any information about Choi Yeon-hwa

immediately after her exile. It was for her safety. That was already several years ago.

It was relatively recently that the NIS began tracking Choi Yeon-hwa. It was because intelligence was obtained that a social group closely related to domestic political forces created a large amount of slush funds and handed them over to North Korea. According to the intelligence information, the funds were laundered in various European countries and delivered to North Korea, so Choi Yeon-hwa must have been well aware of the situation. If it was simply procurement of support funds from a pro-North Korea group, or if the price was paid to gain some advantage in the political world, it was necessary to find out in detail who the people involved in it were and what their purpose was.

North Korea was also frantic to catch Choi Yeon-hwa. It wasn't just because of the hundreds of billions of slush funds she swindled while she was hiding. The moment she opened her mouth, everything from her secret accounts hidden throughout Europe to the way she raised her funds, where they came from, and how she laundered them would all be exposed. As part of the sanctions against North Korea, if the secret accounts were tied up, the North Korean government had no way to raise dollars.

As if foreseeing this, Choi Yeon-hwa underwent a full-body plastic surgery right after her exile. With the active help of the Italian government, her status has also been completely transformed into 'Kiara Chang'. It was no lie that she had a local husband. It was only unknown whether the marital relationship was limited to paper or actual.

Choi Yeon-hwa, who ended her long secluded life in Italy, has recently started visiting casinos in Las Vegas. He doesn't know if she's trying to faithfully act as

'Kiara Chang', who is a successful businesswoman, but feels tired of married life.

Or, in a place where she lost herself in gambling, she might have wanted to let go of her real self.

One thing to keep in mind in this operation was that no physical conflict should occur. Since Choi Yeon-hwa was now Italian, she could have had a series of diplomatic frictions. Moreover, if it became known that she had been in contact with her South Koreans in any way, the North Koreans would become even more frantic and try to get rid of her. She couldn't be bothered by an important informant.

He tried to find a way to approach it as naturally as possible. The problem was that Choi Yeon-hwa must be very wary of strangers. Her plainclothes bodyguards, whom she hired, also lurked everywhere pretending to be her guests. It should be done as quietly and neatly as possible.

That's why he disguised himself as a dealer out of the blue. It seemed that in order to dispel the suspicions of Choi Yeon-hwa, he should have her come from his side rather than approaching first. So he disguised himself as her dealer named 'Philip' from four days before her and waited for her. Due to the nature of her karma, surveillance was strict, so she could not neglect her care. Even when she wasn't showing up, he exhausted himself dealing with other guests.

Choi Yeon-hwa came down around 2 am every day and enjoyed the game. She didn't try to be stern, she didn't speak out. Then she rather showed her interest on her side.

"Would you like to lose today?"

"Good luck."

He pouted his lips at the business-like response. He will shuffle regardless, shuffling the cards.

Hand shuffling was the rule at large tables. It was to prevent suspicion of manipulating the match with a machine. Because of that, he doesn't know if he practiced for several nights to learn the handling, and to follow the habits of

'Philip'.

Soon the waitress in charge of the table approached.

"Can I prepare something to drink?"

"No, I'm done."

Choi Yeon-hwa declined all services provided by the casino. It seemed like self-regulation was ingrained in her. If it seems strange to her, she may spill a word.

"Is this also a casino business secret? Do you make me bet money on alcohol?"

"It can't be. This is just a service provided to the VIPs. If you don't like alcohol, we have water and soft drinks."

"Thanks for your concern, but I'm doing some water changes."

"I see," he said and put down the cards alternately. She made her mean face as she narrowed her shoulders. There was something strange about the way he touched the chips.

"Having a drink with Philip is a different story."

"Drinking is prohibited while on duty."

"I didn't even say right now."

He left quite a bit of space. When their eyes met, she even slightly folded her eyes. Is she tempting me? It was a little surprising because there hadn't been a special air flow in the meantime.

"Why, don't you like it?"

"It's the first time I've asked a customer out on a date."

"Lies."

"You don't have any more bets? The hidden card is open."

"It's like wood and stone."

He grumbled openly. He watched for several days, but Choi Yeon-hwa was always without a party. There are also guests looking for her room separately.

Even when eating, she was always alone. She never did, even though she could always find a man to spend time with.

But he don't know why it suddenly gives off such a nuance. Of course, after learning that 'Philip' was a Chinese-American, she always showed a friendly feeling. Even though he thought that was part of acting.

If Choi Yeon-hwa was sincere, there was no reason to decline on her side either.

This was because the need for cumbersome access disappeared. In the first place, there was no big objection to that side. If it is not possible to lead the atmosphere, use a confession inducer to extract the necessary information. But he wasn't sure yet. He decided to watch a little more.

The sum of the cards received by Choi Yeon-hwa was 17. The card placed in front of Kwon Taek-ju is the '9' card. The hidden card next to it is turned over.

When 'A' comes out, Choi Yeon-hwa's shoulders go down.

"Ah, I lost. Isn't the world of beauty good?"

"Because blackjack is not psychological warfare."

"Are you gay?"

"Do I look like that?"

He smiled and collected the chips. Choi Yeon-hwa said, "Well," and suddenly leaned her upper body forward. Then, she looked at Kwon Taek-

ju's face piece by piece. There was no way that the advanced camouflage technique could be seen through, but he couldn't help but be nervous at the obvious gaze.

"I don't know if you're gay, but you seems gentle. I prefer a man who listens well and is discreet."

"I see."

"I can't tell just by looking at it."

Then, someone suddenly interrupted the conversation between the two. Choi Yeon-hwa puzzledly turned her head. Kwon Taek-ju also frowned. It was because the voice was so familiar. Because of his focus on Choi Yeon-hwa, the unique body scent, which he did not recognize before, is also oozing out.

When he raised his eyes, he saw Zenya slowly approaching the table.

Why is he here?

His cheeks stiffened in surprise.

"Where do you say he look modest? It would be perfect for a Chippendale show."

Looking up and down at Kwon Taek-ju, he adds a word. Choi Yeon-hwa smiled angrily, as if she thought it was a mischievous joke. Even so, he is 2m tall and draws attention because of his unnecessarily gorgeous appearance, but he is clumsily dressed for coming to the casino. He looked like a white peacock and he glanced at the man around him. As a result, unwanted attention was focused on the table.

Without hesitation, he took out the chair next to Choi Yeon-hwa and sat down.

"Can I do it?"

"Well, it's not like I paid for it."

Choi Yeon-hwa nodded without hesitation. When she saw Kwon Taek-ju, she even fainted strangely. He seemed to think that her hardening was purely because he was offended.

Of course, the 'Chippendale Show' is one of the attractions representing Las Vegas, and it was a show in which male strippers with good bodies performed various performances for female audiences. However, 'Philip' was the owner of an extremely normal body. Telling a normal woman that she would look good in

a striptease show is more likely to be taken as sexual harassment than a compliment. Is it different for men?

"You'd better be careful. I won't lose."

At Choi Yeon-hwa's tip, he split the jayegi shallowly and stared at Kwon Taek-ju.

So their eyes met again. He wanted to ask him "Why are you here?", who should have been in Korea quietly, appeared, but he had to regain his composure.

"Even if you win too easily, it's no fun. I can't wait to see how aggressive it will be."

He's mocking and provoking her. He maintained a poker face, feeling the artificial leather covering his face pulling.

"Welcome."

"Philip? It's not a suitable name."

He keeps questioning whether he really intends to ruin things. He shuffled his cards, ignoring him.

"Chinese? Japanese? Or not...Are you Korean?"

He looked at it while hanging the words. He stopped his hand and looked at Zenya again. He was just grunting with a shameless face. Choi Yeon-hwa

looked at the two in turn in a strange fight. Then he shrugged his shoulders and added a word.

"Hmm. Do I look the same to the Western eyes? I would like to think that Asians look like Chinese."

"Okay? Somehow, you seem to resemble the Koreans I know."

Because this bastard really wants to see him.

Strength entered the ends of both jaws. Zenya only raised his eyebrows as if he had done something wrong. When 'Philip', who was blunt, was agitated, Choi Yeon-hwa laughed.

"There are people who get confused sometimes."

As if listening to Kwon Taek-ju's reverse, he also adds advice.

"Still, it's rude to say that he's Chinese, Japanese, or Korean. There are many people who are offended by the long and intertwined history."

"I must keep in mind. It makes me feel really bad."

It's like teasing until the end. If he could, he wanted to grab Zenya by the collar right away and shake him.

After settling in Korea, he frequently appeared at the site of Kwon Taek-ju's operation. It was useless even if he told him not to follow him because of his identity, which could cause diplomatic friction. The guy always showed up and interrupted Kwon Taek-ju. No, looking at the results alone, he could not necessarily say that he was coloneling the target of Kwon Taek-ju. However, it was ambiguous to express that he helped. Occasionally, he hit the candle like now.

With that unrivaled appearance and physicality, he walks around the set as he pleases, probably not aware that he will stand out anywhere. There was no law to disguise his identity like Kwon Taek-ju. It was like advertising to find out who he was. In fact, ever since the guy appeared, Choi Yeon-hwa's sense of touch had been on him.

He knew that Zenya was always spying on Kwon Taek-ju. Warning him not to do that, setting up a separate work account for his work didn't help. Perhaps he had a wiretapping device planted somewhere in his body, but he visited like a ghost no matter where the operation was. Even so, if he didn't show up now, he

would feel more awkward and anxious. He didn't know where he was or what he was doing.

Of course, there have been no major problems so far. Still, he can't stop worrying. Because when he intervened, force was always used. Anxiety that hadn't existed inside began to amplify.

He woke up to the sound of knocking on the table. Before he knew it, Choi Yeon-hwa and Zenya were staring at Kwon Taek-ju.

"Should I give you a card?"

"Ah, sorry."

He hurriedly shuffled the cards. While moving his hands habitually, he thought about how to overcome this difficulty. His head was pounding.

Card for Player.

He put down a card in front of Choi Yeon-hwa and Zenya. An '8' card and a 'Q'

card were drawn respectively. He put one in front of him.

"Cards for Bankers."

The first card was the 'A' card. Choi Yeon-hwa lamented, saying look at that.

"Insurance?"

If the dealer's open card is 'A', the dealer was asked if they would take some kind of insurance because it is advantageous. With insurance, even if he

loses, he pays only half of his bet. Instead, if the player wins, they get 1.5x back.

Both of them shook their heads. Handed over one more card. Choi Yeon-hwa's card was '9', and Zenya's card was 'A'. Blackjack is completed at once.

"And? Is this going to happen?"

Choi Yeon-hwa couldn't help but be surprised. If Kwon Taek-ju also achieves blackjack, she will not be able to win money due to a tie. In preparation for this case, she was able to get back 1x the bet amount first.

"Even money?"

Zenya still shook his head. Like his usual conduct, he is reckless even when gambling. The hidden card was immediately turned over. A '6' card is drawn. It was Zenya's victory.

"Winner, winner, chicken dinner."

Declaring Zenya's victory, he took out a chip from the bank and handed it over.

The corners of Zenya's mouth went up slightly. There is a time when she loses, but for some reason, her belly hurts.

Shuffle the cards and start a new game. Both Zenya's cards were '9' cards. Kwon Taek-ju's open card is the 'Q' card. At this time, the dealer had to check the remaining card with a reader and inform the player whether it was blackjack or not.

"No blackjack."

Zenya tapped the table with his index and middle fingers to signal a 'split'.

Maybe it's because his fingers are long. In particular, that hand gesture looked elegant. As much as he was staring at it without even realizing it. He suddenly woke up to Choi Yeon-hwa's declaration of giving up the game.

He divided Zenya's '9' card into two and handed one more to each. The 'A' card and the '3' card are played, making the total 20, 12. Zenya hit a combination that reached 12. The '7' card is added to complete the total of 19.

Choi Yeon-hwa, who was watching, exclaimed, "Oh my gosh." While doing that, she met Zenya's eyes. She quietly closed her eyes and watched Kwon Taek-ju's expression. It wasn't her money, and she didn't care how much she lost. Clearly, however, the bulge was indistinct.

"Do you want to bet more?"

"The game is too loose, so I have to bet big to make it fun, right?"

Talking slyly, he puts out a bunch of chips in each hand. It seemed like it would be at least $100,000 each. Choi Yeon-hwa watched his provocation with interest.

The hidden card is turned over. A '6' card is drawn. Since the sum of the cards is only 16, he draws one more. As the '8' card is played, the sum of the three cards goes well over 21.

"Burst."

"Oh, really?"

Zenya split his blood. Was it a useless sense of entitlement that felt like a mockery?

"It's not fun because I keep winning."

He was hot, but he didn't show it. Squeeze all the patience in him. Zenya was able to grasp Kwon Taek-ju's condition and only twirled around.

A few more games were played after that. Zenya showed no signs of leaving.

More and more chips piled up in front of him. In 6 or 7 out of 10 games, he took the stake. The pit boss came over and watched the table in a one-sided

game.

This is because there is often a casino robbing by cheating or collusion between players or between players and dealers. Thanks to that, the burden of Kwon Taek-ju only increased.

It's just a game that depends on probability, but it kept stopping him. How can he keep winning like this without using any tricks? Is it even natural luck?

Zenya's successive victories drew attention again. Even Choi Yeon-hwa threw away half of her game and paid attention to him. Every time she made eye contact with him, she gave a ferocious glance, telling him to go away. The guy

acted ignorant. He even nods slightly, and he raises his eyebrows and makes a shameless expression.

"Oh, Philip. This shit was when I met the right opponent."

"No. I was nervous without even realizing it."

He straightened his stiff face and grinned. Zenya laughed as if booing.

"But you can't openly show that you don't like it. to the guest."

"Oh. I'm just a little tired."

The corners of his mouth that he was pulling with difficulty seemed to twitch.

Zenya muttered as he gracefully rolled one of the chips between his long fingers.

"If you're tired, how about taking a break? I just booked a room."

He immediately opened his eyes and stared at Kwon Taek-ju. For some reason, it didn't seem like a joke. However, Choi Yeon-hwa may have

thought that even that was a joke, "What, were you working on it?" she laughed. Moment by moment, she seemed to be quenched.

Once again the cards are shuffled. The two cards Zenya received made 14. It was a somewhat ambiguous hand to leave as it is or to hit and receive one more card. On the other hand, Kwon Taek-ju's card was 'A'. The guy didn't even take insurance, and he hit it boldly. Handed over another card. A '6' card is added to complete the 20. Immediately, he bet all his chips in front of me. Even the onlookers around him were agitated by the sudden all-in.

Unbeknownst to him, a madman, the sound almost came out. Does he know how much it is all about? He had never worried about Zenya's pockets, but he never thought he would throw money on the street like this. Choi Yeon-hwa was also unable to express her concerns.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm not in the mood to bite and eat."

Everyone was nervous as if they had bet their own money, but he was the only one sitting around. He also throws a meaningful look at Kwon Taek-ju. He sighed quietly and resumed the game.

"I check the hidden card."

Turn over the card that was face down. For a moment, the surrounding noise seemed to have stopped. Everyone held their breath and looked only at Kwon Taek-ju's hand.

An '8' card is revealed. It was Zenya's victory again. It was an unbelievable result even though Kwon Taek-ju himself proceeded. Cheers and applause erupted from the surroundings.

"You are so good. I just kept losing. Do you have any tricks?"

Choi Yeon-hwa was also excited as if she had won. Zenya, who was staring at Kwon Taek-ju, who was temporarily dazed, bit his back deeply into the chair.

Then he naturally meets Choi Yeon-hwa's eyes.

"Shall I teach you?"

The tone of the question was tempered. At that moment, Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was taking out the chips, stopped. Choi Yeon-hwa showed great interest.

"Is there really any way?"

"May or may not be."

"What is that?"

"Why don't you check it yourself right now? I can't just tell you."

Let the tail hang down and leave room. He even flirted with her, slightly closing his eyes.

What are you talking about, you crazy bastard?

Perhaps because of the lighting, his long eyelashes seemed to sparkle extraordinarily. Choi Yeon-hwa only looked at him with a puzzled look at his unexpected proposal. Soon, her smile deepened.

"Then shall we have a drink together? I didn't have a partner at the time."

"Let's go."

Zenya nodded happily. Choi Yeon-hwa immediately got up to grab her own bag.

In the meantime, she greets Kwon Taek-ju without regret when their eyes meet.

"Philip, next time."

It was a time when he was thinking about how to deal with the sudden development. Zenya thought it was a tip and bounced a chip. When he got

it, it turned out to be a $500,000 chip. He smiled at Kwon Taek-ju, who was speechless, and escorted Choi Yeon-hwa out of the casino.

It was absurd, so he watched the two people walking away from him. How long has it been? Someone knocked on the table. In the meantime, other guests occupied empty chairs and sat down.

"Aren't you giving me a card?"

"Ah yes."

The cards are mesmerized and mechanically shuffled. The pit boss who was holding out from behind gave Kwon Taek-ju a hard squeeze on his shoulder and withdrew.

He shook his head and cleared his mind. Right now, he has to focus on the work of 'Philip'. However, all thoughts were about Zenya and Choi Yeon-hwa. He couldn't figure out what the hell Zenya was up to. He was just, vaguely, so anxious.

Damn it, there was still an hour left before shift.

It was finally shift time. He hurried to the locker room and changed his clothes.

Some close friends talked to him unnecessarily, but he couldn't afford to hang out like other times. He declined even the invitation to have a drink, saying that he had to go home quickly. Then, without even properly buttoning his jacket, he hurriedly left the dressing room.

Just then, Annie, the concierge employee, came to visit. She handed out an envelope to Kwon Taek-ju and said that it was an item entrusted to 'Philip' by a customer. Inside the envelope was a room card key from a famous nearby hotel.

It was clear that it was from Zenya.

He left behind his colleagues who were teasing him if he was going to meet his lover, and headed to the employee parking lot. Tow the old Cadillac to a

safe place. Then he removed all the camouflage from a nearby bathroom. When he entered, he was 'Philip', but when he left, he completely transformed into Kwon Taek-ju.

The latest BMW sedan stood where Philip's Cadillac was parked. After turning on the engine from outside the car, he sat in the driver's seat. The destination was a five-star hotel printed on the card key.

The hotel is also in a prime location on the Las Vegas Strip. Standing by the window seemed to overlook the whole view of Las Vegas. As such, the scale was magnificent, and vehicles and people came and went without rest. After mingling with the long procession, he left the valet parking and went right inside.

When he reached the elevator dedicated to the room, the receptionist asked for his card key. Without hesitation, he handed over the card key he received. The employee asked to wait for a while and soon called another employee. The dedicated staff who appeared quickly led Kwon Taek-ju with a sincere attitude.

The place he arrived at was in front of a separate elevator. Only that side was quiet, it seemed to be exclusively for the special room.

From then on, he felt reluctant, and when he recognized the card key in the elevator, the light on the top floor came on. When he got down to that floor, there were only a few doors in the hallway. The room that the staff followed seemed to be 150 pyeong. It seemed to be the Presidential Suite, which was said to cost 30 to 40 million won per night. 3 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, spacious living room, private bar, relaxing terrace with comfortable sofa bed and private swimming pool. The antique Persian-style interior disturbs the view. He was fed up with its scale and splendor.

The dedicated staff told him to call him anytime if he needed anything, and quietly withdrew. Even so, Kwon Taek-ju, who had been looking around the surroundings, went right away without even looking at the guest room. He grabs the whiskey and glass that are there and sits down on the sofa in the parlor. The seat cushion was gently turned off, supporting his tired body comfortably.

As soon as the glass was filled, it was emptied in one go. It felt like her insides, which had been cramped on top of her, were being swept away. However, it is only a temporary comfort, and it quickly becomes complicated in his head. He poured himself a drink again and again, and as he emptied the glass, his eyes were always on the doorway.

Because of Zenya, there wasn't a day where he didn't boil his insides. Even if he asks him to never interfere in public affairs, he will not listen. If it's going to appear like that, give him a word in advance. It surprises people every once in a while. He doesn't know if he's trying to help or if he's trying to get in the way.

His name is a diplomat, but he is not careful. It's a face he won't forget once he sees it, but he had never seen it camouflaged. It didn't seem to exist in his mind that international problems could arise because of me.

Does he even know that he is running around like that in Russia? Why the hell should I be more restless?

Ten fingers were short of his atrocities. Was he on a business trip to Dubai? He tries to stay at home as much as possible during holidays and his mother's birthday, but there was an emergency and he had no choice. In the meantime, he found the home of Kwon Taek-ju and brought his mother's homemade rice cake soup to Dubai. He was told that if he is Korean, he should eat rice cake soup on New Year's Day.

Alternately, in their respective mother tongues, he couldn't figure out how to communicate while he was only talking about himself. Because of the long flight, there was no soup left in the rice cake soup. He refused to eat it, but to no avail. He threatened right away, saying that if he ignored his sincerity, Kwon Taek-ju's sincerity toward the target would not be in vain. The body of the suddenly disappeared target seemed to have fallen into his grasp. He had no choice but to swallow the tteokguk that was blown up in the middle of the desert.

Is that all? There was a time when he had a hard time because the target was dating him. It was when he went on an operation to Iran, a traditional ally of North Korea. From early on, the two countries illegally traded weapons and

supported the development of nuclear programs under the pretext of 'scientific and academic cooperation'. The U.S. intelligence agency said that exchanges between the two countries gradually declined from 2013 onwards.

However, intelligence obtained from a member state of the United Nations directly refuted the content. Until recently, the two countries supported missile development and actively traded weapons. It was also said that a North Korean trading company called 'Cheongwoon' based in Tehran is relaying this. It was even detected that parts related to ballistic missiles were transported through Air Koryo and Air Iran, the flag carriers of both countries.

For more detailed information, they tried to approach Iran's military commanders. But even then, Zenya appeared without fail. Because the target recognized him first, he even exchanged greetings with Kwon Taek-ju. Zenya

introduced Kwon Taek-ju as her lover. When both Target and Kwon Taek-ju were shocked, they corrected Kwon Taek-ju's identity as his subordinate, saying that it was only a joke. On the surface, Kwon Taek-ju belonged to the Russian embassy, so he was able to dispel the target's suspicions. The risky operation was easily completed thanks to the fact that Russia and Iran had a common enemy, the United States, and the long-term cooperation between the two countries in the fields of security and economy. Of course, only the body suffered less, but the mental suffering had to be several times the usual.

He always intervened like that, ruined all plans, and was busy boasting that the operation was completed entirely thanks to him. In return, he was taken to Ajinoki Island and sent on forced vacation several times. After completing a mission, he always visits Russia once, and Director Kwak once made it a problem. When General Manager Kwak was dispatched to Russia, he did not easily understand Kwon Taek-ju's explanation, rather than feeling sorry for him after fighting and beating him. It would have been the same even if Kwon Taekju himself had been him.

It bothered him too much that Zenya would go to his parents' house and meet his mother. It was because of his nature that he didn't care what to say. He said that his mother, who felt uncomfortable communicating with him one day, had a translator. There aren't many Russian translators, and even if there were, they barely pretended that the translation would be messy. The mother regretted it greatly, but she meekly believed his son's words. But she never knew when the lies would be exposed. If his mother even tried running his words through a translator. She was far from imagining it. She seemed to walk on her single rope from day to day.

Looking back on the past, he let out a sigh of relief. How did I end up with such a huge hump? It was Kwon Taek-ju himself who was determined to tame Zenya rather than keep running away from him. However, it is not as tough as expected. Even though he had already been with him for a year, he had no idea

where he was going. Even though he watched him all day, he had no idea what he was thinking.

"....Anyway, where is this bastard and what is he doing?"

He glared at the silent door again with disgruntled eyes. It's time for him to come back soon. Two hours after he left the casino with Choi Yeon-hwa, there was no message from Zenya. Has anything I feared happened? He doesn't know what he's going to do, so it's hard to guess what he's doing right now. He woke up to have a drink with him, but he didn't really seem to be doing that.

Is he even lying in bed? Even so, he wasn't surprised. Originally, the lower part is light and promiscuous, and when it comes to women, it doesn't matter whether they're old, nationality, or style. On the contrary, he was worried that Choi Yeon-hwa's life might be at stake. He couldn't let go of his heart because he was a guy who would go out of his way if he offended him. It was precisely because of that that he was strangely anxious and nervous.

He tapped on his extended wristwatch. The fast-moving second hand kept his heart tight today. In the end, Kwon Taek-ju clicked his tongue low and

jumped up. Without knowing where the two are now, he strides towards the door. He wasn't even wearing any camouflage. No sharp numbers came to mind. In his mind, there was only one thought: I had to quickly find Zenya.

It was just the moment when he was in a hurry and was about to snatch the doorknob. Suddenly, the lock was unlocked, and the door opened from the outside. Zenya openly appears in front of Kwon Taek-ju, who hesitates. He slowly scanned Kwon Taek-ju, who was standing in front of the door with a rather serious face, from head to toe.

"Where?"

"What did you do to show up now?"

"You saw it. I'm going out with that girl. What have we been up to?"

They chatter meaningfully and tear each other apart. It was unpleasant. Just as Kwon Taek-ju intended to make fun of himself, his mood steadily subsided. He leisurely passed Kwon Taek-ju, who was glaring at him, and went to the sofa.

Then, Kwon Taek-ju poured the nearly half-empty whiskey into the glass. The glistening amber liquid is not swallowed right away, but gently swirled in the glass.

"Couldn't you have done something with Choi Yeon-hwa?"

"Why, you think I even killed her?"

He slowly closed his eyes and looked up. Kwon Taek-ju unknowingly flinched and laughed.

"It's not that flexible."

"Or what?"

"Taek-ju, what were you really planning to do to seduce that woman? Did you intend to write a beauty page if you had to?"

"Who wrote that beauty world, huh."

It was absurd. On the subject of snatching away the target after working hard for several days, there is no red flag. The guy who had been listening silently suddenly grinned. For some reason, Kwon Taek-ju seemed to like the answer.

"Aha, so you were just trying to come after me? I guess that woman and I are having fun."

"No. I don't know if you're going to kill her. She says that if you touch her, she gets in trouble."

"I would have told you? I won't attack unless you touch me first."

Out of breath. He said that he couldn't say anything if he were too shocked, and it really was.

Zenya didn't care and chinned the seat next to me. As he held on with his arms crossed, he immediately said, "You don't need this, do you?" He had a small microchip in his hand.

"What is that?"

"North Korea's borrowed-name account information in Europe. And the source of the funds deposited into each account, etc?"

It is easy to ensure that the remaining porridge is barely in hand. It always has been. So he kept feeling like he was losing.

He stared at him with a disapproving face, then reluctantly approached. He reaches for the microchip, but he suddenly pulls it back.

"Did you waste so much time just to get one of these?"

"Unlike anyone else, I'm not in the position to show off my face in all directions.

There is no one to look after me."

Grinding his teeth and making a sarcastic remark, he smiled and quietly straightened his shoulders. His expression also seemed to have grown arrogant.

It was evident that this bastard had no ability to learn.

"It's not a compliment. Isn't it about time you knew?"

"You still have a lot of shame, Taek-ju."

"It's not embarrassing, I'll do a shame test for you."

"I didn't expect you to think of my face that much."

His head was pounding. When he was talking to him, he often did. It was more comfortable for him to make a move rather than continue to distance himself.

He sighs deeply and holds out his hand.

"What are you talking about? Give it up quickly."

However, Zenya did not readily hand over the microchip. He just turned it around as if to show off.

"You, I never said I would give this to you."

"What? You don't need it anyway."

"That's true, but it's in my hands now, so it's my heart no matter what."

It is said that he asked for a fairly high price. A terrifying sigh broke out.

"Is there any kind of gold coating on your dick? As if you made a great sacrifice for a subject you enjoyed to the fullest."

"Ah, is that why you're sore?"

"Who... !"

"To be naive. This is the woman who stole 400 billion won from the dictator's slush fund. She would be dead for her life if caught, but she boldly said she did it. A woman like that, whom you'd only known for a few days, seemed loose enough to let her guard down at the dealer? If I hadn't intervened, you would have been dissected in her bed by now. Who sent it, what was the purpose of the approach, you must have tried to ask the truth about the body. She's a woman who only has money, but there's no way she can't work in the beauty world that doesn't work."

When Choi Yeon-hwa suddenly seduced 'Philip', he had doubts. Everyone has different tastes, but 'Philip' wasn't a very attractive man sexually. Choi Yeon-hwa said that he was a modest man, but he didn't know if that was what she meant. Because he hadn't shown anything like that before.

After all, did she doubt 'Philip' all the time? In order to confirm his identity, she may have induced a private meeting.

Zenya said, but made an exception.

"The story is different for me."

"What do you mean?"

"I think now is the right time to show off your beauty world."

It was a habit to go round and round without speaking directly. He frowned at the ominous foreboding. Zenya seemed to enjoy such a reaction, sipping whiskey and laughing slowly.

"Try it. I don't know if it will work."

Soon, he takes something from a nearby drawer and throws it at Kwon Taek-ju.

It was a small shopping bag. Part of the contents protruded from the overturned shopping bag. At first glance, it looked like a bow tie.

"....What to do with this?"

He looked at Zenya with suspicious eyes. The corner of his mouth drew a long arc.

"Put it on."

The devil didn't seem to laugh that much either.

"Ha, what a crazy bastard... ."

He sighed while wearing the clothes Zenya gave him. No, it was unreasonable to call it 'clothes'. It was because the black pants that were completely closed to the lower body had long zippers along the crotch, and the only top was a bow tie and cuffs. Even if he was the exclusive performer of the 'Chippendale Show', he seemed to believe it. Wouldn't it be less embarrassing to strip everything off at this point?

When he checked his face in the mirror again, he sighed as the ground collapsed. The feeling of his pants rubbing against his bare skin was strange. He felt like he was impatient to show off his breasts. How did he come up with this taste? He was staring at himself in the mirror reluctantly, but outside, Zenya

urged him to threaten him. He swept the mirror as if scratching it and went outside.

A little bit of shame would only make Zenya happy. Before leaving the room, he made up his mind with him and headed to the drawing room. The guy who was lying on the sofa grinned when he found Kwon Taek-ju.

"Look at that. Will it suit you well?"

The body, which had been leaning heavily, also leaned forward. The loosely worn robe was loosely splayed open. He had taken a shower, and his skin was smoother and his ivory hair was damp. The clearer eyes of color slowly roll and scan Kwon Taek-ju. He was persistent with the momentum to lick every nook and cranny of his body, even the invisible parts. He had known him before, but he's not a pervert with a pretty face.

"Come on."

After finishing the overall appreciation, he clapped his hands. The arrogant attitude was quite annoying, but there was nothing he could do about it. The one who regrets has no choice but to bend.

He went and stood in front of Zenya. Then he reached out his hand and gripped the back of Kwon Taek-ju's thigh. His long fingers pressed firmly against the dense skin. As the pants were pulled at the same time, the genitals inside them were also subtly tightened. Unknowingly, he tightened his stomach. Zenya raised the corners of his mouth as if sensing even the slightest change.

He's not a guy like that, so he hit the ball first. He put his knee between Zenya's spread legs. Then, with one hand, he grabbed the back of the sofa he was leaning on. As the distance got closer, he looked up at Kwon Taek-ju with a satisfied face. As he stared at him, he gently touched his ear. Knead the cool ear lobe until it turns green, then rub the entire ear lobe as if massaging it. A languid breath escaped from him. His long eyelashes also fluttered thinly. He gets a strange sense of accomplishment when he sees him being relaxed and enjoying

him like that. It seems that he has properly tamed a beast that was no different from a wild beast.

He lifted the chin of Zenya, who was only looking at him, and kissed him. The corners of his mouth seemed to twitch. When he put out his tongue and licked his upper lip, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's round ass. He held his upper lip silently and then let it go. Then, unexpectedly, he twists his head and pushes his tongue. As if he had waited, he pulled Taek-ju's body and bit his tongue. The red tongue mingled with the chok-chok sound.

The hand that was rubbing the federal ass came up to the back. Every time his fingertips touched, a slight static electricity was generated. The wind made his back tremble. Zenya's smile deepened.

His groin felt tingling at the touch of his straight spine. He grabbed the hand that was tickling his back and pressed it. The lips that were interlocked at

the same time fall.

Immediately, Zenya leaned his head further and kissed him again. Biting Kwon Taek-ju's thick lower lip, his tongue clenched together as it stretched. Grabbing him by the shoulder and pushing him away didn't help. In the end he complied for some more, then tore his head away again. Then he licks his glossy lips and licks his lips.

"A striptease show that is a shame to watch alone."

"Weird guy. Who wants to see something like this?"

"Your self-esteem is surprisingly low. Are you pretending not to know?

He smiles and pulls Kwon Taek-ju's body a little more. Then, while fiddling with his shoulder blades, he rubbed the tip of his nose against his smooth nipples.

Kwon Taek-ju's eyes furrowed slightly at the strange sensation. The flesh that had been pressed down without stimulation was rubbed and crushed without countermeasures according to the guy's movements. The sensation that had

been forgotten for a while was revived, and the groin was stimulated more quickly.

"....It's okay."

"Look at this. Since you don't wash it regularly, it flattens out again. Didn't you take it off yourself? Or did you just make fun of it again? You go as far as you can just by going here, neglecting it."

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It brushed the tip of his nose and lips as if he were biting at any moment, then suddenly raised his head and buried himself deep in Kwon Taek-ju's neck. It was to bite the neck and absorb the thin skin. With his two hands, he kneaded the elastic buttocks in succession. Kwon Taek-ju's body, which had been holding upright, collapsed little by little from the stimuli that poured out.

He managed to get his teeth out of Zenya, who was gnawing at his neck. He had a dissatisfied expression on Kwon Taek-ju, who kept putting the brakes on. As if showing off his temper, he bit Kwon Taek-ju's chin once.

"Uh, Choi Yeon-hwa….Is she all right?"

"Did you get hit in the eye while I wasn't here? Why are you so obsessed with that woman's life and death?"

"Answer me. Is it true that you saved her?"

"Even so."

He didn't touch a finger, and ran again. This time, he licked his ear lobe and thrust his tongue into his ear hole. The middle finger, traced his buttock and dug inward. Kwon Taek-ju, who had been grunting, stretched out his arm behind him and grabbed his wrist. He even grabbed Zenya by the scruff of his neck and pulled it away from him. Being interrupted again, a long sigh leaked from Zenya.

"Taek-ju. It's not a body lobby, is it sexual torture?"

"Even when you do, you should check the condition of the product. How did you get that information without touching Choi Yeon-hwa?"

"She already knew who I was."

"You go around exposing your face to be recognized like that, it's not surprising."

When he's being sarcastic, pick a laugh.

"There's nothing good about being noisy, so I suggested a deal. Because now I know what she needs most. If you guarantee that, it will be easy for you the next time."

"Did you give Choi Yeon-hwa a tattoo of your family?"

"Well, it's similar."

"Did you have such a peaceful negotiation?"

"Taek-ju, I don't know how much you misunderstood me, but the transaction has been handled without a hitch so far."

Of course, he used to call himself a 'skillful merchant'. Even when he went looking for 'Anastasia', he had a flexible conversation with the VIPs and Sergey who attended the party. Seeing him going in and out of his mother's home alone, he is pretty good. Even so, he couldn't believe him right away because of his unstoppable temper.

He had a very unreasonable expression. Then he let out a long sigh and said,

"You don't have trust." He even raises his eyebrows as if he is very hurt. It was disgusting.

He grabbed the genitals of the guy who just got up and lifted the hem of his robe.

"This guy is lighter than your tongue, so you should be able to trust him."

"I guess you didn't know? It's been a long time since I was half crippled."

He kissed him a little and stood up and crippled. His genitals wriggled greatly as he pressed Kwon Taek-ju's grip. He also gently rubbed his huge body against the inner thighs of Kwon Taek-ju. It was poised to pierce even his pants.

Kwon Taek-ju's face is shaken by the presence that he is still not used to. Once started, there would be no time to properly talk. Before that, he

definitely had to point it out.

"How did you find out that the dealer was me? Did you develop a mind-reading machine because hacking and wiretapping weren't enough?"

"I don't have the jaw not to recognize it."

"So how. I also did makeup. My colleagues didn't recognize 'Philip' at all."

"I recognized you, not them."

He couldn't get used to throwing a fastball so suddenly. Kwon Taek-ju's face crumpled in disapproval. Zenya lifted his head and pressed his lips against his.

The lips are pressed tightly as if stamping, and then lightly come off. At that moment, the eyes of the guy he saw were softly opened unlike usual.

"It's a piece of cake for me."

Anyway, how skillfully does a young bastard play with people?

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been silently looking down at Zenya, suddenly grabbed his face. He just stared blankly at Kwon Taek-ju with his face relaxed. An unreasonable pure desire. The deep blue passion for the target reflected only in those eyes. Now he wonders if he's crazy for reading that stuff out of him.

He let out a sigh of despair, then lowered his head and kissed his lips. Zenya hugged Kwon Taek-ju's back tightly with his satisfied face and responded to the kiss led by him. The corners of his mouth went up a little bit each time their lips

tangled and brushed against each other. If he had a tail he would be wagging wildly.

He sucked his lips gently and rubbed his tongue against the naturally protruding tongue. The moist and tender flesh was rubbed and squeezed together, giving off a bittersweet and sweet taste. Soon, thick saliva pooled

in his mouth. He put his tongue, which he had been gnawing at, on one side of his lips and sucked it on the other, then twisted his head and dug it into Zenya's mouth. He tilted his head moderately and accepted Kwon Taek-ju's tongue without hesitation. Even then, as if the child was worn out, the bastard's bone was wriggling over and over again.

Because he didn't put anything on after taking a shower, the static electricity kept rising. As if enjoying the tingling stimulation, he traced the dry back of the federation Kwon Taek-ju. Kwon Taek-ju, who was only absorbed in kissing, swayed slowly but clearly. Even while kissing him, he let out a sweet groan. He felt a strange joy every time he found a different side of the man who was like steel.

Before long, his lips parted with a clicking sound. Meanwhile, both Kwon Taekju's and Zenya's eyes were red with fever. The lukewarm yet rapid breaths were constantly in each other's throats. Zenya gently closed his eyes, and suddenly he stuck out his tongue and licked the entire bundled lips of Kwon Taek-ju. He was bruised with a face that Kwon Taek-ju hated.

"You're making it that way. To tame it carelessly, to wait patiently."

"A real dog can be trained. Listen carefully."

"That's also when the owner takes care of it responsibly. It's no different from neglecting to look sparsely like you."

He doesn't say a word. Soon after, he heard a jig, and then the zipper on his crotch was pulled. Helplessly, his buttock was exposed. His back trembled involuntarily in the cool air.

Zenya had the zipper half open. In the wind, the erect penis, which had begun to erect, was tightly trapped inside the pants.

"Did you touch it while showering? It's pretty soft."

He looked around the hole with both hands as if to confirm it.

"Someone should be a little more human. If I don't do anything, I'll see blood."

After laughing, he lowered his head and bit Kwon Taek-ju's chest, then let go. At that moment, the tip of his chin gently pressed Kwon Taek-ju's nipple. All of a sudden, strength went into his chest, which had been soft and soft. Pretending not to know, he repeatedly bit the flesh around him, leaving bite marks.

Then, all of a sudden, he gently rubbed the nipple on the other side with his thumb and squeezed it. Kwon Taek-ju's upper body tilted forward at the unexpected stimulus. His soft mounds pressed against his sharp nose as if crushing them. It smelled of thick flesh. Zenya willingly opened his mouth to suck in the little piece of flesh he had been gnawing at. The warm breath, the slippery saliva, and the touch of the soft mucous membrane rushed all at once.

Undoubtedly, his eyebrows furrowed as Zenya began sucking his nipple lightly.

"Oh…."

Zenya restrained Kwon Taek-ju's hand as he pushed him on the shoulder, and more persistently sucked at the small piece of flesh.

Even the skin around his nipples quickly became red from how hard she bit and sucked.

The nipples, which had been swept away without countermeasures, gradually become harder as he uses them when he brushes them with his tongue and as he pulls them when he rolls them up. He became even more sensitive to stimuli, and even the slightest touch of hot breath spread a strange sensation.

Kwon Taek-ju's breathing becomes noticeably rougher. Zenya squeezed the slippery flesh of his saliva as he held him tighter as he kept trying to run away.

"That, yes, ha... ."

"Why? you like it. Your waist is already shaking."

Even if he touches it, it mumbles while retaining tingling flesh. He couldn't deny that his body was heating up. His genitals, which were trapped in his pants, were so tight that he felt stiff. He wanted to touch it with his own hands, but he couldn't budge because Zenya held his arms and body together.

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju and opened his mouth wide to take a bite of his chest.

Then he licked the entire skin that came in. At the same time, he rolls his tongue inside his mouth and teases the nipple wildly. Even a newborn baby who had starved for days didn't seem so ravenous.

It wasn't just this time. Zenya's foreplay tended to focus on his chest. He said that it's because Kwon Taek-ju feels it well with his heart, but sometimes he wondered how the dissatisfaction that he couldn't satisfy in his childhood was expressed like this.

After thinking about something else for a moment, Zenya opened his mouth. His reddish nipples glistened as if he had been covered in syrup. He rubbed his thumb unhesitatingly at the slippery flesh, then turned his head to hold the breast on the other side of his.

"Ha….It's okay."

Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was being held, stretched out and then clenched into a fist again. Every time he sucked hard on his nipples, something seemed to be sucked out of his body. The upper body kept curling forward, and the heat from the chest gathered into the groin. He continued to struggle with the unbearable pleasure. At the same time, his thighs engaged with his stone-like thighs, and he continued to stimulate his genitals against his intention.

As if he was going to leave a tooth mark, he bit the chest in his own way. It seemed like it would be fortunate not to see blood.

While Kwon Taek-ju groaned at me, he tore off the gel and pushed his snout into Kwon Taek-ju's hole. Before he could feel the difference, the gel spurted out. He was startled and shrugged his shoulders. At that moment, he gnawed at Kwon Taek-ju's open chest and squeezed out the gel as much as possible.

The gel, which should have been brand new, quickly wears out. Soon after, the gel canister was thrown to the floor and was distorted beyond recognition of its original shape.

He dug a hole full of holes and pushed his fingers through it. Kwon Taek-ju's spine stiffened at the clear sensation of insertion. He rubbed the soggy inner wall as if rounding it, opening the inside. Kwon Taek-ju's upper body leaned back more and trembled. The two knees supporting his body were also shaking precariously.

Zenya kissed Kwon Taek-ju's collarbone and the back of his neck while inserting one more finger to loosen it. Spreading his two fingers wide, twisting them around, he pressed his lukewarm mucous membrane once in a while to stimulate it. Whenever that happened, Kwon Taek-ju's abdominal muscles contracted.

"Ugh, Ha..Ha…."

"I thought it was a body with good elasticity, but it's okay here."

"Suddenly, what...Ugh, oops...."

"Even if it's only a day or two later, it'll stop pretending as if it had been eaten. It should be said that the hassle of loosening it every other day disappears. I must have touched it hard in my own way, but this inside is still narrow."

"...Shut up. Ha."

"Are you doing this on purpose? Every time you strain, my fingers get sucked deeper."

He speaks insincerely and extends his fingers further. It wasn't comparable to his penis, but when it came to the third, it was quite heavy. It soon became tingling underneath. Every time he rubbed the inside of the hole and wiped it, the gel that was full of it came out. His glans twitched in his urethra, like his nostrils, as if the lukewarm gel were honey. The entire genital can't stand the excitement and turns bright red.

Even so, Zenya calmly prepared a place for him to enter and groped for it.

Because of his long fingers, the insertion was also deep, maximizing his nervousness. Then he felt uncomfortable, thinking that he might be pushing his wrists. He caught his breath at the feeling of his stomach being full. He said stop again and grabbed Zenya's hair. But his soft ivory hair just slipped easily through his fingers.

The guy sucked in the nipple while making a squeak. The strong adsorbing power kept the tender flesh pointedly sucked up and then released as if it were bouncing. It was his chest that was bitten, but the lumpy pleasure continued to swell and swell. The pressured penis felt like it was about to explode.

He was about to unzip the zipper in a hurry, but Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's wrist again.

"Yes, let go, bastard."

"Being impatient. Did it pile up that much?"

"You are the one who tickles me."

"Taek-ju, I know you prefer rough play, but..."

Suddenly, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the waist and lifted him up. It was a completely unexpected situation, and his body sounded so light that it was

absurd. Kwon Taek-ju's face, which had been dazed for a moment, soon became distorted. It was because Zenya's genitals pressed against the green hole.

"You have to think about the position of hearing hateful voices every time."

"Aww...ugh...."

Even though it was only slightly lowered, the eyes were frowned upon. His mouth closed on its own, and his breathing stopped. The hand holding Zenya's shoulder was full of strength.

On the other hand, Zenya, who had half of his glans eaten, was completely soaked in sweet pleasure. He let out a breath full of heat and pressed his lips against Kwon Taek-ju's neck, who had goosebumps.

"You instigated it."

He mumbled to Kwon Taek-ju's neck. Kwon Taek-ju, who had been holding on with his molars, said quickly in a dying voice.

Pretending to be strong until the end, while holding on to Zenya's robe as if to tear it apart.

Zenya ate as if he was dumbfounded, and without hesitation, kicked up his lower body. The hole that had barely been biting into the tip of the penis opened in a fit of pain and swallowed the huge piece of flesh with difficulty.

Kwon Taek-ju's cheeks became hard like a rock from the tension.

"Ahhh...fuc...."

"Because it's like this."

While scolding Kwon Taek-ju for swearing, he kisses him in the ear. He even bit his hot earlobe with his soft lips. Kwon Taek-ju held his breath as he pulled on Zenya's robe. His face was so red that if he left it as it was, he would suffocate or burst the blood vessels in his head. He sighed, and hit the floor again. The penis,

which had been tightly engaged, slid more than halfway through, scratching the inner wall. Soon, the lower abdomen swells and the stomach becomes bloated.

"Haha, uh... ."

Why can't I get used to insertion?

He groaned unconsciously and buried his head in Zenya's neck. The thick smell of his body made his head dizzy. It seemed that his body first remembered the sensations he had carved out while having sex with him. It hasn't even started properly yet, but the point that has always been stimulated has warmed up. The feeling made him nervous, so he unknowingly knelt down. The hole where Zenya's penis was bitten also shrunk. Thick veins stand up on Zenya's sleek forehead. On the other hand, the corners of his mouth raised slightly.

"Ha….Taek-ju, are you going to kill me?"

"Yes…yes, ugh, yes, no, don't."

Grinding his teeth, he encouraged Zenya. For a moment, it seemed as if his body was floating, and then he fell straight down. At the same time, Zenya's genitals, which had been vaguely draped, pushed in at once to the tip of the root.

It even acts on Kwon Taek-ju's weight and crushes Zenya's scrotum. There was a strong grinding sound. Right after that, Kwon Taek-ju tilts his head helplessly at the sensation of penetration that soars along his spine all the way to his brain.

"Ha….Ugh...."

He bit his molars and swallowed a moan about to explode. His fingertips gripped Zenya's shoulder with a lot of strength. If he had been a tolerable man, his clavicle would have come out long ago. The tightly packed inner wall wriggled like a spasm, squeezing the genitals.

Even Zenya's relaxed face slightly frowned at the tight tightening. His penis fluttered like a raw fish, stirring the inside as it could. The touch, texture, and

even the body temperature. He should be trained now, but it was still too much for him to accept.

Zenya calmly touched Kwon Taek-ju's hole, which was twitching as if convulsing, and buried his head in his exposed chest. His smooth, copper-colored skin quickly becomes mottled due to his teeth grinding, which is not his.

Kwon Taek-ju trembled thinly and waited desperately for the impending storm.

As if he was a little nervous, he squeezed Zenya's penis tightly and impulsively.

Zenya laughed with a pickpocketing sound.

"I got it."

With a low muttering voice, he began to stab his lower body, which had been quiet. He tried to hold on, but his entire body trembled at the force of the savage blow. He soars into the air, then plunges down to just that much depth, swallowing Zenya's penis with a snap.

At first, only the upper part of the penis was eaten, but at some point, the whole piece of flesh began to pierce suddenly due to irregular movements. The genital organ pushed in, expanding the narrow inner wall at once, scratched the mucous membrane with thick tendons and blood and pulled out. Then, scratching the irritated mucous membrane again, it hit him deep into the stomach.

Instinctively trying to escape from the tremendous sense of insertion. Zenya stumbled and grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's waist, who was trying to run away in a hurry, and quickly stabbed him. His strong thighs and swollen cheeks rubbed against his fierce waist, generating heat. A groan like a federal

scream erupted from the large insertion. If he left it as it was, it felt like it would pierce the back of his belly button.

The hole that he managed to bite into the guy's genitals was unbearably hard.

The inner wall, which had been hit by his stone-like glans every once in a while, was also pounding.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been crouching down and patiently holding back, hurriedly rolled up Zenya's robe and gripped it. He raises his knees and grabs Zenya's thighs to stop her movement.

"Now, ugh, wait."

Zenya made an openly disapproving expression. The blue eyes that contained Kwon Taek-ju were sharpened. It was like an animal that had just smelled blood and was ready to hunt. Seeing the eyes of a man consumed by lust, it seemed like a miracle that he had stopped.

"I think this is also an extension of the mission. Taek-ju, what do you want in my hand?"

"Oops, oops...."

Zenya rubbed Kwon Taek-ju's nipples and pulled them all the way up. His pelvis tingled with pleasure. He can't stand it, and he puts his crotch against Zenya's body and gently rubs it. Taking advantage of that gap, Zenya lifted his lower body, which had stopped for a moment. As Kwon Taek-ju groaned and collapsed at the renewed insertion, he spurred on the shoveling while randomly kissing his chin and neck.

Every time the penis, which had been squeaking slightly, hit the inside of the hook, a sudden urge to urinate rushed to the penis.

Kwon Taek-ju couldn't hold it in any longer and reached for his groin. He hurriedly tried to open the zipper that blocked his way, but every time Zenya hit the bottom, he repeated it several times in vain. As if on purpose,

Zenya interfered with Kwon Taek-ju. When he gets angry, he sets a condition: Kiss him.

Kwon Taek-ju annoyedly grabbed the guy's hair and pushed his warm tongue between his naturally parted lips. His two tongues mingled in a sweet mixture, and soon the inside of his mouth was a mess.

Only then did the zipper fully open in Zenya's hand. Kwon Taek-ju's genitals, which were swollen from the inside, came out as if they were bouncing. Zenya pulled the penis with his fingers and pressed it against his abdomen.

Then, whenever he poked his bottom, Kwon Taek-ju's body trembled, and his genitals rubbed heavily against Zenya's abdominal muscles. As he got caught in the bumpy curve, a thrill of pleasure welled up that made his hair stand on end.

Suddenly, Kwon Taek-ju's eyes, ears, nape of neck, and even his shoulders were flushed red. Zenya's abs were shiny with his late fluid smeared.

For a while, only the sound of the two people breathing heavily and pounding rice cakes resonated in the drawing room.

"Ha, ha, Taek-ju... ."

"Aww! ah! There, heh, heh, heh, not...."

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been shaking helplessly, rubbed the floor. He even secretly turned his back to see if enough stimulation wasn't being delivered to the desired area.

Zenya put Kwon Taek-ju's arms behind his shoulders. Then he hugged him tightly until his shoulders and his chest met, and he bruised him.

"This is it, who is lobbying?"

A pinzan mixed with laughter sounded quite sweet. Zenya said yes and put his lips on Kwon Taek-ju's shoulder. Kwon Taek-ju bowed his head as if

foreboding the hardships to come. He also tightened his arms around Zenya's neck.

The next moment, Zenya rounded the bottom once and punched one of the mucous membranes. For a moment, Kwon Taek-ju's body trembled.

"Oops... !"

Even though the glans only touched a certain place, the whole body trembled like an aspen tree. It felt like his eyes were getting wet as he cried. Zenya's whole

body tensed as the irritated inner wall bit through his genitals so ferociously.

Her lungs tightened, making it difficult to breathe.

"Here? Good?"

Kwon Taek-ju had no reply. It was just that he hugged Zenya more desperately.

Without hesitation, he roughly poked at the big cock that was tightly bitten. As the same place was crushed one after another, Kwon Taek-ju collapsed with his limbs snapping.

"Wow! Ah, Aww! Yes, Ha! Whoa, ha, uh, oh, ha uh!"

Kwon Taek-ju, who was at a loss for what to do with the intense stimulation, was bound harder and strengthened without rest. His thin lips bit into a stretched tooth, then drew a long arc over and over again. The carnal desire that only grew bigger and bigger was close to the pain of the past. There was no time to loosen the wrinkles between his eyes. The heat from his lower body made his brain melt at any moment. Even so, he wanted to binge eat more thoroughly and persistently.

All of a sudden, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's thigh tightly. Then, abruptly, he stood up. As his body slipped by gravity, Kwon Taek-ju momentarily dangled.

Nevertheless, because of his sagging body, the penetration becomes deeper.

"Oops, ah... Ugh!"

Kwon Taek-ju groaned. It felt like my genitals had come up to the pit of his stomach. His breath rattled as it caught in his throat, neither exhaled nor swallowed. He scratched Zenya's back for him to get off. But regardless, he continued to walk somewhere while showering kisses on Kwon Taek-ju's ears and face. Every time he took a step, his genitals pushed harder and he felt like he was going to die.

He pushed Kwon Taek-ju against a certain wall. It was rather stable being pressed between the hard wall and Zenya. Kwon Taek-ju's face was distorted

with pain and pleasure. His frowning eyes capture Zenya resentfully. Zenya grinned and put his tongue out to lick his sweaty cheek.

"Do not hold back and pack to your heart's content."

He whispers softly to both. But to Kwon Taek-ju, those words sounded like a declaration of war. An ominous premonition blurs before his eyes.

"Shit", as soon as he did, Zenya moved his lower body. He pulled his back long, and hit him under the puck with a single stroke, digging into the hole. It felt like his intestines were being torn apart. There was no time to let go of his moan, his mouth shut tight. A harsh crackling sound disturbed his ears. The inside of his leg, which collided with his thigh repeatedly, throbbed as if he had been beaten.

The gel smeared on the joint area turned white due to frequent friction.

The strands stretch like a spider's web along the detached flesh.

"Yes, that, yes, ah... Haha."

The genitals coming in and out as if they were about to explode seemed to pierce a hole in his stomach. Kwon Taek-ju kept clinging to Zenya, fearing she would fall, while still lashing out. However, when Zenya rammed his

glans so deeply that the mucous membrane near his prostate caved in, he couldn't stand it and jerked his limbs.

"Haaa... !"

"Because I can't stand it."

The bubbles that formed white around the hole soon burst with the subsequent insertion and repeated to form again. Every time he was raised, his body tried to sit down helplessly, so the insertion only got deeper. He had no choice but to hug and hold on to Zenya in order to get away from her terrible pleasure. He was completely crushed between the wall and Zenya, with nowhere to escape.

Zenya repeatedly poked at the same place and rubbed it hard. His fingertips stood up sharply at the sensation of being crushed because the sensitive part was stimulated. Even his toes had enough strength to feel sorry for him.

It wasn't long before Kwon Taek-ju let out an annoyed moan.

"Yeah, uh uh uh uh uh uh uh... !"

One after another, his body trembled. His penis, which had been rubbed against Zenya's abs repeatedly, exploded white. His swelled semen splattered not only on Zenya's broad chest muscles but also on his chin. He even spilled the leftovers, as if it was not enough. As if he had been urinating, his genitals as well as his entire pelvis were tingling. Unbeknownst to him, a sound of pain leaked out.

"Ahhhhhhhh... fuck..."

His whole body trembled pitifully, and he held him tightly and did not move.

Zenya buried his face in Kwon Taek-ju's black hair. Then he picked him up again and moved to a nearby bedroom.

The genitals were so firmly lodged inside that they did not come out unscathed even if they took a step. On the contrary, even his tiny

movements stimulated the worn-out mucous membranes, causing his stomach to wriggle. As embarrassing as it was, the relief did not last long.

In the bedroom, there was a bed large enough for four adults to roll over. Lay Kwon Taek-ju on it without a single wrinkle, and go straight up on it. The 2m tall body gave a tremendous pressure to the whole body. Even if he was crushed by a rock, it didn't seem so cramped.

"Oops...Oops…Ha..."

The knees lifted up by Zenya almost touched his chest. His breathing became unstable as his lungs compressed again. In no time, the whole face turns bright red. He choked as if to sigh, but Zenya acted as if he couldn't hear.

He only kissed the lips of Kwon Taek-ju. He gets hot and tries to pour out his complaints, but he twists his head and sticks his tongue in his open lips. His tongue, which had been softened by his heat, pushed in and pressed Kwon Taek-ju's tongue. Even his breath, which had been turbid, was swallowed up without remnants.

In the meantime, Zenya's genital organ, which had been quietly inserted, began to prod at the bottom again. Slowly but deeply, he stabs inside of him and whirls loudly. The shooting ceremony exploded from Kwon Taek-ju, who tightly closed his eyes.

"How much more do I have to do to get the hang of it?"

"Oh….Yeah…."

"If you've done it this way, it's worth it."

Slowly mutter one syllable, one syllable, and lift the bottom up. He seemed to want to make a mold in the shape of his penis in someone else's stomach.

He stared at Kwon Taek-ju's sweaty face with his eyes shining extraordinarily.

Even in the midst of that, the lower half of the body was steadily stamped deeply and stirred inside. It seemed as if he would suffocate and die.

"Ugh, stop sloppy and fight quickly!"

In a fit of rage, he set his teeth on it and growled. In a fit of anger, he grabbed the guy's robe as if grabbing it. Then he sneered, making a whimpering sound.

"You don't even know your situation, and you're begging me bravely."

He pressed his chest against Kwon Taek-ju and almost crushed him completely.

He was short of breath. He tried to move his body to give him a chance to breathe, but he was so swollen that he couldn't move. The guy who fixed Kwon Taek-ju in that way measured his lower body, which had been moving leisurely, as he requested, and trembled deeply. His thighs hit painfully with a thud. A burning sensation rose from the helplessly widening hole.

A mixture of curses and moans erupted from Kwon Taek-ju's mouth. But the guy didn't care and stabbed the bottom more violently. A tingling sensation condensed at the place where the bastard's genitals were hit, then exploded and spread throughout the body. His eyes flashed. It was as if his head was boiling. After ejaculation, the penis, which had shrunk, regained energy without notice. Even if he wanted to relieve the accumulated heat by touching it, he couldn't even do that because he was suppressed by Zenya.

He bit Zenya's neck tightly in anger. For a moment, the creature wriggled, then suddenly stopped moving. The angry hole twitched and squeezed the guy's genitals. The limbs, which had been trembling with the burning sensation, lingered, unable to forget the rich lingering aftertaste.

In the next moment, my body flipped over. At that moment, the blood seemed to have drained from Zenya's face. Rather than being angry, it seemed as if the string of rationality that had become thin had been severed. He tried to stop him by saying wait, but he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the

nape of his neck and pressed him down. He grabbed his defiant arm and bound it over his head. Then he raised his half-engaged penis without hesitation. The blows were so violent that Kwon Taek-ju's buttocks were pushed up. The deep and merciless penetration made his body feel like it was about to split in half.

"Ah, ah! Ugh! yep, hey! That's right!"

He shook his head and twisted his body, but he couldn't get out of it. Zenya did not look after Kwon Taek-ju at all and acted persistently. It seemed that his slippery mucous membranes had been ground down so much that they had become gooey. It is tightly attached to the penis of the guy who stirs up and escapes, and comes out of the hole. As if that alone wasn't enough, he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's ass, opened it, and ate his flesh.

His eyesight was messed up by his rough shoveling. Saliva dripped down his chin and soaked his pillow.

"Ahh, yes, ah... Aww!"

"Ha…Ha, Ha, Taekju."

"Yes, That, Ah…Yevgeny... ."

He put his wet forehead on Zenya's arm that was holding his wrist. At his pleading call, Zenya's genitals pounded hard and he hesitated. At the same time, his pain and pleasure, which had been pouring down on him like a downpour, were at least momentarily lulled. His giddiness turned around as his restlessly fluttering body quieted down. He was barely breathing, and the penis that had been wriggling deep in his stomach exploded. Soggy semen spurted out on his warm inner wall. At the same time, Kwon Taek-ju's stomach rumbled.

The guy lazily stroked Kwon Taek-ju's stomach and put his body completely behind his back. Then he rubbed his face against his black hair.

"Taek-ju."

As if clinging to him, he calls him sad. The opponent, who had been driven to kill him until the very moment, but after tasting the climax in him, the bolts were torn down in a daze at the sight of him flirting. He sighed as if in a sigh and stroked his hair helplessly.

Then Zenya calmly took his hand and lowered his lips to Kwon Taek-ju's neck.

Sometimes he takes a deep breath and enjoys his body odor.

Even if there is no tyrant, if he behaves like a big dog like that, his mind will weaken without a countermeasure. There is no other opponent to back down.

He felt like he wouldn't be able to live up to his name if he continued to look after him. He also seemed to be someone else's words.

When he opened his eyes, he was moved to another bedroom. He doesn't know when or how it moved. The sheets had been left damp all night, so it was difficult to fall asleep there.

What time was it? He couldn't even tell if it was night or day because of the blackout curtains.

He gave strength to his drooping eyelids. His body was relatively free, so he couldn't see Zenya. He usually wakes up in the morning completely threaded or crushed by him. Is he washing first? Sometimes his stamina is a bit scary. Kwon Taek-ju himself has always been given special grades, and his stamina is not lagging behind. Still, he couldn't match him.

Even when Zenya was old enough to masturbate simply because he was

'young', he couldn't do that either.

After lying down for a while, he got himself up. His head, which had been stuck all night and shook, was just blank. His whole body became numb to sensation as if it were swollen.

He stared down at his body. There were mottled handprints and teeth marks wherever the eye could see. Even the slightest movement causes screams from all four limbs. It was as if he had been beaten. His muscles, which wouldn't be surprised by any kind of exercise, would stick together whenever he lay down with him, and it was a problem.

"Ah….A beastly bastard."

The inside of his ass is still tingling. While Kwon Taek-ju himself fell asleep, it was clear that he was enjoying himself again. Come to think of it, he rarely stayed awake while having sex with him. So far, he has lived a life that has nothing to do with nutritional supplements or physical supplements. In health checkups and physical tests, his physical condition was always above average.

However, he is no match for him. Is it like this when you have a young lover? No, no matter how he looks at it, he is abnormal.

He grabbed his aching back and came out to the drawing room. Every time he walked, the feeling of his thighs rubbing against each other was strange, so he started limping on its own. He desperately needed a shower, but right now his

legs were shaking and it was difficult to stand properly. He manages to grab a bottle of water and heads for his balcony.

As soon as he opened the door, a cool breeze blew in. The noise that had been blocked at the door also poured in. It was night again outside. How long have I had sex and how long have I passed out? A gasp of breath came out.

The flashy lights and signboards unique to Las Vegas dizzy the eyes. He quenched his thirst as he indifferently looked down at the scenery that was ecstasy for some. It was only then that his drowsy head felt clear.

How long has it been he felt a familiar presence behind him, and Zenya appeared. He smelled fragrant. It looked like he had just finished taking a

shower. He just turned his head and glared at the clear-looking guy. The guy raised his eyebrows as if he didn't understand.

"What else are you complaining about?"

"Are you human?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"If I go to the hospital in this state, I'll be fine in 2 or 3 weeks, man."

He clenched his molars and bruised them. He leisurely crossed his arms and scanned Kwon Taek-ju's body. Then, seeing his congested chest, he smiles.

"Is there a hospital that specializes in male breasts?"

He plays vulgar jokes without showing any signs of apologetics. He picked up a nearby cushion and threw it. The guy easily dodged it and shrugged his shoulders.

"You brought it all on yourself."

"Did I ask you to attack me? I told you to stop over 10 times, bastard."

"From leaving your lover for more than 10 days in your prime. Doesn't that mean you're willing to accept this?"

As always, he acts shamelessly blaming others. The problem was that being with him like a lover and being out for more than 10 days because of work was all true. He had nothing to refute.

Even after Zenya followed him all the way to Korea, his daily life did not change much. As soon as the assigned task was completed, another task was assigned.

This is because the regime has changed and the policy toward North Korea has changed, but the relationship with North Korea has not changed. As long as North Korea does not give up its nuclear weapons, the current state of tension has no choice but to continue.

It is, though. When there is no one to play with, shouldn't he also focus on his work? He wondered if it was something to complain about chasing the operation site like this. He hasn't seen a guy with the name Russian ambassador go to the diplomatic mission. If he's bored, he could go to Ajinoki alone, but he won't do that even if he dies soon.

"Didn't you know I live like this? So, why am I stuck in a strange place... ."

He awkwardly scratched the back of his head. In the past and now, Kwon Taekju himself is only doing his job, which instills a strange sense of guilt. He grumbled for the same reason every time, so he felt a bit cramped.

"I know. The fact that you're so obsessed with sacrificing your body. You said that you have to jump and roll like that to feel alive? That's why it suits you like this."

You have to make concessions, too. He heard that it will continue to be like that in the future, let alone reflect. It felt like the boss was getting closer and closer.

He shook his head as if to stop talking. Then he got up and passed by Zenya, who was a fighter.

"I want to wash."

"Don't you need to check this right away?"

He holds up the microchip handed over from Choi Yeon-hwa. He hasn't been able to check what data is in it yet. If he had been handed over the wrong information, then this mission was not over.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been soaking around, lost face and went back to Zenya.

Then he snatched the chip and plugged it into his phone. Zenya rubbed his face against Kwon Taek-ju's black hair until the data was displayed on the screen.

With his two hands, he rubbed Kwon Taek-ju's chest and stomach, annoying him. He seemed to have properly learned that if he give Kwon Taek-ju what he wants, he will become calm for a while.

Soon he will see several files on the screen. He opened one of them randomly.

The bank names, accounts, passwords, and deposits of each European country were listed. Seeing as they all had different names, it seemed that they were borrowed-name accounts for financing slush funds.

Then he checked the other files as well. It was a folder containing several ledgers. It was like a purchase/sales statement. The document also stated when and from whom the money was received, how the money was laundered, and what the purpose of the funding was.

He searched for Korean social groups that appeared in intelligence. Then, related documents were culled. Funding was not a one-time event. The amount was also significant. Their purpose seemed to be to get North Korea involved in the South Korean general election. He wondered if they would still do this, but the quality of work in the political world has not changed even though the times have changed.

It was the data that Kwon Taek-ju himself had struggled to obtain.

Zenya picked it up in just a few hours. Should I say thank you? I wasn't really trying to compete with him, but I felt embarrassed. Do I feel empty, or do I feel powerless? His help wasn't all that sweet.

"Why. Is something wrong?"

"...No. Everything is so easy for you."

"Everyone just makes easy things difficult."

Maybe the mindset is so self-centered. Does he think everyone has the same amount of money, power, and inhuman physicality as him?

"Would you mind?"

"You should feel proud if you have a wonderful lover."

"It's strangely bumpy," he said, turning Kwon Taek-ju away. Then he lifted his chin and tried to kiss him. He watched the face of the slowly approaching guy. Is it because he holds water? The thin eyelashes look clearer one by one today.

He seemed to know very well that his face was his greatest strength and Kwon Taek-ju's weakness. Every once in a while, he push in and look at him with a smooth face. Hebsaw the guy who was getting closer to the point where he could breathe, and suddenly pinched his cheek. The two eyes of the man who had been lowered vaguely became round.

"... Taek-ju?"

"Do you want to hear the word thank you? Then I should have left my share. I'm not doing this to make money, am I?"

"It's okay to say thank you. Just be proud of my patience, who still hasn't blown up the NIS."

Somehow it didn't sound like crap. With resignation, yes, he even pulled his cheek.

Zenya's lower lip, which was being dragged along meekly, is bitten. Kwon Taekju pulled his head back as he tried to suck his upper lip. Zenya brought his lips together again without hesitation. This time, he wanted to receive a gentle kiss, but suddenly he bit his upper lip. When he stuck out his tongue to induce him to kiss him sweetly, even that tongue twitched stubbornly. He couldn't tell if he was kissing or biting. An absurd laugh bursts out from Zenya.

"Are you going to eat?"

"Huh. Some kid is hungry because he worked out all night."

"It's time to come soon."

He was about to ask what, but he put his finger in his mouth. Then he gently pressed his tongue and touched the inside of his mouth. He was salivating quickly. His tongue, which had been bullied all the time, was also tired, and began to wrap around his fingers.

Only then did he pull out his finger, slide it over his cheek, and put his lips on Kwon Taek-ju's gasping lips. The tongue, which twitched reflexively, was sucked into the creature's mouth with a choking sound.

Just then the doorbell rang. It seemed that someone had come. But Zenya was so absorbed in their kiss that he seemed unwilling to go out. He gave a signal to stop while gently pulling away, but instead he only hugged Kwon Taek-ju tighter. The wind even crushed his lungs. He groaned for a long time while sucking his tongue, and then he pushed him away saying, "It's over."

"....Ha ha, once it starts, it doesn't know the end."

He took a deep breath and nodded inwardly. Zenya reluctantly went to open the door with her disapproving look on his face. Outside, he heard a sound announcing that it was room service.

In the meantime, he went to a nearby bathroom and took a shower. He thoughtlessly turned on the water and flinched at the rushing water. It was

because the body felt tingling as soon as the water hit it. It seemed that the senses of the whole body became as sensitive as they became sensitive. Even so, it was difficult to find a part that wasn't bitten or sucked by Zenya. The skin was congested and bruised.

There were still clear teeth marks on the inside of his arms, chest, groin, side, and buttocks. There were faint handprints on his wrists and ankles. If anyone saw it, they would think he was sparring all day, not sex.

After taking a shower, he brushed his wet hair and sighed low. It was because it felt familiar. He gently pull back the hem of his robe and check his chest. The condition there was more miserable than anywhere else on the body.

In particular, the color of the nipples had changed, to the extent that it was fortunate that there was no blood. Moreover, he even stood upright, so if he wore a shirt, he would surely be marked. When he touch it carefully, even a stinging pain rises.

At this point, he might have been grinding his teeth on his chest. He clicked his tongue and took out the band and attached it to both sides. Then, before going out, he closed the front and tightened the waist strap. It was because he thought that if he saw it, he wouldn't be able to guarantee the current state.

When he went out to the parlor, covered dishes were filling the table. At a cursory glance, it was likely to be ten. Zenya didn't even look at them and was drinking tea gracefully. Sitting with long legs crossed and tilting a fancy teacup was like a painting, it was eye-catching.

"....That aristocratic bastard."

As he muttered to himself, the guy tilted his head.

"Huh? What did you say, Taek-ju?"

"It sounds delicious."

He looked around and went to the table. Then he opened the lid one by one and checked the menu. He didn't expect it in the first place, but there was no Korean food. Steaks and pastas, steamed seafood, grilled vegetables, salads, breads and soups. The only Asian food was Japanese rolls and Chinese noodles. Just looking at it made his stomach churn.

"I haven't eaten anything proper for ten days."

He grumbled and munched on the broccoli. The temporomandibular joint performs constant masticatory action like a machine. It is often said that each race and each country has its own unique body odor. Fortunately, Choi Yeon-hwa avoided Korean food for a while, so that no one could sense that she was Korean. She also wore strong perfume. As a result, she was blown away.

Cut the steak into large chunks and put it on a fork and a salad. Then he put it in his mouth like a crumple. Both cheeks swelled up as if je had eaten a large bowl of ssam. While mumbling through them, there seemed to be no great inspiration.

Soon the doorbell rang again. Who else was to come? He saw Zenya. However, the guy got up from his seat without any explanation. Kwon Taek-ju just watched the guy go to the door, putting the meat and salad on another fork and shoving it into his mouth. Soon the door opened, and he heard the guy talking to the staff. Judging from the casual conversation, it seemed that he had asked for something.

Suddenly, a familiar smell stimulated his senses. Kwon Taek-ju's jaw, which had been moving obligatorily, stopped for a moment. His eyes widened and he turned to the door. No way. Zenya, who came inside, had a tray in his hand.

What he placed on it was a white bowl and a small cold plate. No matter how he look at it, it was clear that it was Korean spicy.

"...Where did you get it?"

"I talked to the restaurant. Do Koreans go there a lot, did they get it right away?"

No, he must have made something that doesn't exist called VVIP. Inside, the sarcastic reason pushed away, and instinct roared. As if possessed by something, he stretched out his hands toward Zenya. It looked like he was begging for a hug. Zenya smiled and obediently presented the tray to Kwon Taek-ju.

The steak bowl that was placed in front of Kwon Taek-ju was also moved to one side.

Kwon Taek-ju carefully set the tray down as if handling a baby, not wanting to spill even a single drop of soup. Then, when he saw the condition of the ramen, he muttered disapprovingly.

"Damn it, they made it. I don't even see the recipe."

The cooking condition was not very good, but he sipped the soup first as he regretted it. It was as if the grease that had filled his veins had been washed away. Even though ramen is strictly fried noodle, he felt the same way. He drank the soup again and enjoyed the refreshment, slurping the noodles he had started blowing on.

Zenya, who had been watching with his chin resting on his arm, said that it wasn't going anywhere.

There was one thing that he was very firmly mistaken about, and that was that Kwon Taek-ju liked ramen. But he doesn't particularly like ramen. It's not even that he doesn't hate it, but it's one of those foods he doesn't eat very often when he's in Korea. However, the longer he stayed abroad, the more symptoms of withdrawal from Korean food appeared, like a kind of homesickness. Of course, it was not unreasonable to make such a mistake, as he always had my eyes on the ramen in front of him.

He pushed the steak that had lost its owner toward him.

"Eat."

He mumbled with his mouth full. A guy who seems like he would never eat anything someone else touches first, picks up a fork and a knife. Then he cut the steak into bite-sized pieces. He put the cut meat neatly into his mouth and chewed quietly. His cheeks didn't bulge, his closed lips didn't open, and he didn't move too much. He didn't make a sound until he handed over the little piece. There was hardly any movement. The gesture was so fluid that it seemed like a scene from a movie had been taken out. Strangely, it seemed that only the lighting on the side where he sat was more special. Is there a spotlight anywhere? He checked the poor ceiling.

The moment he looked at Zenya again, he recognized that gaze and made eye contact. "Do you have anything to say", he asks with his eyes. He picked up a noodle from the ramen he was eating and handed it to him. The guy put on a puzzled expression. He winked at his chopsticks as if inviting him to try them.

Still, the guy didn't budge. Kwon Taek-ju also nodded at the ramen again, not backing down.

Zenya let out a short sigh and soon tilted his head. Then, he opened his mouth and silently accepted and ate the ramen that Kwon Taek-ju offered. When asked how it was, there was no answer. He just folded his arms and quietly chewed what was in his mouth. He inhaled the remaining ramen and watched the guy's reaction. The guy's jaw stopped moving, and one after another, his neckline swayed slowly.

But, that was all. Now, as if he had become immune to that level of spiciness, he sliced the steak again casually.

Then, suddenly, he lifted a glass of water and rinsed his mouth. It was a leisurely movement, not at all urgent. However, his ears and eyes were subtly red. He drank little by little, and by the time he finished the glass, he seemed to have swollen lips. Perhaps the final secret to getting rid of Koshichei is Korean red pepper powder.

He's going to have a good time with a ridiculous idea. Zenya looked at Kwon Taek-ju with resentment.

"Is it fun, Taek-ju?"

"It's amazing. It is said that tolerable mercenaries learn how to make kimchi in one year of living in Korea. Maybe you are that consistent."

"Spicy is not the taste, but the pain. Do I really need to get used to the pain?"

"It's not what you say, you shameless bastard."

While forcing the rest to adapt to the pain, he wondered what kind of foolishness it was.

"That's a good thing for you, Taek-ju. Now, just putting mine in is cheap."

It's shameless, so it seems like a person who lacks shame. Regardless of the time and place, even in front of his mother, he speaks obscenely, and he

swallows his saliva just because it is spicy. It seemed that there was even a light bite in his unconcerned blue eyes.

Anyway, he handed over the whole milk for the latte while doing it like a child.

The movement of the guy receiving the cup was unnatural, as if buffering had taken place. It quietly touched the cup for a while and extinguished it in his mouth. His size was distracting, so it felt insignificant and a little cute.

"How long will you live with a baby's tongue? If you can't eat spicy food in Korea, what you can eat is reduced to a third."

"I hope to live there for the rest of my life."

Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was about to resume the meal, stopped. It was a word without much weight, but it happened without me knowing.

"....Well, that's right."

He nodded his head and passed it on without hesitation.

Certainly, he didn't picture it until the very distant future. Just someday, until Zenya's extraordinary interest in him fades, around the time he's going to run out on his own. It was just such a vague end. It's not a relationship that started out because they loved each other enough to die in the first place. Now, it's only been a year, and the time that the two of them have been together because of work is less than 100 days.

It was said that life is unpredictable, and that people's minds change when they lie down. Even so, is it necessary to make grandiose promises to the distant future? I'll be responsible for him for the rest of my life, even though I didn't mean to.

I understand it in my head, but why do I keep feeling empty?

The chopsticks became very slow. The salad almost shredded into the mouth.

He was munching on something, not knowing what he put in his mouth, when Zenya suddenly stood up. Kwon Taek-ju's eyes follow him.

"Eat more."

He wanted to go to the bathroom, but he went into a nearby bedroom. Then he didn't come out for a while. He didn't care at first, but as his absence lengthened, he glanced at the door. He stopped eating along the way.

Zenya reappeared, fully dressed. Looking at him curiously, he checked his watch and said "I have to go soon."

"Do you have any specific schedule?"

"Where?"

"Russia."

The guy who answered concisely took his cell phone from the table. He was ready to leave at any moment. However, Kwon Taek-ju was still wearing a gown.

His washed hair was only half dry, so it was very wavy. Is he leaving the country like this?

No, aside from that, he wasted too much time on this operation alone. He must immediately hand over the data he has secured to headquarters and stand by in case of an unexpected dispatch. There was no time to go to Russia and hang out.

"Hey, really not this time. The scale of the incident is larger than expected, so it must be reported to the superior immediately."

"Don't worry. I'm going alone."

Without knowing what, he almost asked back. This is because if Zenya appears during the operation, he must go to Ajinoki Island after completing the work. It was to spend the time he had earned on his own there. Regardless of Kwon Taek-ju's intentions, it was always like that.

It was surprising that not this time, but fortunately. Obviously, the blank face did not go away.

"It will probably take a few days."

Has something happened to the Bogdanov family? No, it's a strange family that doesn't have work there. There have been no unusual trends or national issues in Russia recently. Even if there is such a thing, there is no reason to bring in Zenya, who is now the ambassador to Korea. Should I ask why? But it just seemed to interfere. If it's a problem that Kwon Taek-ju can't solve, he won't bother asking.

He ended up saying that. Then pour the wine into the glass and drink it. Zenya, who had been watching him quietly, suddenly approached and raised Kwon Taek-ju's chin. Then, before he even swallowed the wine, he bit his lips together.

As he drew in a shallow breath, the wine that had been pooling in his mouth was sucked away. Kwon Taek-ju frowned. Zenya didn't care and licked his entire lips thickly before he came off. The way he closed his eyes and smiled was like a guy.

He didn't seem to have to worry.

"Go away. If you're going, get out of here quickly. Let me rest too."

It's like pushing his back. Zenya isn't cute, so he smiled and left the room. As he left, the door that had been opened closed again. As his presence was cut off, the room suddenly became quiet.

Kwon Taek-ju took wine and a glass and headed to the individual swimming pool. He didn't have anyone bothering him, so he wanted to get some rest. He gently dip his toe into the standing water. It was moderately warm water. He sat down on a nearby sunbed and got some fresh air. The splendid night view of Las Vegas spread out through the glass wall.

A city that forgets the night, a dazzling feast of light as if sprinkled with jewels, a room on the top floor with all of them under the field, and fragrant

alcohol.

Have I ever experienced such luxury in my entire life?

"It's an unreasonable luxury."

He sighed and drank the wine in his glass. Gently passing the remaining wine, he massaged the sore nape of his neck. The body gradually softened. It looked like she could fall asleep.

He sat there for quite a long time like that.

Thanks to Zenya, his work went smoothly, and it was perfect that he could enjoy his alone time until he arrived in Korea. But, he was unsure of something. It felt a bit strange to be alone in such a luxurious space. He couldn't figure out why.

"……"

Should I have asked what was going on then?

He thought, looking at the ceiling of the room meaninglessly.

It had been two weeks since he lost contact with Zenya. He separated with him in Las Vegas and arrived in Korea by plane the next morning. As soon as he arrived at the airport, he took out his cell phone, but there was no message from

him. He should have arrived in Moscow long ago. Since then, until now, he hasn't heard anything from him.

Of course, it's useless to worry about his well-being, unless someone else knows. And yet, he had never been away for so long, and it bothered him. He may have been thinking a lot about this and that because he was free from the long vacation he received after completing his mission.

Yoon Jong-woo, who was called once every two days, introduced a game that was popular recently. After mastering it in less than a week, he lost interest.

Yoon Jong-woo suggested that he play a game he enjoys. However, neither in real life nor in games, forming a party did not suit his inclination. For some reason, he didn't feel like watching movies, videos, or books this vacation.

He picked up his phone again. Then, he glared at his one-way call record.

Is he sick somewhere?

A sudden accident or urgent surgery. Because of such unavoidable circumstances, he can't contact him or come back.

Let's assume some situations. After a while, he shook his head. He couldn't imagine how something like that would happen to Zenya.

Of course, he wasn't always an iron man. He's been sick, though it's only once in our life together. He had a particularly hard time with the heat wave in Korea.

Due to the influence of global warming, heat waves of up to 30 degrees were sometimes recorded in Moscow, but it seemed to have nothing to do with it. If it was hot, he would have been stuck in Ajinoki, so it wasn't too much.

The guy who used to take cold showers several times a day poured ice into the bathtub. Then he filled up the cold water, went in and sat down. He sensed a cool aura just by getting close.

"What are you doing?"

"Can't you see?"

"Then hypothermia comes. You might go to the other world due to cardiac arrest."

"Even now, there is no such thing as inferno, is that a big deal? That's terrible.

There is no steamer in this whole country."

"It's only this strict."

There was no use in nagging him to go out and say he caught a cold. It's annoying to stop him even more, and he'll be dragged in if he's just fooling around in front of him, so he just left him alone. He came out of the bathroom after a while. There was no blood at all on his white face.

"It's like a blank sheet. Your lips are pale."

Tsk tsk. He clicked his tongue and took out a towel and wiped his hair. The guy who quietly entrusted himself to me suddenly came with a cold body. It was as cold as a person's body temperature. Even just touching him gave goose bumps all over his body. He turned the boiler on early, but he couldn't feel the warmth at all.

He knew it would be like this, sighing and hugging the tough clinging guy. That day, he did not let go of Kwon Taek-ju until his body became hot again. He didn't know how to stop having sex once it started, even though it wouldn't be good to sweat it out in such a frozen state and cool it down again. Then, the next day, the gear was preserved. The guy who almost always opened his eyes first, didn't think about getting up because he was sluggish that day. When he touched his forehead, he felt a slight fever.

"Ah, man. That's what I said. I said not to overdo it. It's possible to live with just the air conditioner on, but you're not a yeti, and you're strangely stubborn."

"Taek-ju, I'm the one who has a fever. Don't worry about it."

Even though he acted like it was nothing, he did not loosen his arm from Kwon Taek-ju's waist. It was difficult for him to budge on the barrel that he clung to as if he were clinging to it.

"Then let go of me. I have to go to work."

"You are merciless, Taek-ju."

"You're not a kid, and you're not sick enough to die. If it's still bad, go to the hospital. Or go to my house. I will call my mother...."

He listened to Kwon Taek-ju's advice and blinked his eyes. It wasn't long before his eyelids closed completely, and he heard labored breathing. Maybe it was because of the cold that he wheezed more. Naturally, the arm wrapped around his waist loosened.

Check the heat again. It wasn't boiling enough to have to sit next to him and nurse him.

Moreover, he had to go to work that day and submit a report. He looked at the clock in his spare time and left the house belatedly.

That day, while eating lunch, a sudden cough came out. Yoon Jong-woo, who was sitting across from him, widened his eyes.

"Wow, senior has a cold? Even in midsummer."

"What is a cold? It was just a sneeze."

"Ah, did you get goosebumps on your arm? Your lips are also a bit blue."

"Somebody's air conditioning turned on so hard here."

"Is this strong? I wouldn't even be able to breathe because it was so hot."

It's not that it was cold even though he was eating the hot soup. Everyone else was sweating profusely, but only Kwon Taek-ju's chin clenched. It was all

because of Zenya. But even in the midst of that, he wondered if he had eaten properly.

"He can't do it. Eat and go."

"Yes?"

"I have somewhere to stop by."

In the end, he stopped eating and went to look at Zenya. It must have been that he slept all morning, he was still in bed. When he touched his forehead, he still had a slight fever.

He looked at the sleeping face for a long time and was about to remove his hand. His head slid along. Then he rubbed his forehead warm with Kwon Taekju's hand. He muttered, "Taek-ju," as if he was talking in a drool or sighing.

"....Anyway, if the bastard is going to be a monster, he will be like that until the end. It makes me feel weirdly guilty."

Zenya's stay in a foreign land was purely because of Kwon Taek-ju himself. He was the only person Zenya could rely on Korea for a year. Even his mother, who boasted of a friendship unlike him, would have been a stranger if it hadn't been for Kwon Taek-ju himself. Of course, it's unfair that Kwon Taek-ju himself never wanted it or induced it that way.

"What crime did I commit in my previous life?"

Maybe one of my ancestors killed the Imoogi that was about to ascend to heaven as a dragon. Otherwise, it seemed that there would be no resentment deep enough to carry a nuclear bomb like that.

With a disapproving look on his face, he played with his ivory hair. The sleeping man's expression became more relaxed. He seemed to like his relatively cold hands. There was no separate 2m luggage. Such a burden that brings a strange sense of debt every once in a while.

That day, he left early for the first time since joining the company.

Recalling the past, Kwon Taek-ju frowned. He even scratched the back of his head.

"It's a big distraction, it's needlessly worrying."

He grumbles disgruntledly. No news is good news, but he was an exception.

When he was quiet, he became nervous about where and what he was doing. It's just a little bit, but he was worried about him. Yes, it was because it was a rather precarious status. Originally, the Bogdanov family also had many enemies, but Zenya was also the type to mass-produce enemies that did not exist. Not too long ago, he was 'kidnapped' because of that bastard's 'Anastasia'. Thinking about it again, he couldn't help but click his tongue.

It was when he went on a long business trip to China for about a month. For some reason, Zenya didn't show up there. He wondered if he had cared for the advice not to interfere with his work. However, as he was about to finish the operation, he received a phone call.

Strangers suddenly said that they had Zenya.

[If you want Zenya to be safe, please calmly bring 'Anastasia'.]

The call started unilaterally and was soon disconnected. He stared blankly at his cell phone, which had become silent, and burst into laughter. No comedy seemed so funny. He had never heard anything so absurd in his life. The fact that they kidnapped Zenya, and the fact that the exchange for 'Anastasia' is

'Zenya's safe return'. In the first place, he couldn't believe that Zenya had gone through such a thing. Even if that was true, it was the guys, not Zenya, who had to worry about the site of life.

So it went unnoticed. His priority was to finish his work safely.

After completing the mission, he called Zenya. It was a pain. The same goes for sending messages. A vague thought came to his mind. However, when he was

kidnapped, the picture was not drawn at all. He repeatedly denied that it could be so and went on his way home. Why did the two-hour flight feel so long?

When he got home, even his mother was worried that she hadn't seen Zenya. He believed it wasn't until then, but just in case, he asked Yoon

Jong-woo to find out the whereabouts of the guy. No separate departure record was confirmed.

Feeling embarrassed for nothing, he went to his house. The inside of the house was empty. His Bugatti was also quietly parked in the garage. He searched the area and found a bottle of soju under his car body. Around that time, whenever he went to the grocery store, he would always buy it along with ramen.

Did he really get caught? That guy?

When he was experiencing intense cognitive dissonance, the guys who had kidnapped Zenya sent him a photo. He was tied to a chair and asleep. He didn't even know he had fainted. His mouth was gagged and his body was bound with chains. There, thick shackles were hung on his neck, wrists, and ankles, and they were connected as one. When his unimaginable appearance became visible, his backbone suddenly felt stiff.

It would have been difficult for even Zenya to survive if he had been attacked or drugged. There was no possibility that he could have subdued him by driving him by the number of people in an instant. After making such a trivial assumption, he couldn't even rest and went looking for him.

He went all the way to Yogyakarta, Indonesia to find Zenya. Before that, he stopped by Ajinoki for a while and picked up something that Zenya called

'Anastasia'. They moved for a long time and wondered how they had managed to drag Zenya to such a far place in Korea.

Their base was disguised as a parts manufacturing plant for an international company. Security is tight everywhere you go in Indonesia, but it was especially so there. From the front gate to each gateway, dense surveillance cameras were installed, and he had to face heavily armed guards wherever he went. All of

them were elite agents. Enticing them one by one and suppressing them silently, it consumed more stamina than usual.

He found a secret exit leading to the basement of a building in a place where there were many guards. The other place was faithful to the function of the factory, so if Zenya was captured, it was highly likely that it would be there. But for some reason, the hallway there was empty. Except for one room where the access system was operating, no presence was detected anywhere else. It might have been a trap.

Feeling ominous, he entered the ventilation shaft in the ceiling. Then, he crawled carefully through the dusty passage and entered the room where access was controlled. Trying not to make a sound made his whole body tense.

The sweat was condensed and turned into dust and dough.

The closer he got to the room, the rarer the sound of people. Although it was almost like a scream or moan. He sighed in despair as he looked at the movement below through the grille of the vent in the room. Zenya noticed that and looked up. He jumped in front of him.

"Late."

It was the first word he uttered. It seemed that they hadn't hurt a single strand of his hair, let alone his fingers. Those who claimed to have kidnapped him were lying all over the place with their heads exploded or their bodies grotesquely bent. It was the moment when all the worries about him became futile.

"What? Late?"

"There is a golden time for violent incidents like kidnapping. You almost did something bad."

"It seems that the man caught in your hands is suffering."

"Hmm? This….Isn't it self-defense for anyone to see?"

He shamelessly responded, twisting the neck of the last kidnapper with ease.

The shivering man drooped down with a desperate moan.

After tidying up, the guy looked up and down Kwon Taek-ju and suddenly smiled. It was a strict mockery.

"Where did you come from and what did you do so that you are covered in ashes? Did you crawl through the vent again?"

It felt like his temperature was plummeting. He just worried about that guy and ran to that far place without stopping. He felt a terrible sense of skepticism.

"Ha, I am an idiot for believing straight away. Is this fun?"

"It's fun. I didn't want to be kidnapped either."

"Is it? kidnapping? You? Didn't you follow with your feet? Is it possible to kidnap a guy like you?"

"Come on? I said I was scared because I didn't know when I would be rescued."

The bastard continued to tremble. Scaring him twice would destroy a company.

"Fuck. Since you're with me, the threatening phone call to bring Anastasia, did you make that happen too?"

"You made me hang. Are you talking like I instigated a kidnapping?"

"Or why is that phone call coming to me? What kind of power does a single embassy employee have?"

"Isn't it natural to ask for a ransom or a price from the guardian? The other side misunderstood the target, so I just corrected it."

"Taryeong-eun is the guardian of a grown-up baby. So, are you not hurt?"

I looked at him reluctantly. He was puzzled, as if he had been asked an unfamiliar question.

"Hurt?"

"Well, being forcibly hit with drugs or something like that, or being tortured...."

"Are you worried about me right now?"

After all, his only strengths are his pretty face and body.

My conscience pricked me, so I cleared my throat. Then, he tapped on my neck.

"How did you get that neck scratch?"

"Why, if you find out who did it, at least punish them instead? If you knew it would be like this, you would have kept it alive, wouldn't you?"

He looked around, feeling sorry for him. There were people in the state of super-corpses, whose life and death could not be confirmed. I wanted to stop talking.

"Anyway, a young bastard is immature. Do you test busy people like this?"

"It's a test. I thought you might not come."

He shrugged his shoulders, not expecting much.

"I thought you gave up because there was no news even after a few days."

"Hey, you should be caught somewhere. Do you know how much I struggled outside while you were having fun inside?"

"If you hadn't tried so hard, he wouldn't have died. He would have gotten out safely alone. Even so, I'm getting tired of it, so I'm going to deal with this guy alone. I was about to do that."

He sarcastically asked if he would be fooled by his laid-back behavior. Then, annoyedly, he brushed off his crumpled shirt. It was in vain.

The dirt that was properly attached only became more speckled the more he hit it with his hand. Moreover, even that was stolen by Zenya as if tearing it apart.

He didn't give up on it and used someone else's clothes as handkerchiefs to wipe off the blood and bodily fluids on his hands. As he watched it, his mind went blank.

"...Ha. Because of you, I'm getting old, I'm getting old."

It's not like it's not, it felt like the accumulated fatigue was pouring out all at once. He wiped his face and let out a deep sigh.

"But is it really okay?"

Even in the midst of that, he couldn't understand why he was concerned about him. He kept looking at him even though he knew it was the most useless thing in the world. In any case, he was also a human being, so he didn't know if he had suffered a mental blow.

Originally, internal injuries were more dangerous than external injuries when exposed to strong shock.

Sure enough, Zenya put on an incomprehensible expression.

"What?"

"Because normal people have something called trauma, right? Even the most trained agents would be intimidated if they were caught, detained, or tortured.

That might keep getting in the way."

Zenya, who had been listening carefully, sighed as if laughing. Then, he said,

"You're unexpectedly overprotective."

"Nothing to worry about. I'm pretty used to things like this."

"Are you used to it?"

For a moment he thought he had heard it wrong. It's because he didn't immediately recognize what it meant to be used to being 'kidnapped'.

Zenya took it lightly and brought up the story of his childhood.

"Was it when I was six? It could be before or after that. I was on my way home from riding lessons. The driver was killed instantly by a blind bullet that flew in from somewhere. The car immediately lost direction and ended up in a river. I

barely managed to swim to the surface, but some guys put a mask on my head as if they were waiting for it. When I came to my senses, I was locked in a musty warehouse. I don't know what they asked for in the house. It could be money, it could be some kind of right, it could be an interest or power that cannot be quantified... The more you have, the more enemies you have, right? Whether it's because of the evil done in the process of accumulating them, or simply because of the greed of those who covet others' things. I must have been the most complacent to them because I was young. You would have guessed that no matter how notorious the family, the bloodline would be drawn. It was an illusion. Because the Bogdanov family values pride and pride more than mere blood."

He's a guy who likes to spin around and use abstract expressions, but he couldn't understand him. It was not a matter of authenticity or incomprehensibility. It was purely because of human doubts that he couldn't believe.

"...What do you mean?"

"It's just an obvious story. Kidnapped for the needs of adults and abandoned by their calculations. Things aren't going the way they want, so they start to get nervous. Starved, bullied, and never slept. Crying, crying out for help,

pushed out the sign language and endured. I didn't want to do that. Listening to what they want, or cringing inside the house begging for their lives."

"....."

"The family took their actions as a challenge to themselves and, furthermore, to Kremlin. They must have thought they needed an example. So I started wiping them out with ruthless force. They poured it out like they forgot I was in their hands. Dozens and hundreds of bullets and bombs flew through the walls and ceiling. The heads of the men who threatened me were blown off, and their limbs were torn off and rolled around. It was a spectacle."

Zenya's attitude as he recalled that time was cynical. How could that be? He was confused. He was only six years old. As a child, he was only six years old. How?

"Those who barely survived didn't surrender until the end, and I often played with grenades since I was a child. Maybe that was the first time. Taking someone else's life with these two hands."

"Hey...."

It was such a cruel thing.

At that time, Kwon Taek-ju was about ten years old. It was a time when he went to school without any worries and kicked a ball with his friends. He was at a loss as to how to comfort a guy who must have lived in a world completely different from his own. He didn't expect to grow up in a normal environment, but he didn't expect it to be like that.

"You don't have to be sorry, Taek-ju. Every family has its own family tradition, and everyone adapts to it or lives with resignation. Even if it feels a little inhuman and crude, you never know. Maybe thanks to that, the present Bogdanov family exists. Humans beget humans, and beasts beget beasts.

Monsters will give birth to monsters. I thought I had to be stronger than anyone else to avoid being looked down upon by monsters. That's how I became who I am today. First the peers, then the adults, and then the family members. In the end, even in this world, they couldn't look down on me. Thanks to Anastasia."

Certainly, no one was hasty to touch the state official Psyche. Even his family couldn't take care of him. He was what he wanted. Is it good? Suddenly, he remembered Olga's words about how long he would be isolated alone. Looking at Kwon Taek-ju, he seemed lonely and tired because he was not calm.

"Don't you think that Anastasia made you more tired? Like Olga said, why don't you give it to whoever wants it? Then at least there won't be such a nuisance.

These bastards wanted that too, so they kidnapped you. You don't need that

anymore, so take it back or get rid of it. I was going to hand it over to these bastards after it was confirmed that you were safe anyway... ."

"Oh yeah. Taek-ju, I gave it to you. I've blown it up before. I hid one in my family home and one in Ajinoki. Come to think of it, I think I gave it to that little woman too."

Did he give 'Anastasia' to his mother? His eyebrows furrowed.

"What are you talking about? You always talk like a riddle."

"I told you, Taek-ju. Anastasia may or may not exist. I'm the only one who can prove it. If the thing I gave you is called Anastasia, people will think it is Anastasia. Also, if I called the pistol over there Anastasia, it would be Anastasia.

Anastasia is, after all, in the heart of the believer, and it's up to me to make it exist or not. You are the only one who knows this secret."

"What, then. Was that your lifeline or what you were just talking about? I also thought that if it disappeared, something big would happen to you."

Furious at the thought of being tricked, Zenya took a step closer. Kwon Taek-ju's face was filled with blue eyes.

"That's right. My breath, my weakness, and my secret weapon that makes me the strongest in the world. Now that Anastasia is in front of my eyes."

The hair on his neck and cheeks stood up. He was good at spitting out that kind of disgusting sound in people's faces. At such times, even the cold eyes resembling those of reptiles would embrace warmth and become softer than before.

"Taek-ju."

"Why, why are you coming?"

"If you came to rescue the princess trapped in the castle, that would be the end, right?"

"Who is the princess? Do not be ridiculous."

In a bloody place, he didn't want to rub his lips like that. However, he suddenly had pitiful eyes.

"Actually, I've been waiting. One day, one hour, one minute, one second tested my patience."

He made up his mind not to be swept away, but he always opened the bolts of Kwon Taek-ju so easily that it was absurd. Strangely, he couldn't come out strong just by looking at that calm face. It's all a mask, it's just a trick like a fox trying to trick him, no matter how much he think about it, it's no use.

"....Damn. Don't come here, Yevgeny."

"Taek-ju, my Zainka."

That face is so….

"Aaaagh!"

As soon as he recalled the memory of kissing in a place full of bouncers, he jumped up. He also tore out his unruly hair. Was it not enough that his insides were soft, and his brain was also soft? He doesn't know if Zenya's crazy factor was transferred.

He can't say his life is smooth no matter where he goes, but after being entangled with Zenya, he really hasn't had a good day. It wasn't that he didn't know what kind of guy Zenya was, but it was his fault for holding such a bomb.

"....."

He picked up the cell phone he had thrown away. When he turned on the power, the incoming calls accumulated during that time were displayed. But there were no calls or messages from Zenya. He carefully examined each contact number, just in case. His unidentified phone number went unnoticed. At least he didn't seem to have been kidnapped like before.

He tapped on his phone and thought about something before calling somewhere. The call connection sounded twice and then hung up. Then, the voice of the person on the other end was heard.

–Hello?

The protagonist with a rather shaky voice was none other than Yoon Jong-woo.

"Yoon Jong-woo, what are you doing?"

–What am I doing? I am working diligently.

"Are you busy?"

–I'm going to be very busy from now on.

He's afraid to get entangled in trouble again, so he's going to have a good time.

When he first came in as an assistant shooter, he only listened to the words to be docile, but now he also quite a bit, saying that he have a big head.

Of course, that didn't change anything.

"Don't do that, let's do one favor."

–I don't know what it is, but senior does it himself. You are completely relaxed these days because you are resting.

"If I could do anything, I would have done it long ago. Would I be so sorry for you?"

When asked sarcastically, there was no reply. The only thing he could hear was some muttering from the receiver.

"Yoon Jong-woo?"

He wonder if his feet are numb, Hmmmm, he clears his throat and replies.

–Let's hear what's going on first.

"Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov, you know?"

–He…Why is that person again?

"Why, why do you stutter like that? Could he be a ghost or something?"

–Are you kidding? I don't see much difference.

"Okay, find out where he is now."

–….Yes? Are you asking me to inspect civilians? What a sensitive issue that is, senior.

Frightened and jumping. He screamed so loud that his ears nearly fell out. Even though he is so easily startled and careless, he manages to join the NIS. Do I have to say that one ability is excellent? He let out a sigh for some reason.

"Does that bastard look like a civilian to you?"

- No, that's….No...It's not... He's a diplomat, after all. If something goes wrong after digging for nothing, it could turn into a diplomatic problem... .

"That won't happen, and if there is, I'll take responsibility, so just find out where he is. I'm not asking you to catch that bastard."

Yoon Jong-woo put his cell phone away this time as well and muttered something sloppy. "I can hear everything….Let's do it." Then, reluctantly, he drew a line with a creeping sound.

–Really, this is the last time.

"Okay. Check it out right away and give me a call."

He hung up the call at that point. It was just to make sure that Zenya had entered Russia, and if so, that he was still there.

As much as possible, he have lived his life with a thorough distinction between public and private life. However, while living with Zenya, that boundary began to break down. Once he got into trouble, he couldn't be relieved. Kwon Taek-ju

himself decided to take it and tame it, and it settled down in Korea. Therefore, when he did something, it was no longer a problem only for him.

Not long after, the cell phone rang. He reflexively snatched it up and checked the sender first. It wasn't Zenya this time either. He received a phone call while doing so. Yoon Jong-woo's report continued.

-Senior. Yevgeny Visarionovich Bogdanov's entry into Russia is confirmed.

weeks ago.

"Now? Do you have any records of him leaving Russia or moving to a third country?"

–Yes. Copy.

So he's only staying in Russia for two weeks? It was an answer that he expected to some extent, but he lost his strength for no reason. He got it, and was about to end the call. Yoon Jong-woo urgently calls.

–Senior. Don't forget what I said a moment ago.

"A moment ago? What?"

–I heard you take responsibility if something goes wrong. I'm just a pitiful subordinate who has succumbed to the power of duty.

"Okay, man. work."

Pick laughed. Yoon Jong-woo said to the end, "Bogdanov, please tell that person as well."

Anyway, being an NIS employee is scary.

The call ended, and the surroundings became quiet again. He looked at his phone blankly and then called Zenya. Still the guy didn't respond.

"Ah, I don't know. That bastard isn't even a child."

He tossed his phone away and tousled his bangs annoyedly.

The ground roared. Kung, kung, kung. He couldn't stand upright at different amplitudes each time. It was dark all over the area, and everywhere smelled of damp earth. Soon after, the ground vibrated with a violent explosion. Several shouts and screams are mixed. People only existed as vague figures, not clear forms. The language they poured out was like Korean, sometimes like English, and sometimes like Russian.

He guessed that it was a dream and went a little further. In fact, there was nothing to see, so he had no choice but to move forward until he came across a dead end wall.

Then the walls and ceiling shook again. In the aftermath, a cloud of stone dust poured down. He habitually shrunk his body, but the small remains invariably burrowed into his eyes, nose, and even his ear holes. He felt like he was short of breath. He shook his head vigorously and brushed off the foreign object. He shook his hand and scattered the foggy air.

He was about to go one step further, but something soft stepped on him. He almost fell over, but he managed to keep his balance. When he reflexively raised his head, he saw an unexpected person. He was a boy about six or seven years old. Left alone, like a dungeon, without a ray of light, the child had platinum hair and blue eyes. It was exactly the same as he had encountered many times in his last dream.

Why did that guy appear like that now?

Unsatisfied, he frowned. Of course, there was no guarantee who the child would be. Although Kwon Taek-ju looked very much like someone he knew well, it was difficult to be sure. That's also the case, because Kwon Taek-ju hasn't been able to confirm his childhood image yet. Even so, he kept thinking it was Zenya without any good evidence.

When the child appeared, the dream seat was wild. It was not particularly harmful to Kwon Taek-ju himself, but after waking up, he always felt uneasy and

felt a strange sense of guilt. He was relieved that he hadn't seen it for a while, but it appeared again like this.

The child who ran into Kwon Taek-ju stepped back, raising his guard. There was something in his little white hand. It was like a grenade.

Come to think of it, he stepped on something a while ago. He looked back slowly. Where the eyes reached, there were scattered pieces of flesh that

had lost their human form. Even the human figure, who seemed perfectly fine, was groaning under the collapsed pillar.

The ominous feeling was overwhelming. He frantically looked around. But nothing caught his eye. Outside the square, a blue frame is seen through the window. Outside of it, something like the shadow of a fighter jet quickly passed by. He couldn't see it with his eyes, but he could hear the sound of military boots in perfect order. Red lasers emitted from various guns instantly covered the air and the floor. The final warning to surrender from afar resounded.

Suddenly, he remembered an anecdote from his childhood that Zenya had told him about. Did he say he was used to being kidnapped? It seemed that the afterimages of that time had passed through the subconscious and manifested as a dream. The problem was that he couldn't wake up even though he knew it was a dream. He was out of his mind in an imminent situation, and he was going to go crazy.

He looked around everywhere, looking for a way out. Around that time, a shock stronger than ever exploded throughout the building. The earth's axis shook violently. Even the ceiling, which was barely holding on, collapsed, exposing the frame. It was a situation where they would be buried helplessly if they stayed as they were.

Everything was so vivid that even the perception that it was a dream faded from the middle. The only thought in his mind was that he had to escape quickly. He turned his head in the direction of the platinum-haired boy. The child was still

very sharp, and she only glared at Kwon Taek-ju. He beckoned him to come quickly. But the child did not move. The prevailing vigilance also does not dissolve.

Zenya! He tried to scream, but his throat was choking. He tried opening his mouth wide and straining his stomach, but the rumble in the air turned into sound and couldn't spread. In the meantime, ruthless attacks continued. The building began to collapse rapidly.

He ran to the child, trying to forcefully drag it out. But even that wasn't easy. As if a transparent barrier had been put in front of him, he couldn't take a single step forward. Even if he ran until his lungs hurt, he couldn't get close to the child.

He continued to call out to Zenya, his mouth opening and closing. He just watched blankly, as if he were facing a strange sight.

Damn it, run away!

His limbs struggled to the point of tingling. An urgent cry gets stuck in his throat, echoing only in the mold. He felt cramped and going crazy.

As if mocking Kwon Taek-ju, something heavy flew from behind his back cutting through the wind. The inside of the building became a temporary vacuum. And right after that, the condensed air exploded and tore the child apart. His whole body burned hot.

"...Omg!"

He raised his upper body. In an instant, the vision is opened, causing dizzying dizziness. His eyes were wide open and he didn't blink for a moment. His eyelids even trembled in spasms.

"Ha…ha…."

The breath he had been holding in came out. His lungs ached. His pounding heart was about to burst through his chest. The inside of his throat was so dry as if he had screamed the whole time.

It was all a dream, and he was relieved only when he recognized it again. He slowly wiped his face. His trembling palms quickly became wet.

Looking back, it wasn't such a terrible nightmare that he shivered so much.

Rather, there were times when he lived a more brutal reality. Even so, the uncomfortable and unpleasant feeling did not go away quickly.

In any case, the main body appears in such a form no matter where it is or what it is doing, and it disturbs people. Maybe something really happened to Zenya.

Even though he denied that there was no way, his heart was broken.

Nervously scratching the nape of his neck, he snatched his phone. He still hasn't heard anything from Zenya. He tried calling right away, but now he didn't even hear the ringtone. He seemed to have turned it off.

"Do you even say that this bastard goes anywhere?"

If it's late, it's too late, if something unexpected happens, is it that hard to notify that it happened? Unless you're in an unavoidable, unavoidable situation.

In fact, he didn't contact him often. It was because Zenya knew and visited him like a ghost whenever and wherever he was. He rarely made appointments to meet separately.

He also counted on his hands to send messages or make phone calls in every case.

Moreover, Kwon Taek-ju himself has never properly told Zenya where he is going or what he is going to do or when he will be back. It's also because of the NIS job regulations, but he didn't feel the need to. They said it was romance if he did it, and affair if someone else did it. They were just that pair.

"Who to whom….He has no conscience."

He was taken aback by the sudden self-reflection. Scratching the scruff of his neck, he checks the time. It was past 7 am. Outside the door, he felt a slight presence. His mother seemed to be preparing his meal.

He got up and went outside. His mother had woken up early, with a surprised face.

"Didn't you go to work from next Monday?"

"Yes. But I think it will be difficult to work right away if I take a break for too long. I want to go out for a while and keep track of what's going on."

"Okay then. I'll prepare you some food, so go eat."

"Ah, I don't have to eat breakfast."

"You shouldn't make it a habit to keep starving. Deceiving and empty-headed, where are you going to do your job properly?"

"It's lunch time right after I go to work, so what?"

"Ugh. Do you know that you will be young all your life? Debts I owe to my body when I was young, they say, come back many times when I get older. Aren't you too young now? You should also take care of your health. These days, serious illnesses don't discriminate by age, but you're getting regular checkups...."

"Yes. It should be. It's okay. Is it kimchi or biji-jjigae? It smells dead."

He hurriedly turned his words around as the speech was about to begin. Then he ran to the bathroom to wash up first. Until the door closed, his mother recited the medical history of her parents' and mother's families, starting with the story that his friend had collapsed from a brain hemorrhage.

Even if she didn't hear it all, she could guess what was going on behind the scenes. What foods are good for which organs, which superfoods are attracting attention these days, and how harmful drinking and smoking are to the body.

Whether he was young or not, his mother's concerns have not changed. The repertoire of nagging was also consistent.

After taking a quick shower, he sat down at the table. There were so many side dishes that it was impossible to find an empty place in the morning. "I'll eat without complaining," he said, holding up a spoon. Somehow, except for kimchi, there is no side dish left. Thinking of that sincerity, he

picked it up and ate it, and the bowl of rice quickly became empty. His mother scooped up the rice again while saying, "Look at that." It was the most enjoyable moment of her day.

"Is there a lot of work at the embassy these days?"

"If so, would they let me rest like this?"

"Okay? I wondered if the ambassador was very busy because he was very absent."

Kwon Taek-ju's chopsticks stop. It was because Zenya was mentioned unexpectedly. At any rate, the food went wrong and he almost heard it. He barely swallows what's in his mouth and then rinses his mouth with water. His mother said, "Eat slowly," Unaware of his speed. She continued to express her concerns about Zenya.

"I was worried about something because there was no phone call. He lives alone in a country where he can't even speak the language. In the event of an emergency, it would be inappropriate to ask for help."

"I am like that too. How is he young? He, like me, took a vacation and went to Centipede's country to rest. So you don't have to worry about anything."

He replied indifferently. His mother was undoubtedly a flagship.

"Hey, hey! No matter how young he is, he's your boss, right? Why don't you keep trying to match like that? Even if the party isn't here. What is he, Jira, and Malbonsae?"

He opened his mouth to explain, but then closed it again. None of the excuses worked.

"... No, since it's between us, we tried to talk comfortably."

"It's easy to talk like that, and you get used to it, and you make mistakes even in important situations. Don't you know how old is he? There is no such thing as a jerk."

He clicked his tongue disapprovingly. He rolled his eyes as he spread the mackerel on top of the rice. Somehow, since meeting Zenya, it seemed that the frequency of being scolded by his mother had increased. It wasn't really the guy's fault, but it wasn't at all, his stomach was boiling.

His mother wouldn't be so supportive if she knew what he did to her only son.

He felt unfair, but that didn't mean he couldn't divulge the details of what had happened. He silently repented of his mistake and ate the rice.

He was about to leave after getting ready, but his mother handed him something. It was an agreement.

"Take this too."

"What's this?"

"If I see my son going to work, won't the ambassador come back soon? He is a very short-mouthed person, so he must have suffered for a while again for eating. I prepared a few things with the ones he ate well."

"What else is this? Because there is no need for this."

"He can't use it without affection. A young man is living alone without a family because he is doing a big job. If I can help him, I should help him."

In the meantime, Zenya and him have been best friends, but she doesn't know them like that. Maybe it's the maternal influence that's weak against his gorgeous appearance. Not too long ago, when she saw the man who fell asleep,

she said he looked like an angel, so he spurted out the coffee he was drinking.

He doesn't know how to react whenever he sees his mother's innocent and pure gaze towards him.

"Put it in his mouth and do what your mother says. Don't you know that because you often travel on business? If you live in a foreign country for a long time, you feel lonely, depressed, and saggy for no reason. Moreover, he doesn't know Korean, so he can't communicate. How frustrating would it be to have no friends and be so far away from family? You look into him often and take care of him. Anytime, don't distance him, think of him as your younger brother."

It was strangely funny that his mother also noticed that he had no friends. He also wondered how she was so possessed by him. Even when she prayed day and night for his father and brother, she was not as blind as she is now. He wonders what would happen if his mother found out about his relationship with the bastard. He was far from imagining it. His coy guilt lays on her chest.

"I'll be back."

He calmly accepted the box and hurriedly left the house.

Before going to work, he stopped by Zenya's house. It was a visit without great expectations. He was just trying to deal with the nest of boxes his mother had entrusted to him.

But when he saw the empty house, he felt empty. There was no trace of anyone staying recently. The location of the props, as well as the bed sheets, did not change at all from when he visited a few days ago. The inside of the house was so quiet that it was even cold.

First, he went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. There was nothing to eat. In the empty space, he put the nest of boxes that his mother had prepared for him. He didn't leave a separate note. He thought that someday Zenya would come and take care of it.

He look around the house slowly again. Still, it is a place where people have lived for a year, so how can there be no sense of life this far? There was nothing that could be called Zenya's except for bathroom amenities, alcohol, bedding, and clothes that had not had their tags removed. There was not even that common washing machine available. He didn't know if he

was leaving all his laundry to the laundry company, or if he was full of money and threw out what he had worn once as garbage.

He opened the cupboard, but there was only dust there. Then, when the large drawer at the bottom was pulled out, various types of ramen were stacked one after another. He only cooked ramen incessantly, so he couldn't even eat ramen anywhere else. It was useless to ask him to stop because he was bitten.

"....Because he doesn't like ramen."

He groaned and closed the drawer. There was no food for Zenya anywhere. Even if he didn't leave the house for a long time like this time, he only bought cheese, bread, and fruit from time to time. That's not to say he doesn't enjoy Korean food. He doesn't know what he does when he's not there. This is why his mother is worried.

Go into the bedroom for a while. When he first came to this house, he remembered being shocked when he saw the bed. The original body was so large that commercially available mattresses did not seem to be able to handle it. So, the custom-made bed occupied most of the large room. It is said that newlyweds often prefer a super king size bed, but the larger and wider bed seemed to represent the guy's strong will to 'do it' there. And he really just rolled around on it. It was to the extent that there was no position he hadn't tried before. Even after going through the uproar for a year, there was no turning off, so it seemed that one quality should be acknowledged.

He sat on the bed for a while. The mattress firmly supported his body. Once again, he thought that a lot had happened in the past year. Somehow, it seems

that all memories come down to sex. It's not an exaggeration, but at his house, he always kept a part of his body attached.

It is said that when God created humans, everything is for a reason. It seemed that Zenya was given the mission of breeding the species by endowing him with a huge penis, overflowing libido, and superior body. If it wasn't for that, he couldn't have been so full of lust. Even considering it

was in its heyday. It was hard to withstand even Kwon Taek-ju, who had good stamina and strength, because he would try to hit him even if he just made eye contact. It was even faster to count the days he didn't pass out after sex. He doesn't know, but if the two of them were newlyweds, the triplets would have easily moved in. Really, it was a day of lust.

Like that, it's already been a year. If it's long enough, he would say that's about it. It was as if the time limit that had been set by arbitrarily cutting Zenya's heart had passed. He was so consistent that he didn't even notice the time passing. In the meantime, he had gotten used to his mother worrying about him, spending time having conversations between the two of us that didn't work, spending time with him after work or on days off, and seeing him pop up everywhere. It just became a normal daily routine.

That's why he didn't think about the fact that it could end someday, that it could go back to its original place. As much as the beginning was abrupt, the end is also possible.

The reason Zenya suddenly came to Korea was because of Kwon Taek-ju himself. That meant he could leave this place as long as it wasn't for him.

"I hope to live there for the rest of my life."

Every single word he said kept bothering him like a thorn in his throat.

During lunchtime, he skipped meals and went to the embassy. For now, since Zenya's status is an ambassador, his official residence was there. In fact, the

case of him staying there was extremely limited. He only stopped by when he was invited to an unavoidable event, banquet, or dinner.

The embassy residence was a building about 100 years old. For that reason, the interior is also decorated with antique furniture. It was customary to redecorate the interior to suit one's taste immediately after being appointed as an ambassador. But Zenya didn't touch a single prop. He didn't even think of it as his home in the first place.

Kwon Taek-ju also counted the number of times he had been there. Since he had an enemy at the Russian embassy in order to deceive his mother, there was a lot of psychological resentment. He did not want to spend his private time in a place where he was doing official business. It's not the first time or two that he had broken that principle because of Zenya.

Around the time he was appointed Russian ambassador to Korea, he brought Kwon Taek-ju to this place. He wondered if he would give me a tour of the official residence, but it wasn't at all. He couldn't find the slightest affection or zeal in the one who looked tediously inside.

"Why are you here all of a sudden?"

"I had dinner with Korean politicians here today. Reporters from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs are coming tomorrow."

"What was that?"

"It's very annoying and boring."

He leisurely complained and approached Kwon Taek-ju. He took a step back without even realizing it. It was a run driven by instinct. It's because his two eyes flashed extraordinarily.

As he hesitantly backed away, the serving table was touching the back of his thigh. He had an ominous feeling. He immediately pointed to the table and locked Kwon Taek-ju in his arms. Then he looked into his disapproving eyes.

"But I don't know. It might be better if you make at least one fun memory."

"What bullshit. Come out."

"You were thinking of making rice cakes when you go home anyway, right? It's just that the location has changed."

"Crazy man. This is the place to watch public affairs."

"What does it matter? It was definitely a house provided to the ambassador's family. They say everyone lives here as a married couple and has babies."

It was not wrong. The official residence was also the place where his family lived during his tenure as ambassador. But is it because Kwon Taek-ju himself is a civil servant? He was reluctant to do such a thing in a place where he often had official business.

But Zenya's pupils were already feverish. His excitement tightened his pupils, and the smell of his flesh intensified. It was a sign that his body was heating up.

He kept kissing Kwon Taek-ju's neck and jerked him awkwardly.

"On the topic of civil servants, you should follow your boss's instructions carefully."

"What kind of boss are you?"

"Have you already forgotten how you came here? If I've taken care of you, Kwon Taek-ju, you should also cooperate with public affairs. Is that fair?"

"Crazy...!"

He turned his head away from Zenya, who was about to kiss him. However, he didn't care and grabbed his face. As both cheeks were compressed, the lips parted spontaneously. He thrust his tongue into the gap and fully engaged his lips. He rubbed his tongue thickly and sucked in all his breath, so he was swept away helplessly.

When he came to his senses, his body was completely lying on the table. His top was also half-turned and tattered. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's exposed right breast and pulled his pants and underwear together. In an instant, the lower leg became numb to the point of being absurd. He tried to bring his knees together, but he couldn't move as Zenya stood between his legs.

His middle finger poked through the hole again and again, carefully touching and polishing the inside. At the same time, he gently stroked his perineum with his thumb and nudged the inside of his thigh. It tickled his hair against his groin.

The genitals could not stand the strong stimulation and began to stand up.

Before long, it felt like it was going to explode.

The erect penis touched Zenya's forehead. He raised his head and watched his shaking penis. Then, the tip of his sharp nose ran over the surface of his penis and went up to his glans. His hamstrings tingled as he inhaled deeply, as if trying to smell his flesh.

The guy who reached the ultimate sucked the red glans lightly and let go. Kwon Taek-ju's face was undoubtedly frowned, and his lower body flinched. Zenya looked up at Kwon Taek-ju and stuck out his tongue. It felt as if his tongue would touch his glans at any moment. He watched him anxiously. His stomach swelled slowly in anticipation. He could feel his breath quickening.

Zenya, who lowered his head as it was, opened his mouth out of nowhere and slowly took Kwon Taek-ju's entire penis. His soft tongue wrapped around his glans and wrapped around his entire pillar. The sensitive glans was sucked in and rubbed against the innermost soft wall. He seemed to have swallowed it all the way down his throat. A sigh of relief burst out at the far-reaching deep and dense sweetness.

"Sorry. Haaa...."

Zenya moved his head up and down while stroking Kwon Taek-ju's pubic muscle. The saliva-covered genitals were squeezed against the lips and slowly

spat out, then eaten up to the root. Kwon Taek-ju's fingertips on the table turned white. He raised his head again, and when only the glans remained in his mouth, he clamped the circumference tightly with his lips and sucked on it.

Kwon Taek-ju, who was enjoying the leisurely pleasure, fell asleep.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, ha... !"

He inhaled so persistently that it felt as if something would be sucked out of the inside of his urethra. Zenya insisted on providing that intense pleasure, then suddenly opened his mouth and pushed his genitals back to the root again.

Perhaps it was an illusion, it seemed that his neck was bulging as his glans went over. He couldn't stand it any longer.

He raised his upper body halfway and grabbed Zenya's hair. Then, he slammed his lower body into the mouth of the rusty guy. Despite the somewhat rough action, the guy bites and sucks the genitals that are being pushed into it without muttering. Even when the genitals stabbed the federal throat and hit the uvula, he didn't even vomit. In the meantime, there was even room to widen the hole.

His head was spinning as he looked at the face of the well-behaved guy sitting on his groin. His blood flow rapidly sped up and flashed incessantly right up to his eyes. Only when his sense of ejaculation came rushing in did he pull away from Zenya's face. No, he was going to. Zenya held onto Kwon Taek-ju's thighs and did not take his head away. As his eruption was imminent, Kwon Taek-ju's thigh muscles jumped up and down.

"Ha, Chin...spit it out, spit it out. Spit…uh, keuh...! Ahh...!"

In the end, he failed to remove Zenya and squirted semen as it was. The genitals, driven to the limit, spewed out a large amount of semen. His teeth were gnashing at the horror. He gulped down the semen of Kwon Taek-ju that had been splashed into his throat. As if on purpose, his neckline swayed clearly and slowly. He smirked at Kwon Taek-ju, who hated him after lightly sucking on even the smudges on his glans.

"Taek-ju, saying you'd like it this way."

"Ugh...I told you to stop, you crazy bastard..."

"Are you talking about something different now that you put the boat together like that? You must have enjoyed it to the fullest, so please eat this one too."

With the sound of the zipper coming down, the guy's penis fell off. Smelling the semen, the flesh wriggled its head against the hole. He closed his eyes tightly as if resigned.

Zenya used to press down on Kwon Taek-ju, spread his body open, and ate his stomach. Although he usually prefers similar positions, such as the top or the flexed position, the problem is the location. His back was constantly being rubbed against the table, and it was getting more and more stiff. He moaned in a mess from the barrel that was being pushed without a break, and finally pushed him away.

"Yeah, Haha...! For a moment. Back hurts. I'd rather go somewhere else...."

"You have to observe dining etiquette."

For some reason, he persisted until the end. Then he repeated penetration and squirting without a condom. The mixture of semen and gel that filled his stomach made a squishy sound whenever his flesh mixed. Every time his genitals were inserted, a white mucus of that density spurted out, and eventually licked the surface of the table and dripped onto the floor. They gathered and gathered like that to form a small puddle.

He was exhausted and fell asleep, but in the morning, he remembered that there was an interview. He immediately opened his eyes and opened all the windows to ventilate. He tried to get rid of the smell by turning on all the ventilation fans in the residence, covering the bathroom and kitchen.

The problem was stains on the carpet. No matter how much he cleaned it, there was no sign of it disappearing. He thought it had been erased a little, but it often

turned white quickly. Zenya was nothing but an immature kiss on the back of Kwon Taek-ju's head, who was struggling to erase the traces of an affair.

"....."

Looking at the wide table in the parlor, memories of that day came to mind. The temperature of the table that touched his bare skin, the air that quickly warmed up like a lie, and the moisture and smell that had built up at the same time seemed to be revived intact. He clicked his tongue and turned around.

He specifically visited the official residence because he wanted to know why Zenya's stay in Russia is getting longer. Official mail addressed to Nom is usually delivered to the embassy office. Then, when he didn't come to work, his aide moved them all to the official residence. Even if he looks like a pure bastard, he often stops by this place to check correspondence and schedules. It was a minimal effort to maintain the status of an ambassador.

He went to the study on the second floor and checked the mail he had collected.

He didn't know if there would be a banquet or important event to be held in Russia. However, no matter how much he looked, nothing particularly stood out. Then he turned on his office laptop. Calmly enter the password and open the real-time updated schedule. As expected, it had been empty for a fortnight.

However, ahead of Chuseok, ten days later, various events were held. At least that meant he was coming back. No, really? The term of office for ambassadors is not fixed. It was only known that it was usually between 1 and 2 years. There were not a few cases where they were dismissed midway through or suddenly returned home after being appointed to other important positions.

As much as he was forced to become the Russian ambassador to Korea, he was a guy who could beat him whenever he felt like it. An interest-oriented person who only pursues interest. If he was tempted elsewhere, he wouldn't look back.

"....I don't like it."

He murmured dissatisfied and turned off the laptop. As he was about to return, he saw an old Korean conversation book on the bookshelf. If the ambassadors who had passed through this place left it for their successors, it didn't seem like it was Zenya's.

Come to think of it, for the past year, he hadn't been able to speak a word of Korean. He didn't even use that common greeting. Even in situations where he had to communicate with his mother and other Koreans, he steadfastly spoke only Russian. He didn't even say a few words. What was surprising to him was that it still worked. People took care of it and brought him what he needed.

So was his mother. When the two met, they still only said what each wanted to say. When Kwon Taek-ju happened to be with them, his mother asked for an interpreter, asking what the other person had said. One time it was so annoying that he bruised Zenya.

"If you're going to stay here forever, learn Korean or something."

"Why me?"

"That won't be comfortable for you."

"Korean is complicated and difficult like Koreans. It's strange that the same words have different meanings. It's not once or twice that I've been frustrated using a translator. Learning a language like that is inefficient."

"I don't like it when a brainy bastard studies. So, are you going to live like that for the rest of your life?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a disapproving face.

"I'm not here because I like this country, Taek-ju."

At that time, why did I secretly feel sad?

Zenya did not choose Korea. He just wanted Kwon Taek-ju, so he settled down as well. Once his enthusiasm for Kwon Taek-ju disappeared, he would have no reason to stay here any longer.

Nervously tossing his messy hair, he left the official residence. There was one more place to stop by.

The aide, Oleg Menshikov, narrowed his eyes and glanced at Kwon Taek-ju.

Then, after a while, she opened her mouth.

"You mean that 'Kwon Taek-ju'?"

"Yes, I am Kwon Taek-ju."

He didn't know why there was a predicate in front of his name, but he nodded his head obediently. While he was at the official residence, he was about to stop by the embassy. The unofficial situation in Russia was thought to be more familiar there than anywhere else in the country. As an embassy specialized in foreign affairs, it had no choice but to respond sensitively to the international situation. It included the political, economic, and social conditions of the home country.

The Bogdanov family wields considerable power in Russia's political and business circles. If something happened to them, the embassy couldn't have known. Moreover, even though it was only in name, he had the status of an ambassador, so he would respond promptly to Zenya's personal problems. If he was going to give up his ambassadorship, it was clear that he would be the first to hear the news.

"Okay. What are you doing here without a person who is busier than the ambassador not contacting you?"

Oleg Menshikov was openly wary with a lot of sarcasm.

A year ago, while he was being framed and chased, it was unknown where and how he would have been exposed. His mother's concerns were not for nothing.

So she put his name on the Russian embassy staff. Zenya recommended doing so first, and the higher ups also gave permission. Of course, it was

only in name, so this was the first time he had visited the embassy. Zenya left it to him to take care of everything, but the aide's attitude was not very good.

Kwon Taek-ju's position within the embassy was that of the ambassador's personal secretary and attendant. He decided to stick to the role for now so as not to arouse any suspicions that he had performed.

"There is material that the ambassador urgently requested to pass on. I contacted you, but you didn't answer."

"If it's the ambassador, he has returned to Korea for a while. Didn't the attendant know that?"

There are thorns at the end of each word. He painstakingly pulled the corners of his lips.

"No. He said he would be back in about 10 days, but it's already been 15 days."

"Hmm...It's definitely later than expected."

Oleg Menshikov nodded graciously. Then add something that doesn't make any sense.

"Well, that's not a problem that can be dealt with so simply. Maybe it could be a big slant on Russia, so you must be careful."

It was so vague that he couldn't understand what it meant. However, he seemed to know the purpose of Zenya's visit to Russia. Since it was impossible to ask what it was, he confirmed only one thing.

"Is he late because of that?"

"Or what could be the reason? Is it something more important than that? Then I can keep it and deliver it to you instead."

Oleg Menshikov abruptly held out his hand. He seemed to have to back off at that point.

"No. He told me to tell you directly, so I will do that."

"Then you should come back later."

"Yes. Then, today is over."

He nodded and left the embassy. As soon as he turned around, naked eyes followed him from behind. It wasn't even one or two eyes.

He walked away ignoring it and suddenly looked back at the building. The heads of people looking out at Kwon Taek-ju through the window disappear all at once. There were also times when he missed the timing to take a breath and fiddled with the flowerpot for no reason or looked away awkwardly.

No matter how Russian-dominated the mission is, is it so surprising that Koreans appeared? Even the Joseon people who encountered Saekmokin for the first time did not seem to have watched it so openly.

He tilted his head and took another stride. One by one, the embassy staff watched 'that Kwon Taek-ju' as he pulled his head out of the window and walked away.

The dull afternoon passed slowly. Field agents of the NIS rarely went to the headquarters. Because if they see him, there's nothing to do. At best, it was about handling the costs associated with conducting the operation and writing a report on the results. Occasionally, he even wrote a police report. Kwon Taekju even accepted all of the prepayment before the vacation. Not knowing when a new mission might be handed over, it was a habit he naturally acquired.

He flipped through the desk calendar meaninglessly. He couldn't immediately remember the last time he had taken a long vacation like this one. It was a daily routine for her to be called whenever he needed to rest, and to be called without

even taking a break. At least, Zenya intervened, and he was able to relax in his tight life. He made a lot of bullshit about him, but it was true.

When will I use this vacation as an excuse again? He should have enjoyed it properly in order not to feel unfair at that time, but there was no proper entertainment. He couldn't sleep well anymore, and every day was just boring.

What did I do in the past? Usually, he didn't even have enough time to rest, and lately he didn't have time to be bored because he was spending time with Zenya.

Is there anything I can do? After rummaging around, he turned on the in-house messenger. Then, he tried talking to the easy-going Yoon Jong-woo.

"What are you doing?"

Yoon Jong-woo read the message after a while. The answer was too late.

–What am I going to do?

"Let's have a drink after it's over."

–No. I have to go hunting for boss mobs tonight.

"What is that 2D boss?"

–Is it 3D?

"Aren't you going to eat?"

–No. I would starve. Don't keep talking to me unless you're helping me. I really have to quit today.

"Okay? I'll help you."

–Really?

"Really."

As soon as he answered, he turned on his laptop. Around the end of lunchtime, it was borrowed from Yoon Jong-woo. On the desktop, there was

a game that he

claimed to be a degenerate. After entering his existing ID and password, he pressed the login button. However, a message popped up to confirm the password. It was the same when he tried again.

He opened the messenger again.

"Did you change your password?"

Yoon Jong-woo, who read the message, was silent for a while. It seemed that the sound of figuring out what had happened and the circumstances behind it could be heard beyond the screen.

Before long, messages from him fly in one after another.

–Senior, what are you doing? If you help me.

"Okay. They say it helps level up."

–Oh, don't!

"Password, what is it?"

–Can I tell you?

Yoon Jong-woo came out strong. Or not, then. He tried changing the old password here and there without much thought. He managed to log in only three times. He seemed to be quite confident, but it was at the level of replacing the exclamation mark with a golbang in the existing password. This baggy guy is working for the intelligence team of the NIS.

It seemed that the login notification also went to the mobile app that linked the account. The silent messenger window flashes ceaselessly.

–Senior.

–Senior?

–Senior?

–Senior, please answer me.

"Why? You said you were busy."

"Your cat, have you improved a lot since then?"

"There are a lot of unseen items."

–Please don't touch my baby.

"Is it raising the level?"

After that, he didn't respond anymore. He pretended not to notice the constantly flashing messenger window. As he was browsing the updated UI, an unexpected phone call rang. The sender was, without fail, Yoon Jong-woo.

When he pressed the call button, he heard his breathing.

"Why, man. Are you busy?"

–Can we just eat together? I have to be there by 11 o'clock.

Peek laughed. He immediately logged out of the game and bruised Yoon Jong-woo.

"My senior said he would buy me some food after a long time, is this something I have to do? You make me a bad person."

–Why are you buying that meal today?

"That's because I want to drink today."

It was a very self-centered remark. Yoon Jong-woo's breathing becomes even more rough. He can't see it, but it must have been trembling as it pulled out its messy hair.

He works, and he unilaterally hung up the phone. At that moment, there were no new messages on the cell phone.

After work, he settled down at a nearby meat restaurant. Yoon Jong-woo grumbled, asking if he was just trying to buy a pig, and he ate the pork belly.

Both eyes glanced at the laptop that was turned on next to him. There, the game

was running automatically. What's fun about fighting on your own and accumulating experience points? For Kwon Taek-ju, he couldn't understand it even if he tried to understand it.

"Hey, it's all cold."

"I am eating."

Leave the meat that is about to be burned, and put the slightly bloody meat in his mouth. It was as if he wasn't even looking at the fire plate properly. Is this what it feels like to be sick with a disobedient adolescent?

After watching it, he packed a bag of wraps. Then, he handed it to Yoon Jong-woo and said, "Ah." Yoon Jong-woo opened his mouth without question. He seemed to forget who his opponent was because he was only looking at the game screen. Standing with both cheeks bulging, he rubbed his mouth hard.

Before long, however, the movement of his jaw slowed markedly. Even his calm face turned hot as if it were about to explode. It was because there was no meat, only Cheongyang peppers and raw garlic.

"Oooh! Woo!"

He covers his burning mouth and panics. Urgently looking for water, he snatched Kwon Taek-ju's glass. There was no way the burning mouth could evolve into soju. He held out an empty plate to Yoon Jong-woo, who was shouting silently, and spat it out. But he stubbornly shook his head and

swallowed what was in his mouth. If he thinks of his parents who farm, he can't just throw away a single grain of rice, or something. Tears welled up in both eyes because of self-mortification. The tip of his nose was also white.

"I know. Don't look away while eating?"

"Haha. You did that on purpose!"

"Then it must have been a mistake?"

Respond shamelessly. Regardless of the resentful glances, he continued to nag him.

"If you were on the operation, you would have eaten poison and died. It was confirmed to have been shot and killed after drinking water."

"I don't have anything to go to the field anyway, right?"

"Does that work for you?"

"What can't you do? In the first place, unless it's senior...."

Yoon Jong-woo, who was in a fit of anger, puts on an expression of regret. Kwon Taek-ju did that while splitting the rooms.

"Who am I to trust other than you? I'm dying alone without a partner, so if it's necessary, you'll have to provide support or cover. What is it like to be an adverb?"

"Oh really! Then I will resign on that day."

The rest is serious, but he keeps sulking as if teasing him is fun. Then, he asked if he would like to eat naengmyeon. It was to appease Kwon Taek-ju.

"...Watercress."

Yoon Jong-woo, who had been struggling with his spirit, quickly calmed down.

He doesn't want to get hit again, so he quietly closes his laptop.

In fact, other than lunchtime, he doesn't know how long it's been since the two of them sat face to face like this. Kwon Taek-ju's business trips were frequent, and it was difficult to see his face unless he made time for it. Still, in the past, he used to call him often like now, but he rarely does that lately. It was purely because of Zenya. At some point, it became natural to spend time with him outside of work.

"Senior, are you lonely these days?"

Yoon Jong-woo suddenly asked. Both of his eyes were narrowed.

"What? Out of the blue."

"It's strange that you suddenly get sore. What, would you like me to set you on a blind date?"

"Where is the girl you know?"

"If not, even my older sister... ."

"You sell your family just because you don't want to drink with your boss."

Funny bastard, even Hagagon drank. Yoon Jong-woo quickly filled the empty glass.

"You never know. Is there any relationship? If you don't like my sister, there are cousins, and if you don't like it, even that friend...."

"Do you want to cut ties with your family?"

"No, why! Senior! You have a guaranteed retirement age, you earn good money for being civil servants, you are tall, you have a good body, and you even have a handsome face. You are a bit tight, and the personality is dirty….What is that, you can't even try to win over your lover?"

"Pretending to be a compliment, do you have a knack for stealthily?"

He secretly averted his eyes, as if he had been caught. He then gulped down what he hadn't left. He looked at Yoon Jong-woo disapprovingly and picked up a bottle. Yoon Jong-woo holds out his cup more earnestly than ever.

"You? Aren't you in love? It's a good time."

"Even if I look like this, I am not married."

"What does that have to do with dating?"

"If you date, you might want to get married."

"It must be….."

"Wow, what a bad man. Dating and marriage are two different things, right?"

"Of course it is different. I don't know if the other person wants to marry me or not."

"If you really love, there is no time to measure that, right? I heard you don't want to send them home, and if you want to stay together, you'll get married?"

"I don't want to send them home, and if they want to stay with me, that's okay.

I'm not going to get married blindly. I'm not saying that marriage is a reality for nothing. Public official? I'm in a position where I'm going to beat every day, a life allowance that is higher than the basic salary, I can't even tell them where I'm going and what I'm doing, I'm out more days than I'm at home. If they give birth to a child, they have to raise it alone, and if I die, the country will not treat me as a person of merit, let alone collect the body. What kind of a person would like that?"

"....."

Yoon Jong-woo's lips curled up. It was all right, so he couldn't argue. Kwon Taek-ju poured all his remaining alcohol into his glass.

"For people like us, it's a job rule violation if we're honest, and it's a fraudulent marriage if we keep it secret."

"That is not wrong. I'm honestly a bit embarrassed. Well, we're not there for the money, we're all working for the country, wasting our bodies and consuming our mental strength."

"It's not too late now. Run away."

"Because I'm a bachelor anyway? It's not like a field job like a senior."

Yoon Jong-woo, who was mumbling, asked a rather serious question.

"Senior, how long do you plan to work?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't your mother asking you to get married? You're only one as a child, senior."

"Why not? Even men say that if they marry too late, the baby will be unhealthy.

She already married me in her head and even hugged her grandchildren."

"Is senior also have a non-marriage principle?"

"No? Haven't you ever thought of something like that?"

"Hmm. Looking for a more stable job now? Then there would be no reason to hold back from marriage."

"Is that that easy?"

"Tell me it's easy."

"It doesn't suit your aptitude."

"You just don't have to call the site?"

"All I can trust is you….."

"Oh, stop saying that."

He wondered if it was something to cry like that.

Soon after, the cold noodles they ordered came out. Yoon Jong-woo quickly added vinegar and mustard with his sullen face, and cut the noodles to make it easier to eat. "Then, would you like to eat it as a courtesy?" As soon as Kwon Taek-ju shook his head, he grabbed all the noodles and slurped them down. In the blink of an eye, a bowl of naengmyeon was gone.

"Ah, maybe you should have made it with normal naengmyeon. The amount is small."

"That isn't cold noodles for dessert."

"Lie."

He clicked his tongue while watching Yoon Jong-woo deny it, then added a bowl of cold noodles, two servings of meat, and two bottles of soju. Yoon Jong-woo's expression looked happy in the world. If he bought it, he would eat it just like now, so why did he bounce back like that earlier?

Yoon Jong-woo opened the soju that came out first and filled the glass with Kwon Taek-ju.

"Honestly, if you're a senior, aren't you a tolerable security company, a free pass? Would the Blue House say they would write it for you?"

"The protocol is complicated, and I can't do it my way. And to be honest, I'm just setting the mood, there's nothing to do with my body."

"I don't understand why you have to go through hardships. If you want to use your body like that, go abroad altogether. It must be heaven and earth to make a lot of money and risk your life."

"There is no cause or money for that. At least you have to think that you are patriotic so that you feel less guilty when cleaning up. If you hurt people

just for money, you can't do it because you feel skeptical."

"Then, did you just start a gym and work out for the rest of your life?"

"It has no sense of presence."

"Wow, that is really strange."

While disgusted, he takes up his mother's reverse.

"Because I'm like this, my mother is anxious. Rather than having a daughter-in-law and grandchildren, I guess she just wants me to settle down, right?"

"If you get married, will you settle down on your own?"

"At least I can't think of working with the taste of using my body. Even if it were my body, it wouldn't be completely mine. Rabbit-like family, won't you step on them?"

Well, he had never even thought about that. He hasn't experienced it, so he can't imagine it well. If he has a family, so if there are more people to protect, will he really be different then? Wouldn't it feel cramped to live a life that only pursues safety? Just as someone's husband, as a father. Could such an extremely private and family sense of duty quench all the thirst inside him?

After consulting, he suddenly ate. It was because he suddenly remembered Zenya. The existence of a bastard is firmly embedded in the brain and blocks blasphemous thoughts at the source.

Yeah, on the subject, what about rabbit-like families? It was better to give up than to do something stupid and get eaten by him.

Yoon Jong-woo says why. He shook his head as if it was nothing.

"By the way, how is your mother? It's been a while since I've seen her. In the past, she used to follow seniors and get food."

"She was talking about you anyway. She told me to bring you when the time comes."

"Oh, but why didn't you tell me?"

"Ah….My mother has a best friend these days."

"So what?"

"They will hate it if you go. Aren't you going to be not happy?"

"Why does your mother's best friend hate me? What do you mean I won't be happy... ."

"There is such a thing."

He messed around a bit. Cold noodles and meat came out on time. He quickly turned his attention to Yoon Jong-woo, starting with cold noodles. The meat is also put on the fire plate, grilled and cut without hesitation. Yoon Jong-woo was so absorbed in eating that he stopped biting and sagging.

Around the time the meat was cooked, he put down the busy tongs. Yoon Jong-woo, who had finished eating cold noodles in that moment, filled the glass as he noticed.

"Can I ask you something?"

"What."

"I was curious before. What are you doing with that Russian?"

He paused at the startling question. However, he soon tilted his glass as if nothing had happened. He pours the soju at once and puts down the empty glass.

"What kind of relationship? We just came and went and got tangled up and almost killed each other, but then somehow we got some help….I see that bastard from time to time because he is coming as an ambassador to Korea.

What kind of relationship is that?"

"Wow, it seems that ugly affection is really scary. How can you make friends with such a killer...."

Yoon Jong-woo's voice, which had been talking nonsense, gradually subsided.

He wondered why he suddenly noticed, and the self-talk that followed immediately was spectacle.

"....But. Senior aren't too different."

"Hey, excuse me. Do you compare me to that guy?"

"You're a human too, but for now..."

As the years go by, only their mouths live, and they talk back.

Even the dull Yoon Jong-woo has doubts, it seems strange that his relationship with Zenya is strange. Certainly, at first glance, it was difficult to guess how they knew each other, and it was a combination that made it even more difficult to understand when you knew the inside story. How many times did he come close

to dying at the hands of Zenya. Now that he's stuck with that guy, even if he just makes eye contact with him, he doesn't know where his life will turn.

After that, stories about Yoon Jong-woo's family and neighbors, news about Director Lim, and complaints about work life became a hot topic. As they chatted and had a glass or two, two bottles of soju soon ran out. Shall we order more?

"No. I'm going out now."

Unexpectedly, Yoon Jong-woo's eyes widen. He immediately checked the time on his cell phone. Even that is not enough, he even looks at the clock hanging on the wall.

"It's not even ten yet?"

"It takes time to get home. Also, playing games is good, but if possible, wash up a bit and do all the housework."

In the advice that followed, he exaggeratedly saved himself.

"Senior, are you spying on me? You put a camera in my house, is that what it is?"

"Isn't it obvious if I don't do that?"

He threw the torn sesame leaves and went. Yoon Jong-woo, who was slowly rolling his eyes, jumped up without hesitation. Then he straightened his posture, and bowed his head extremely.

"Then I will go out first. Thank you for providing our daily bread today. I love you, senior."

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Abominably, he blows a heart with his hand and then suddenly lets go of his line. He didn't even look back to see if he could get caught again. He laughed while watching Yoon Jong-woo, who was pulling his back.

The time was approaching 10:00 at night. He felt sorry for waking up at that point. He called the waitress who was cleaning the table next to him.

"Please turn off the lights and give me another bottle of soju."

He enjoys drinking. It's been a long time since he had spent so much time alone in a place that wasn't a business trip. How have I been living all this time? After joining the NIS, the leisure in life disappeared. When one job was done, another was waiting. There were many times when he moved directly from one business trip to the next business trip. Even on days off, he was busy replenishing his stamina as he collapsed.

Still, in the early days of his appointment, he would meet his friends, college seniors and juniors, and comrades from his time as a special forces soldier, even if he split the time he didn't have. At that time, he had time for that, and he was overflowing with enthusiasm for things like loyalty and friendship. The problem was that at any meeting, they were most curious about each other's current situation. He only had to show it once or twice, and trying to lie constantly made him feel uncomfortable.

After taking off the rookie ticket, his workload increased so much that he could never rest when others were resting. As a result, he has been absent from important events such as weddings, funerals, reunions, and first birthday parties. He can count on one hand the times he has spent the holidays at home.

For a while, he lived only by saying he was sorry.

Everyone said it was okay, but there was no way that a relationship that kept apologizing would remain healthy. Contact was sparse, and even then, he only sent one reply in a few days, so he gradually started to distance himself from people. He lost his cell phone several times during the operation, so he had almost no contact information. He teased Zenya for not

having any friends, but now Kwon Taek-ju himself was not much different. If he loses his job like this, belatedly, the story of 'he died' will spread. He's not worried that his funeral will be empty. In the first place, it was a fortunate situation if the body was properly recovered.

He smiled bitterly and took a drink. When he's alone, he get a lot of distractions.

Until recently, there was no time to think about it again. It was because the intensity of the work was still the same, and even Zenya intervened in the tight daily routine.

"....Whenever you grumble."

On the subject of complaining that he only works while chasing him wherever he goes, he goes into hiding at times like this and there is no news. What a great slope ahead.

The taste of alcohol suddenly disappeared. He leaves the store thinking about cigarettes. At a nearby convenience store, he bought a pack of cigarettes that he often smoked before. He lit it, took a deep breath, and checked the cigarette pack. Originally, it was because he was bored of wanting it to taste like this. It seemed that he had become accustomed to handmade cigars.

Only one year. Zenya. How long have I been swayed by him? He didn't know when he was by his side, but after he was gone, he realized it with absurd certainty.

It was a moment when he quickly burned all of them, took out another cigarette, and bit it. The silent cell phone rings. He wondered if he was trying to play the role of a tiger again.

However, an unfamiliar number appeared on the phone screen. Normally, he would have thought it was a promotional call, so he wouldn't have answered it.

There won't be a group in Korea big enough to dare to kidnap Zenya. Maybe someone misunderstood the number and dialed it wrong.

Then, all of a sudden, he wondered if the sales promotion call was coming even though it was close to midnight. Unless he's close friends or on urgent business, he wouldn't risk rudeness at this late hour.

He touched the call button, intending to hang up if he had to.

"Yes."

–Kwon Taek-ju?

The questioning voice was quite familiar to his ears. However, it was not a stored number, so he did not let down his guard.

"Right, who are you?"

–Wow, is that right? It's me. Chanwoo.

Chanwoo. Kang Chanwoo? Recall a familiar name. There was definitely such a guy among my college classmates. He's sociable and likes to get out there, so he's been the head of the department since he was in first grade. He remembered hearing the news that he had gotten married a few years ago.

They weren't very close, but he suddenly wondered what was going on.

"Huh. Long time no see."

–Since it's been almost 10 years, it's about to change the world. Are you still alive? I wondered if something had happened since no one said they were in contact with you, and there was a lot of talk about not seeing you for several years. Because they said that no news is good news. Are you healthy?

There was still a lot of talk. In a place where Kwon Taek-ju wasn't present, it was obvious without looking at what kind of talk would have come out. He unwillingly ran wild rumors throughout his school days. On top of that, he had even dropped out of the university he was attending, so all sorts of

false rumors must have been floating around. Maybe he became the main character of an obsolete rumor that starts with 'some old senior'.

Even in the middle of this, he was more curious about how Kang Chanwoo found out his contact information, rather than the phone call. Occupational diseases were at the terminal stage.

"Contrary to expectations, I am living well with my limbs and body. Did you call to ask about that?"

–Huh, that's crooked. I wasn't expecting it, I was worried. I was kicked out of school for no reason, and I stayed out of doors all the time. How have you been?

Did you get married?

"No. I'm busy eating and living."

–What are you doing?

"There is. Something you don't need to know."

–Ha, Kwon Taek-ju's character hasn't changed. Should I take a look? All the kids are curious about you.

"Everyone's life is the same, so why are they so curious?"

–Are you asking because you really don't know? At that time, we must have wanted to check whether Kwon Taek-ju had become an ordinary man. Actually, before this Chuseok, we decided to see each other, right? We had a really hard time getting it right.

"However?"

–But what? You too, man. No matter what you do, you won't be resting before and after the holidays.

Hesy about to refuse with a single knife, but he quickly add a word.

–I don't know about other times, but you have to come to this meeting.

What else does that mean? Kwon Taek-ju majored in what is often called an engineering school, especially mechanical engineering. Most of his classmates were men, and as such, he wasn't interested in where they lived or what they were doing. Kwon Taek-ju was not particularly curious. But why does he have to attend?

When the question reached its peak, Kang Chanwoo continued.

–I heard that Yuna will come. She's getting married soon. Before that, she wanted to see your face for a moment.

Another person who had been completely forgotten came to mind.

"Kwon Taek-ju."

He raised his head at the sound of the call. The guys who ate together also paid attention to the speaker. The surrounding noise faded like a lie.

The one who appeared in front of the crowd was Yuna. She was a first-year student at the Department of Mechanical Information and Engineering at Korea University, and was the only female classmate out of a quota of 150 students.

Because she became a so-called 'Areum of Engineering', she received the attention of her seniors, classmates, and juniors from before entering and until graduation. Even on that day, she was in a situation where there was a lot of talk about her on the spot. The guys who often made her the subject of their conversation shut their mouths at once and watched the conversation between the two.

"My name is Yuna."

He tilted his head at the sudden self-introduction. Of course, it was already the second semester. He was not unaware of her rise and fall in everyone's cubicle, even though it was a long day. He just wasn't interested like everyone else.

"However?"

"Can I sit here?"

"As you like."

He agreed without hesitation. Everyone was eating their own food anyway, so it didn't matter who was sitting next to him. Yuna set down the tray across from Kwon Taek-ju. Only then did the other guys in the group begin to talk kindly.

What type of liberal arts is he taking, whether he has finished all the assignments for his major subjects, where are the friends he used to hang out with, and so on. All of them were just nonsensical things.

Yuna stared at Kwon Taek-ju while replying appropriately. He was absorbed in eating and did not engage in conversation at all. He was completely indifferent to the fact that people would take the seat in front of him and stare at him nakedly.

"Me, this two-person assignment. I want to do it with you."

The sudden declaration made the surroundings quiet again. The group of guys kept a close eye on the situation, rolling their eyes. Some of them laughed slyly, and some of them were very disappointed.

Kwon Taek-ju finally met Yuna's gaze.

"With me? Why?"

"You have the best grades. I was curious about how you work."

Yuna's tone was quite belligerent. It wasn't that she was trying to do an assignment together, but it felt like she was throwing a challenge. Kwon Taek-ju knew that she was second in class in the first semester. Even if he didn't pay attention, he couldn't be unaware of the other guys making noise. However, he was not conscious of her or harbored a sense of competition with her. To Kwon Taek-ju, grades were a matter of rank, and rankings were irrelevant.

So, he declined Yuna's offer.

"Sorry, find someone else."

"Why?"

"I feel like I can't do it my way. I can't match others."

Yuna's fisheye was dumbfounded by the conclusive answer. Most of the time, he was reluctant to team up with passive people. This is because the probability of

poisoning increases. Kwon Taek-ju was different. He prefers team members who can adapt to him rather than team members with strong opinions. That way, although his quota was increased, the results were not unsatisfactory.

"I'm going first," he said, and stood up with an empty plate. Behind his back, he heard the sound of other guys arguing that they would rather do it with her. It was also felt that Yuna's gaze was following him tenaciously. Still, he didn't want to, so he couldn't help it.

From that day on, Yuna appeared out of nowhere and demanded that thet do the assignment together. As the scene was witnessed by several people, backstories about the two of them dating rather than flirting grew up. Most of the rumors were of poor quality.

In engineering college, female classmates always received too much attention.

Only they were treated like princesses, and they competed with each other and constantly challenged each other. They gave them favors they didn't want because they liked them, and when they were rejected, they humiliated them with foul words. They were particularly interested in their love history. They talked about things like whether they had a boyfriend, when they met, and when they thought they would break up. On days when he was walking around campus with a man he didn't know or even being late, they exchanged bad jokes and flirted with them.

As a female, it was difficult to focus on her studies. If he gets good grades like Yuna, his tags will also increase. She pointed a finger at him, saying that if he got along well with people, she would have been given him genealogy by fawning on the seniors like that. On the contrary, she was criticized for drawing a line to all men.

Kwon Taek-ju was almost the only one in the undergraduate school who was not interested in female classmates. No matter how much they talked about them around him, he didn't say a word. In the first grade, as usual, he got along well with his classmates, and because of his family environment, he was

respectful to his seniors, so he was often loved. Even so, he was totally out of it when the topic came up. The stories that came from such delusions were not fun at all. It might have seemed very special to the female classmates.

Was it like that? Yuna steadfastly followed Kwon Taek-ju. Even when he ate, when he went to the library, when he took classes, and even when he played basketball on the basketball court, she followed him. She was watching an uninteresting game in the scorching sun, and then, sweating profusely, asked to do an assignment together.

Yuna studied well enough to enter as the top of her department. Besides that, she was pretty, strong, and friendly. It seemed to her that it was only natural for someone like that to have everyone's attention. However, the problem was that the more she spoke, the more she changed. There were as many bad rumors about her as there were compliments about her. Even if she followed Kwon Taek-ju, she would have unimaginably countless behind-the-scenes stories. He knew that, but he couldn't keep saying no.

At that time, starting from that two-person assignment, he often hung out with Yuna. His work comes first, and other than that, he thinks they were comfortable with each other, moderately indifferent. Rumors circulated that the two were dating, but it didn't matter.

Yuna also seemed more comfortable doing this and that with only one partner.

In fact, as rumors circulated that she and Kwon Taek-ju were dating, her flirting with him also greatly diminished.

If college life is likened to a marathon, the two were good running mates. They always alternated between senior and second seats, and there were many times when they did assignments together.

Contrary to Kwon Taek-ju's expectations, it was because the subjectivity of the two matched quite well. During the exam period, whoever went to the library first and reserved a seat. He ate most of his meals at the academy, but when it

was too late, he would have a late-night snack at a regular restaurant in front of the school.

But when they got out of school, they spent time together. He had never been seen outside. They said that Yuna had tutoring almost every day. She seemed to be earning her own living expenses as well as her tuition. Kwon Taek-ju worked part-time to earn pocket money, and in his spare time he mainly worked out. He would occasionally hang out with his friends and find a PC room or pool room.

The two were similar in many ways, but not quite so.

As the first semester of the second year began, more than half of the motivation disappeared because of enlistment. They say it's good to go to the army when young, but he wanted to be more careful. If he was going to visit, he liked the place where he could spend a meaningful time.

Around that time, the most frequently asked question was "When are you going to enlist in the military?" Yuna was no exception.

"Aren't you going to the army?"

"I'm sorry I couldn't send everyone. I'm going. I have to go, of course."

"When?"

"Hmm...After the second year?"

"Great."

"What?"

"There's something like that. I'm going home soon, you?"

"Let's go."

They studied late and woke up side by side. The long stairway leading from the main library to the front door was illuminated by the dim light of a street lamp.

The people had already been cut off, and the area was silent, and the sound of grass insects could be heard in the distance. Normally, they would have been

talking about this and that while walking, but that day, Yuna was quiet. Maybe something bad happened, but her face wasn't bright. At that time, Kwon Taek-ju was not the type to talk first. He just kept his mouth shut and pretended not to know.

It was when we reached the middle landing. Yuna, who was going ahead of him, turned round and round behind him.

"Shall we go out?"

"Is this a new technique? Asking to go out with a rival, making it disturbing, and occupying the top spot?"

It was absurd. Yuna laughed as if she had been caught off guard. She dismissed it as a joke at his light reaction.

He passed Yuna and went down the stairs first. For some reason, Yuna did not immediately follow. Then she suddenly jumped up to close the distance and punched the indifferent Kwon Taek-ju on the back with his fist. He looked back and saw that she was giggling.

"Let's date, Kwon Taek-ju."

It was so dark around that he couldn't see Yuna's face. Even so, her cheeks felt flushed.

"Is this dating?"

He groaned and sat down on the sofa. He threw away the cell phone that he was looking at like a habit. Even though he deliberately inhaled and exhaled, the tightness in his chest did not go away. His brain was also in a rut. He lay down on his back. Then, only one of his eyes opened and closed. The high ceiling seemed to be spinning slowly.

He talked to his classmate Kang Chan-woo on the phone and drank two more bottles alone. Reflecting on the fact that he had such an ordinary time.

It was too late, so he went straight to Zenya's house instead of going to his parents' house.

His footsteps naturally headed in this direction. He didn't do anything all day, but he was very tired.

It was all because of the damn Zenya. He said he was going to visit Russia for a while, but he didn't tell him why he went, and he didn't even think about coming back for more than 15 days. If it's late, would he even contact me saying it's late? Worrying about people. It seemed that he would not be so irresponsible to companion animals, or even to stray animals that only take care of food.

If he were in a relationship, it was a situation that would make him angry. Of course, neither Zenya nor Kwon Taek-ju openly asked for a date. Still, they spend most of their time together, voluntarily or unwillingly, they don't have anyone other than each other, and when they just meet eyes, they pay for work.

More than anything else, Zenya has been talking about unfamiliar things like love. That must mean he clearly perceives this relationship that way too. Is this what you would do to your lover?

At one time, he was so intrusive, and other times he was so intrusive that he wished he was busy or disappeared for a while. In a way, the words became a seed. But now he's grumbling like this again. Dissatisfaction this way, dissatisfaction that way. Being human is so funny.

"... He said he would give his life. The bastard brushes his mouth every day, fuck."

He mumbled annoyedly and tousled his hair. He had to get up and wash up, but he didn't want to move. It was because the sofa was so comfortable.

After visiting for a year, he got used to this house itself. It felt as comfortable as his own room at home. Even with his eyes closed, he knew where he was and what things were.

He spent most of his normal days off here. The kiss started as soon as they entered the house, or even before that, and it led to sex like flowing water. The bedroom, of course, the living room, bathroom, kitchen, and even the garage and veranda. Every time he moves, it touches his body, paying attention to the finely opened blinds.

The next day he stayed on the sofa all day. Every time he went to Ajinoki Island, he seemed accustomed to being stretched out in front of Pekka. He ordered food to be delivered and sat down with Zenya as a cushion. Then he waited for the food to arrive while reading a book or watching TV. At first glance, it seemed stiff, but at that time, he was also relaxed, so it was quite soft. Relaxed muscles are surprisingly soft.

At such times, he quietly put his arms around Kwon Taek-ju's waist and rubbed his head against the nape of his neck, the back of his ears, and the back of his head. It seemed like he was trying to check his body odor all night. Of course, it never stopped there. His hand, which had been subtly groping for his bare waist, suddenly grasped his abdomen, and quickly squeezed both sides of his chest.

The act of rubbing the bridge of his nose against his skin gradually became more explicit, and he openly touched the nape of his neck or his ear.

"Hey. Isn't it that you're less affectionate? It's like being focused on the head, and being especially obsessed with the chest….."

"Is that what happens when you lack attachment? Then, from now on, I should steadily form that attachment."

"It's not like that, kid. you're already late. It hurts, so stop kneading."

"You like it when I touch it, but you always say you hate it."

"Oh, do you prefer sucking?"

The guy who muttered in a fishy way laid Kwon Taek-ju down on the sofa without difficulty. Then he grabbed his T-shirt and put his head in it. His nipples,

which spurred just by lightly brushing against his clothes, were bitten and sucked. He hated it and struggled, but he couldn't escape. His bullying ended only when Kwon Taek-ju's penis hardened. His big cock was erect right away.

"Crazy man. Make some real work."

"It's not something that happens on my own. It's just like a conditioned reflex."

The brazen protester quickly changed his face. He was setting the mood by lazily calling out "Taek-ju". When he came to his senses, he was groaning under him again before he knew it. The intercom rang on the way, but I couldn't pay attention. In the end, the delivery food was completely forgotten and left in front of the front door.

Does it feel like being sucked by a youkai? It's ambiguous, but he think he can relate to it to some extent.

"......!"

Then, suddenly, the cell phone rang. He was soaked in the memories of the past, and he was startled. He thought it was an illusion, but a clear vibration

sound was detected from the cell phone that he had thrown away.

He immediately picked up his phone. But soon the body loses strength. The sender was his mother. She said she was going to have a drink with Yoon Jong-woo, but she seemed to be checking in when he would be coming back.

He sighed softly and wiped his face. His forgotten tiredness came. He clears his throat once and answers his phone.

"Yes, mother. I'm sleeping, why?"

As expected, his mother asked where he was and if he was still drinking. Now that it's Saturday, he doesn't have to worry about going to work, but it seems that she's worried about him being too late.

"Huh. It's late because I drank. I'm going to sleep at Yoon Jong-woo's today. I'll go tomorrow. Don't worry and go to sleep."

He ended the call and put the phone away again. He washed his face dry slowly with both hands. Another sigh leaked out.

Soon, he shook his head and stood up. Then he went into the bedroom and dove on the wide bed. The bed supported his tired body without shaking.

"It's filthy wide."

He buried his head in the soft pillow and mumbled. He seemed to be able to subtly smell Zenya's body odor on the bedding. He was the kind of guy who would take the sheets off and throw them away if they got dirty, so it could have been an illusion.

The energy of sleep rushed in. The eyes also become watery. Whenever he fell asleep there and woke up, he could see Zenya's face right away. Before, he went to the shower first, and he went out to the kitchen to cook ramen that he didn't order, but he didn't leave until Kwon Taek-ju woke up. After staring at his sleeping figure, when he opened his eyes, he poured out skinship without any hesitation.

Very occasionally, Kwon Taek-ju would get up ahead of him. At that time, it was an opportunity to see the calm guy's face until he got sick of it. His sleeping figure was harmless and even looked neat. There is no part of the face that is not glamorous, but it was strange that it could feel that way.

He wondered if he would wake up if he moved, and he watched his face without moving. He held his breath several times and grabbed his cell phone to secretly take pictures.

Has he ever noticed that? He often pretended to sleep even when he was already awake. Even the inside of his eyelids were still, and his eyelashes didn't

move, but he could tell right away that he was awake. Even if it was because of Kwon Taek-ju's breathing that shook ticklishly as his own gaze became clearer.

"What are you doing?"

When he was bruised, he raised his eyelids at once to the point of brazenness.

Then, with a smile on his face, he asked confidently.

"Just stealing like that. When are you going to do it? A kiss."

"I must have heard a strange formula in my head. I have to kiss a kidnapped person or a sleeping person? Didn't you read too many fairy tales?"

"There is no mood, Taek-ju. Women will hate it."

"Isn't that good for you?"

Suddenly, he lowered his head and kissed the sulking man's lips. Unexpectedly, even the world's bastard hesitated. He bit the rare hardened lower lip open, and rubbed the normally protruding tongue with his own. The two eyes of the guy who had been dazed and being unilaterally bent softly. The guy naturally covered Kwon Taek-ju's face and tried to change his posture. But he took that hand away from me and held it, and continued

to lead his kiss. After a while, he let out a groan and parted his lips. His dark eyes were wide open in satisfaction.

"I don't care."

He added nonchalantly, looking down at him. And that day he really kissed him until his s lips parted. He remembered that he had suffered for a long time because he felt bitter when he opened his mouth even slightly.

It wasn't always good. Thet fought to the point of fighting. The fire was almost always lit by Zenya, and Kwon Taek-ju's low ignition point caused an explosion without being able to ignore even a trivial matter. Of course, Zenya did not understand why Kwon Taek-ju was so angry. No, it seemed that he had no intention of trying to understand. His thinking circuits were completely self-centered, like a five-year-old child. The surroundings didn't care at all. He didn't

know how to apologize even though it was purely his fault. In his mind, he seemed to have no basis whatsoever or why he should be sorry.

There are only a handful of cases, but there were cases where Kwon Taek-ju provided the cause. It was on one of those days that the two fought the most.

It was just a while ago. It was also around Zenya's birthday, who returned for the second time while living together. He promised to spend a vacation in Ajinoki for the guy who is exhausted from the Korean style heat.

The problem was that at that time, inter-Korean relations were strained. The National Intelligence Service has an emergency. Kwon Taek-ju was also assigned a series of missions.

He had no choice but to postpone the original plan a little. It was a politically sensitive time, so he urged Zenya not to get involved. Instead, he managed to calm him down by promising to grant him anything he wanted as long as the job was done safely.

However, the intelligence obtained was contaminated. The target he had been chasing for days and had almost caught had suddenly disappeared. He turned on the light in his eyes and searched for his traces, but there was no way the fish that broke the needle and ran away would come back. Time passed helplessly while he was wandering. The trip to Ajinoki was also delayed.

He had to turn around with a lot of embarrassment at the instruction to stop.

For the first time, Kwon Taek-ju failed to complete the task given to him.

Zenya just silently watched Kwon Taek-ju, who returned after a few weeks and didn't say a word. He didn't want to show off as much as possible. He tried to shake off all his lingering feelings. It wasn't easy. The gloomy sinking mood showed no signs of reviving.

He slept like he passed out all day. When he opened his eyes again, Zenya was sitting there looking at Kwon Taek-ju. He didn't speak up quickly or hit him like

he usually did. He went into the bathroom without saying a word to that guy. He filled the bathtub with water and was submerged in it.

He had to apologize to Zenya, explain the situation, and ask for his understanding, but he couldn't afford it. He wanted to be without thinking for a while, not trying to do anything.

It's been a while since he came out. Zenya was sitting on the sofa in the living room. Soon he met eyes with him. For some reason, his face was unsatisfied.

After that, he heard a constant vibration somewhere. As he followed the sound, his eyes landed on Zenya's hand. He was openly holding Kwon Taek-ju's work cell phone.

Apparently, the call came from headquarters. They said he would contact him if the missed target reappeared. He had only one thought that a chance

to make up for it had arrived. There was no time to think about the fatigue accumulated over the years or what had happened to Zenya.

"Give me."

He held out his hand without hesitation. Zenya's expression went cold.

"Give it up."

He shouted again in a low voice. Then, as if showing off, he smashed Kwon Taekju's cell phone. The broken cell phone was thrown at his feet.

Something in his head that had been thinning to the point of thinning suddenly cut off. It felt like being covered in cold water.

"What are you doing?"

"You said it was over."

"...I missed the target. That's why the operation was also temporarily terminated."

"So, are you going?"

Zenya openly expressed his displeasure. His chest felt tight as if it had been blocked. A sigh that was close to his own sigh escaped.

"It's a job."

"Is it that important? That happened."

"Can you say that?"

He was annoyed. A person who asks such a question, or a situation where he have to answer them one by one. It seemed like he was using a bunch of nonsense.

"Couldn't you go back and forth? You're not a kid, don't whine."

Some offensive remarks came out. For a moment, he could see Zenya's chin and forehead wriggling. His eyes were also sharpened.

"I have to blow up the entire Korean Peninsula to make it one, so your proud job will end? Okay?"

He gasped at the sound that didn't sound like words. The will to talk more with Zenya disappeared.

He ignored him and put on his clothes first. He was about to leave without fastening the buttons properly, but he called him back to stop me. A deep sigh was mixed with his voice. When he turned around, he was holding his forehead with both hands with his head down. A dark shadow fell over his face.

"I'm barely holding back what I want to lock you in again."

It wasn't some kind of threat. He was originally born like that. He just forgot about him. He thought he had adapted to being compliant for a while. That he is well tamed. It was a selfish and narrow-minded miscalculation. He was just being patient. In fact, peace on the Korean Peninsula would be worthless to a guy who doesn't even consider the security of his home country.

If Kwon Taek-ju had had his cool-headed judgment, the situation would have been different. But he only wanted to make up for his one and only failure at the time.

"Sorry."

He made an apology that wasn't an apology and turned around. Zenya couldn't stand it any longer. The guy who got up from his seat quickly narrowed the distance to him and roughly turned Kwon Taek-ju to a standstill. The arm he held onto was throbbing. His whole body was tense with the pressure he had felt before.

"Don't go."

The cool expression on his face was in stark contrast to the pleading tone. It was a kind of intimidation. It could have been a warning to stop because he was going to get angry. Still, he shook his hand.

"I have to go."

As soon as he turned around, he was grabbed by the collar. As if defiantly, he knocked him out, and he grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by the collar and pushed him against the mirror in front of the front door. His head throbbed with shock. He could feel the cold surface of the mirror on his scalp. It was fortunate that it did not break.

At that point, even Kwon Taek-ju could not stand it any longer.

"Let go."

He clenched his molars and growled. He also grabbed the hand of the guy who was holding his collar. The fingernails went into the back of his hand.

"Taek-ju. Don't keep testing my patience."

"Damn it. If it's so unbearable, grab someone and roll around! It's your specialty."

Even though he spit it out in anger, he felt sorry for him. In his haste, he stumbled. But he couldn't take back what he had already said.

The blood drained from Zenya's face. His shadow completely engulfed Kwon Taek-ju. His breath caught on its own. When his hand approached, he unknowingly flinched at his shoulder. After hesitating for a moment, he reached out and grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arms. The teeth were clenched. It wouldn't be strange if his arm was broken.

"Am I that funny to you?"

It was a voice devoid of emotion. As if urging Kwon Taek-ju to answer, the power of the grip was further increased.

Even during such a confrontation, time was passing. Because of him, he couldn't even contact the headquarters, and his heart kept getting nervous.

"Damn it, put this down!"

He screamed and shoved the guy. He stood like a rock and did not budge. As he struggled again and again, he struck him in the shoulder and face. A tingling force entered the man's chin. Airflow was not good.

"Are you whining? You? No, you? How far do I have to adjust to you? All you have to do is tell me not to do it. Should I sit still like a dog and wait for you to feed me? Just be grateful for your mercy?"

His voice crackled. The tap seemed to be money. When he gets really angry, his iridescent eyes become transparent like ice crystals. It was as if something he had been holding back up until then had burst. If it went any further, it would undoubtedly turn into a big fight. Even Kwon Taek-ju himself had to find a reason. He demanded a cease-fire as he strained his body.

"Go and come talk."

"No. I can't do that."

"Please... !"

"I have the right to say no, right? I don't like it, Taek-ju."

"Fuck, I don't have time to hang out with you!"

In the end, he couldn't stand it and burst into anger. The guy's hand was also ferociously repulsed. The next moment, the shirt was ripped with a booming sound. He was dumbfounded and didn't say anything. He only looked at his horribly torn shirt and Zenya slowly.

The guy didn't look upset. He threw away the scraps of the shirt he was holding in his hand, and spoke indifferently.

"Do not be angry. It was just an immature dog causing trouble."

"What, you bastard?"

He was stunned. The guy didn't care and swiped Kwon Taek-ju's exposed neck.

His thumb gently touched the protruding neckband. He didn't think it would be strange if he applied his strength and shattered his chest bone.

However, he was completely neglected in a threatening and dangerous atmosphere. Wherever his hand brushed, small goosebumps appeared.

He followed his hand with his eyes loosely lowered. Then, without warning, he lowered his head. His eyes closed tight at the thought of being eaten. Without fail, he opened his mouth and bit his throat.

"...It's okay.

"My teeth are itchy, so I grind my teeth."

He muttered in a natural way and bit the other person's neck in the manner of his temper. His sensitive skin felt hot as if it had been peeled. Even his legs were wobbly when his teeth were driven in.

"Ha, ha, you….Ha, don't do it!"

In an instant, there was a popping sound. He winced when he saw Zenya's face turned to the side. He was just trying to get him off, but he ended up swinging his fist. For a moment, it seemed as if time had stopped. Only his lost hand trembled.

The eyes of the man slowly moving towards the front were wide open. The air grew tighter. He was out of breath.

Then, the intercom suddenly rang. It seemed that someone had come. Startled, he glanced at the front door, then returned to Zenya. His pupils were completely constricted. That meant no further conversation was possible.

He can't do it, but at the moment he bit his lips. The wind hit the back of his head against the mirror again. The danger that it could break at any time and the unique coolness caused the cells of the whole body to contract tightly. He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's chest as if he were going to burst it, and even tried to unzip his pants.

When Kwon Taek-ju resisted by twisting his body, he suddenly tore off the zipper. He stopped him by grabbing his wrist, but he couldn't withstand the monstrous grip. He kneaded Kwon Taek-ju's genitals rather violently and pressed his lips against his neck, chin, and cheeks. If he pushed away, he would run again, and if he managed to shake it off, he would hug him even more violently.

The intercom rang again.

"Delivery!"

Feeling the presence inside, the delivery man outside the door raised his voice.

He even slammed the door. If he hadn't come to the wrong house, it seemed that Zenya had ordered something while he was washing up. He seemed to have learned how to use a delivery app over his shoulder, even though he did not know a single word of Korean.

He slapped Zenya on the shoulder to wake him up, and pushed him away with all his might. But as soon as he could get away with it, he was caught again and pushed through the front door. The entire front door rang loudly with a thud.

"Hey...?"

The delivery man's voice became quite cautious. A violent picture must have been drawn in his mind.

It wasn't entirely wrong either. His open chest and face were completely crushed by the cold front door. He couldn't get out of the wind as Zenya

grabbed him by the scruff of his neck from behind and pressed him against him.

He gnashed his teeth silently to stop, but he didn't seem to hear a word from him.

He pulled out his genitals without hesitation. One after another, he pulled down Kwon Taek-ju's pants and underwear at once, and gently rubbed his genitals on the exposed buttocks.

"....Crazy bastard."

Swearing erupted spontaneously. His whole body was so stiff that his muscles were sore. It felt as if his genitals would pull back through the nostril hole if he took even the slightest effort.

He bit Kwon Taek-ju's neck while rubbing his stiff genitals against the hole.

Perhaps because he was nervous, he gently squeezed his penis, which had been erecting more slowly than usual, to arouse excitement. Even in such dilemmas, his body was steadily warmed up. It was crazy.

As a rough fight ensued, the delivery man's voice trembled as he asked, "Are you okay?" He couldn't easily leave the door.

"Hey, what is happening? Ha, can I report it?"

At that point, he gave up struggling. Leaning his sweaty brow against the front door, he sighed and caught his breath. After Kwon Taek-ju softened, Zenya stopped acting recklessly.

"...Send that person outside."

He muttered with a tired expression. The guy didn't respond for a while, then suddenly hung on the auxiliary hook on the front door. Then, before he had time to stop, he pushed the doorknob back down. As the front door opened without hesitation, Kwon Taek-ju's body, which had been pressed against it, also leaned forward. Unfortunately, his head was turned toward the hinge, and he almost made eye contact with the courier.

The auxiliary hanger became taut and the door gap widened by about 10 cm. In the meantime, the gaze of the delivery man and Zenya crossed. Surprised, the delivery man's voice sounded hollow in his ears. The delivery man froze on the spot when he saw the large foreigner who suddenly appeared. Then, gradually, the situation in which the two were entangled and the naked heat made him startled.

"Leave it off."

Zenya spoke grimly. Even though it was in Russian, the tone was enough to convey the meaning. The delivery man said sorry, then hurriedly put down what he had brought and disappeared. He left it behind and closed the door again.

Perhaps thanks to the brief ventilation, he also seemed to have calmed down a bit. The guy called Kwon Taek-ju's name vaguely, tickling his warm ear.

"Taek-ju."

"Finish it quickly."

He raised his elbow and pulled him off. The hesitant guy didn't hesitate. He just grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's shoulders and tried to turn him towards him. When Kwon Taek-ju stubbornly held on, he pulled him and pushed him in front of the

mirror. Then he pushed his penis into the hole where he was anxiously rubbing it. The fingers that were holding the mirror turned white.

He kept his head down the whole time his back was getting stabbed. It was because his face was reflected in the mirror facing him. On the way, Zenya tried to pull his chin up, but he nervously pulled his head out of his hands. He just waited for him to ejaculate.

As soon as Zenya took a step out, he pulled him away from him.

"Don't get out of my sight for a while. I will kill you."

He twitched his nose and warned. Then, without listening to Zenya's answer, he left the house. Delivery food placed in front of the door caught his eye. Looking at the name on the envelope, it seemed like Jjamppong or Malatang. He ordered something he couldn't even eat. His stomach got tangled up, and even that point was annoying.

On that day, even when he went to the headquarters, he was blown away. It was because the response to the call was delayed, and even contact was not reached. Anger and irritation reached their peak.

Perhaps he was also disappointed, he did not appear at the site of the operation. There was no contact with each other. He tried not to think of anything else as much as when he was working. It was no different then.

As a result, he succeeded in finding the hidden target and obtained the necessary information in an instant. But he didn't feel any better. He was just frustrated and frustrated as if he had left out something important. The thoughts he had been trying to suppress quickly returned to him and made him feel dizzy.

Looking back, it was Kwon Taek-ju himself who provided the cause. He made vain promises to Zenya with the self-confidence that he would be able to finish the job on time. Even so, when the schedule was delayed, he was in a hurry to

appease him by demanding a one-sided understanding. In the end, he was busy putting his feelings first when things went wrong. If it was natural for a bastard to be angry, he seemed natural. Of course, he had a lot to say about the violent response.

His mind went back and forth countless times. The heavy guilt coexisted with the petty pride that Zenya had done wrong as well. He didn't know how to look at him. He wasn't used to apologizing.

He took an overnight flight ahead of schedule. It was early in the morning when he arrived in Korea. Until then, there had been no contact from Zenya. He's been busy with work and hasn't slept for days. He couldn't close his eyes even on the plane with thoughts like this. His whole body

was a thousand pounds. In his mind, he just wanted to stretch out where no one was around.

He didn't know if he would have another emotional tug-of-war with Zenya. A fight could have occurred. He was far away just thinking about it, but he went to Zenya's house nonetheless.

He rang the bell. There was no reaction from inside. Even if he fell asleep with that sensitive temper, he would have been woken up by the ringing of the bell, but he didn't think to see him even though he waited for a long time. He eventually opened the door lock himself and went in.

Zenya sat with his back against the head of the bed. He couldn't tell if he had just woken up or if he had been doing it all along. Despite his presence, he was immovable. He didn't even say a word when their eyes met. Even Kwon Taek-ju couldn't find the right words to say.

"……."

"……."

They just stared at each other like a snowball fight. Then, Kwon Taek-ju suddenly crawled into his bed. He just watched him brazenly dig into the seat

next to him. As it was, he pulled the blanket over his neck and fell asleep. To that extent, he did not touch or speak to Kwon Taek-ju.

He slept sweetly all day. When he opened his eyes again, Zenya was still sitting in the seat next to him. He was holding the tablet, cell phone, or book in his hands. Kwon Taek-ju wondered what he was doing alone while he was asleep.

Even when he opened his eyes, his body didn't move, he just stared blankly at Zenya. He should have said "I'm sorry," but the words didn't come out. He would have to solve the problem through conversation and ask not to do it again. His head had already made up his mind, but he couldn't say anything. He couldn't help but lick his lower lip.

After a while, Zenya spoke first.

"Have you slept?"

He silently nodded. He didn't know why, but it seemed like he should be. Soon, his body slowly disintegrated. His shadow hung over his face, its body odor wafting into his nostrils. Their lips pressed against each other softly, and his warm breath wetted his lips. He grabbed his collar and kissed him like never before.

Zenya also embraced Kwon Taek-ju more tenderly than ever. That's how he continued their sex that they couldn't finish. It is said that it is not good to fight and solve problems with the body, but for the two of them, there was no faster and surer way than that. In the first place, he did not even know how to reflect and was a master of self-justification. It seemed impossible to 'solve problems through dialogue' with such a guy.

He scratched the back of his ear as he escaped from his long thoughts. Even if it wasn't Zenya, if he dated and married someone, thet would always fight over the same thing. It was not a problem that could be solved unless Kwon Taek-ju himself quit the NIS. Because if he loves it, it's natural to want to be with him.

Who can handle a person who always puts work ahead of him?

Dating was extremely exhausting. At least, that was the case for Kwon Taek-ju.

But why did he start doing that annoying thing? Since Zenya is so monstrous, he wondered if he misunderstood that he would be different from normal people.

There's no way he wouldn't feel lonely just because he's a bastard.

There was no time to think carefully. When he decided to accept Zenya, he had no idea it would go this far. It was a relationship that was limited to 'until he falls out of exhaustion'. But, is it still like that?

"...Damn bastard."

He uttered abusive words out of nowhere and kicked the pillow. Then, he pulls the slender pillow and rubs his head. Was it too much to drink? Soon, his body went black and tiredness set in. He fell asleep with his body curled up tightly.

normal days part 2.

He had a dream. Another boy appeared. He has white blonde hair and blue eyes.

Reluctantly, he looked around the child. He didn't look particularly dangerous.

There was nothing in his small white hands either. Quiet was relieved. At least it didn't seem to be the same nightmare as last time.

The child was so feeble and thin that it was impossible to imagine the current Zenya. Maybe it really has nothing to do with Zenya. It could just be an illusion, stemming from Kwon Taek-ju's own subconscious.

The two glared at each other warily. Looking back, it was only after that guy appeared that he felt an unknown pity for Zenya. He's not an ancestor, and he doesn't know why he keeps appearing in other people's dreams and complicating people's minds. He thought he'd have to question it after he ran into it.

"Hey kid. Why do you keep talking about yourself?"

He couldn't tell if he was speaking Korean or Russian. He spoke, but it didn't come out clearly.

However, it seemed to have been properly conveyed to the child. Just look at his spiritedness as if he was drugged. He wasn't used to dealing with children. It was because he rarely met a child of that age. He didn't even know how to talk to the child so he wouldn't get hurt, or whether he would understand what he was saying.

"It's annoying, so stop showing up."

He asked bluntly. Was it a mistake? Blind liquid filled the eyes of the child who was wheezing on his lower lip. His blue eyes bulge in his buds. Oh, he didn't mean to make him cry.

The crying child turned around and started running. He didn't know why, but he felt like he had to catch it. Uninvited guests should be kicked out, but he felt like he had done something bad.

"Hey." It was the moment he was about to chase after it in a hurry. Suddenly, a hand stretched out from behind him and grabbed his shoulder. Then his body was gently flipped over to the other side.

"Huh…."

Taek-ju.

His consciousness was half awakened by the sweet call. He was used to the weight pressing down on his body and the feel of the hair tickling his cheek. He reached out and stroked his soft hair. He took his hand and pressed his soft lips.

One after another, thick chunks of flesh pierced the bottom and lazily stirred the stomach. Even that was a familiar feeling.

"Ugh, yes….."

He groaned sweetly and hugged the existence that was pressing me tightly. The body that once felt intimidating now felt strong and safe. It was as if he had entered a large nest when he was hugged like that.

Taek-ju.

He felt an unknown fondness for the guy who sadly called him, was excited by him, and tasted the climax in him. Everyone in the world, and sometimes even Kwon Taek-ju himself, called him a monster without hesitation, was just a lowly being who longed for love and warmth at that moment.

"....Yes, Zenya."

He called him like he was sick. In an instant, the strange sensation that had spread in the depths of his stomach suddenly disappeared. At the same time, his eyelids curled up cleanly.

"......?"

He looked around blankly. It was him who fell asleep. The blanket was uncovered, and the clothes were also intact. It seemed like Zenya was back.

He tried to find someone other than him, but in vain. Kwon Taek-ju was still alone in the quiet house. Zenya didn't come to wake him up, but even that must have been an extension of his dream.

He sighed and wiped his face. Suddenly, a heavy feeling came from underneath.

No way, he checked his center. The front of his pants was swollen like it was about to burst. It was absurd. After having all the weird dreams, he even built it alone. Have I been this frustrated lately? It seemed like a long time ago that he was worried about the boss.

He was about to go to the shower to take a step off. His silent cell phone rang. It was a call from his mother.

"Oh, why is he here now? He should drink in moderation."

As soon as he opened the door lock and entered, his mother started nagging him. She wondered why he had come to the front door, and she was wearing a home dress. It seemed that a guest had come to their house. He casually looked down at the floor. He saw shoes of a familiar size. Unknowingly, a stupid exclamation of uh came out.

He strode past his mother and headed inside. He soon found Zenya sitting at the kitchen table drinking his tea. The guy laid his back on his back and smiled.

"Come now?"

He was stunned and breathless. After making people worry so much, he enjoys refreshments at someone else's house. He tried hard to believe that the reason he hadn't been contacted until now was because of some unavoidable circumstances, but he guess it wasn't. All ten of his fingers, which he thought were broken, appeared to be unharmed.

"Hey….."

"Who did you drink with last night?"

Just as he was about to jump out of the swear word, Zenya jumped at him. It was a tone that had no weight, like passing words. His eyes also moved to the bowl in front of him. A slice of melon gets stuck on the guy's fork. It was a modest move, but he felt a sense of intimidation. Unless he planted a wiretapping device in Kwon Taek-ju himself, the source of the information must have been his mother.

"Do you speak Korean now?"

"That's pretty much it, you know."

He smiled at his mother for the first time. His mother, unaware of his dark speed, was just smiling at him. Seeing that his cup was empty, she said, "Can I get you some more tea?" and enthusiastically pointed to the coffee pot. Indeed, mother's hand gestures and foot gestures were now at the level of all languages.

"Oh, why are you standing so far away? Ambassador, don't talk to him."

Mother pushed Kwon Taek-ju on the back. Then she went to the countertop, poured tea, opened the refrigerator, and started looking for a suitable dessert.

He had no choice but to sit across from Zenya. As he glared at him disapprovingly, he took an apple from his bowl. His mother is too. The skin of the fruit is said to be rich in nutrients, and when eaten whole, it is carefully cut into a rabbit shape. Without hesitation, he took a bite from the head and chewed on it.

"I had a drink with my junior after a long time. What is that."

"Did you even sleep with that junior?"

He slightly closed his eyes and quietly asked. He knows that face well. He was laughing, but he wasn't laughing. For the well-being of innocent Yoon Jong-woo, he had to explain clearly.

"Crazy bastard. What are you imagining?"

"Strange imagination? I didn't. Taek-ju, what did you think of that made you think it was strange? Are your feet numb?"

"No."

"What? That you drank all night with your junior? No, is it the one who slept with that guy?"

"Well, no."

"Then, where are you coming from now?"

He opened his mouth and closed it again. It seemed that he was caught off guard. He couldn't answer honestly. He went to a house without an owner, and he hugged a pillow that had the body odor of the guy and even stood upright while sleeping. If he knew, he would have laughed at it for days and days. His pride just wouldn't allow it.

"Why do I have to report that to you?"

The staring guy shrugged.

"If you don't want to say it, then. There are plenty of ways to find out."

Yoon Jong-woo, who will be caught by him for an insignificant word and subjected to all sorts of harsh things, was drawn. Even if people live as they please, it should not be a nuisance.

"I slept alone."

"I asked where you were?"

"Wherever I was, I slept alone. Don't touch the person for nothing?"

"It's something I need to find out later whether he's a man or not."

"Oh, don't do that."

"I'm looking forward to seeing you hot? What did you do while I was gone?"

"....After all, it would be better for my life to disappear like you."

Why were I so concerned about this bastard?

He didn't even think about what he had done, and he didn't even look sorry.

Let's shoot it dissatisfied, but it makes a face that doesn't know why. He didn't even know where to start when he came out so brazenly.

"What are you two talking about so much fun?"

Just then, the mother returned to the table. When he wondered what she was doing for so long, the tray she was putting down was heavy. Tea ware, handed down from generation to generation, was placed on top of it. It's precious, so she always kept it in a cupboard. Come to think of it, the coffee cup that Zenya had emptied earlier was something that his mother cherished very much.

What the hell is that kid saying?

He looked at his mother as if objecting. Mother ignored Kwon Taek-ju's eyes and recommended Zenya.

"Ambassador, try this one this time. It's called seungseolcha, and it's green tea made from buds sprouted in the snow in early spring."

She talks hard in a kind tone. Even if she did, he wouldn't be able to understand.

At the unexpectedly long explanation, Zenya looked at Kwon Taek-ju as if seeking an interpreter.

"It's expensive, so don't leave it behind."

At the harsh interpretation, Zenya gave an absurd smile. Then, when his mother hands him a glass, he smiles and closes his eyes. She's like standing up to the

bottom of a glass and trembling quietly. He was disgusting. The small teacup was like a play house in his hand.

"This is a good dessert to eat together. I don't know if it will fit in your mouth."

A bite-sized black rice cake is also served. Soybean flour and grain syrup are also served. Unfamiliar to his eyes, he tilted his head slightly.

"...Brownie?"

"No. Rice cake."

He chinned the bowl to try. He didn't move as if he were looking at a strange creature. He watched and quickly grabbed one of his and ate it. He probably bought it from a regular restaurant, and it had a chewier and firmer texture than the others. The texture itself seemed to be unfavorable to a foreigner.

His mother slapped him on the back, asking why he was eating someone else's food with his hands. In the meantime, he stuck a cake on his fork and put it in his mouth. His mother's attention turned to him at once.

"How are you?"

"The texture must be….."

He slowly chewed the rice cake in his mouth while letting his horse's tail hang down. Soon he makes eye contact with his expectant mother.

"It looks like your son's butt."

Well, is it?

It was the moment he was about to wake up. His mother clapped her hands when she saw the pleased face.

"Oh, I see you liked it. Thank god. Eat a lot."

He also had a proud expression on his mother's delighted face. She was breathing in awe.

"Hey, you honey. How much did you drink? In just one day, your face has become very rough."

Mother clicked her tongue and put the mug down. Why is it like this again? He carefully criticizes the roughly curled hair and wrinkled clothes. He drank the honey water as he sighed. His impression was crumpled at the atrocious sweetness. It didn't seem like it would be so painful to take the bitter herbal medicine.

"Don't leave anything behind, eat it all. Sprout until it sinks below. It's good for your body."

He drank the thick honey water under his mother's watch. Even though he tried not to, his expression kept crumpling. He gasped and swallowed until he heard an unexpected click. When he looked at it in bewilderment, Zenya was manipulating his cell phone with his happy face. He "didn't do it" with the cup on, but he didn't care. It was just that he pressed the shutter more frequently while splitting the saliva. Show the picture he took to his mother. His mother smiled and shook her head.

"Ahaha, at this time, he only grew in size, but is he still like a child? Oh. The other day, while cleaning out the utility room, I found an old album. Would you like to see it?"

While asking, the body was already almost up.

"Oh, why is that? Leave it alone."

"What about him? How much the ambassador likes to look at the photos."

Mother shook off Kwon Taek-ju, who tried to dissuade him, and went into the master bedroom. Zenya also watched her with his own curious eyes. Except for Kwon Taek-ju, everyone seemed to be having fun.

He lightly tapped Zenya's leg under the table. Immediately, the guy met his eyes. He lowered his voice and questioned.

"What happened?"

"What?"

"You said you were going back for a while, so why did it take 15 days?"

"Are you curious about that too?"

He asks like it's strange. It was absurd. Of course, he wanted to hear the reason why he decided that he would not be curious.

"Because I don't know where and what you're planning when you go diving. I should be able to live with anxiety."

"Aha? Is that why you sent so many calls and messages?"

He also adds while doing it.

"I think you're the type to be obsessed with your lover unexpectedly. Separation anxiety disorder."

"Who...!"

He's trying to refute, but the past few days came to mind. He visited the embassy and even the official residence to get news of Zenya. He did not hesitate to do things that were no different from temples by ordering Yoon Jong-woo. Just because the guy's return home is delayed than expected. Is it an obsession?

No. It can't be. He struggled in denial and defended himself.

"It's because you have so many enemies. I'm afraid you might have been kidnapped again."

The guy laughed. It was a ridicule that seemed like a booing, but the mood seemed pretty good.

"Who do you think is in front of you?"

"That's why I'm crazy. What a man you are, to be put in danger. I don't know if it's the other way around."

Well, it's a problem even if it's the other way around.

He muttered terribly. He was reluctant to put Zenya in danger or to have him create such a situation. He wanted to be hypocritical in his subject, but his heart was like that.

The guy who was listening ate again.

"Taek-ju, you are the only one who worries about me in the world."

That's how it is. They say that making others worry is a good thing. He didn't expect it, but he couldn't find a single sign of sorry. It was a rather uncomfortable reaction, probably because he often went to sleep for a change of mood. He's going to have a good time with a guy like that.

"This is the album. Just by looking at it, it's very old, isn't it?"

Soon, his mother returned with the album in question. It could have been 2 or 30 years, even if it hadn't been damaged here and there. It was the first time even Kwon Taek-ju had seen it. No, he wasn't interested enough to know if it was the first time or not. Aside from his mother, his family consisted of only blunt men. He didn't even try to take good pictures, let alone organize his albums. As a result, it became the responsibility of the mother to record the moments of the family. All of the albums in Kwon Taek-ju's room were her work.

"It's a family album, so there are pictures of other people besides the pictures of Taek-ju...."

Zenya smiled brightly and happily took over the album. It's not like he's on business right now, what is the purpose of that smile? It was an expression that even Kwon Taek-ju had never seen before. It's nice to look at, but it's infinitely pretentious. Mother smiled with him, unaware of his blackness.

Soon, he opened the cover of the album. The wedding photos of his parents came out. The picture was more than 40 years old. Zenya, who had been staring intently at the young couple, suddenly raised his head. Then, as he looked at Kwon Taek-ju, he smiled.

"Taek-ju, you look like your father."

"...Is it?"

"Everyone around me told me that he had taken his father out. From the perspective of the ambassador, they look a lot alike, right?"

He subtly nodded his head at the mother's question. Still, he only spoke Russian and his mother only Korean. Even so, without any gesture, the meaning was communicated. He was terrified of the unknown. That uneasy feeling was solely the share of Kwon Taek-ju alone.

The guy looked at his father's picture intently and muttered something to himself that he didn't know the meaning of.

"I wouldn't worry if it was this much gene."

"What worries?"

"Even if you give birth to a child without my knowledge, you won't be the only one who looks exactly like you."

His face darkened. He doesn't know what kind of weird thing he's talking about.

Any guy would know that he couldn't have a baby with him. Does it matter if I have children with someone else?

"If you have the talent to do that."

The guy added as he sliced. It was a word with multiple meanings. In that word, several lives came and went. Then it is. It was absurd, but he was slightly relieved. Kwon Taek-ju himself was surprised.

From the next chapter, the family's biography unfolded. From the moment my older brother and Kwon Taek-ju were born to the big and small events in the family. As if on a mysterious expedition, Zenya carefully examined each photo.

Then, every time he found Kwon Taek-ju there, he laughed out loud.

"He looks like black beans."

"What are beans? Yes, he was an excellent child, right?"

"Is this a joke? It's small enough to fit in one hand like this."

"Ha, self-centered bastard. Are you weirdly big?"

Not even the seeds were eaten. He listened to Kwon Taek-ju's protests and nodded his head at his mother's explanation, which he could not understand.

Well, it was so much fun, it seemed that the two of them didn't even notice the passage of time.

In the meantime, he fixed his gaze on a picture. It was a picture from his elementary school days, on a sports day. Kwon Taek-ju, who was about ten years old, was weeping sadly, with his dusty face and his knees and elbows all broken. His embarrassing memories came to mind. His mother, unaware of Kwon Taek-ju's speed, shouted with excitement.

"Ah, isn't it so cute? Was this when he was ten or eleven? Even when he was a baby, he didn't cry that much. Would you say it was a bit of a whimper when he was hungry or his diaper was wet? Thanks to that, I was able to raise two boys relatively easily. The adults around me were worried that they would be late, but fortunately, they grew up strong and well. He has liked to exercise since he was young, and his desire to win has

increased tremendously. He probably cried because he was resentful of losing that day in the photo."

"Ah, mother. What are you talking about... ."

"Look there. He was chosen as the relay representative for the first time, so he practiced hard in the morning and evening. But, all of a sudden, he struggled

with the runner who was in front of them that day, and both of them fell down.

All the runners caught up with that wind...I knew he would just give up. Even from a distance, you could clearly see that his chin was skinned. It wasn't. He jumped up and ran again, and one by one he started catching up. Of course, it was not enough to get first place. There are times when he falls down while running, that it worked because he did his best without giving up, and that he did well enough in 3rd place. He had to win first place like that to unlock his intuition? He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't done it at all.

Zenya smirked at Kwon Taek-ju. He had a look that clearly recognized him. He doesn't even know 'Ganada', maybe he's notices the nuance like a ghost.

The mother's revelations did not end there.

"And when was it again? Do you have vacation homework in Russia? In Korea, I'm afraid that the kids won't play, so I give them things to learn. Among them, there was homework to make a hang glider. He refused his brother's help and made it by himself, but the day before school started, his relative's younger brother came and played with it and broke it. It was too late to make it again, so he calmed down and said that he would explain the situation well to the teacher. It was useless. He spent the whole night whimpering and crawling back to making it again, well."

"Mother. Please stop it. I'm ashamed."

"Why? It's fun."

Mother laughed and said to Zenya, "Isn't that right, Ambassador?" This time, the guy nodded moderately. He even smiles strangely when he sees his mother.

When he asked why, he slowly met his eyes.

"Taek-ju, it would have been better for you to resemble this little woman. Isn't it pretty cute how she chatter without a break and smile a lot?"

"Sorry for not being cute. And it's not like you're carelessly cute to an adult, right? You're a spoiled bastard."

"I don't really understand why people get angry sometimes, but it's fun."

Are you doing it to comfort me? It was clear that something was firmly broken.

He put pictures of Kwon Taek-ju's childhood on his cell phone. His mother watched with delight. Kwon Taek-ju, who violently tried to cover the album by telling him to stop, is also slapped on the back.

"What are you doing rudely to the ambassador?"

"No, mother, oh... ."

Without knowing why, his stomach was about to burst because of his mother, who only spoke against him. His mother slapped him recklessly and complained untimely.

"When he was young, he listened well and was very cute. Suddenly, he grows up so disgustingly that he becomes stubborn...He doesn't want anything too big.

Now, if he gets out of his nest, raises his own family, and lives happily ever after with his family, there will be no regrets. But it doesn't seem like there's anyone he can meet, and even though I'm trying to see the line, he covers it up and says he doesn't like it."

He clicked his tongue. He quietly looked into Zenya's eyes. He tilted his head and looked at Kwon Taek-ju. He seemed to be expecting an interpreter, but he couldn't bear it.

These days, his mother often brings up the topic of marriage. As if she had been waiting for the day Kwon Taek-ju entered their house, she pushed someone's picture and suggested that they should meet. If she persisted in indifference, she asked if there was a girl he could meet, and she poked at him to see her. He couldn't answer that there was a guy he met. When his mother's friends envy her for living with her grandchildren, he really has nothing to say.

It wasn't that Kwon Taek-ju was romantically thinking that he would spend the rest of his life like this with Zenya. If he ever broke up with him, he would never be involved with a man again. But as of now, the end was never imagined.

Every time the topic of marriage came up, he responded with the excuse he used.

"I'm busy with work, how can I get married? Some women won't like it."

"Are you going to die while working? It's not like you're in big trouble just because you live a little more leisurely. Get married and have a child just like you. Do you feel that you have more leisure that you didn't have in your heart, take the railroad, and change your view of the world?"

"It's when everything goes well. I also raised you alone all my life. I do most of it.

How do you get someone else to do the hard work for you? I can do more if I love you."

His mother rolled her eyes again.

It's not that it's not, but he had never pictured a married life, even vaguely. She was there and she never harbored any romance. She just thought that Kwon Taek-ju would continue to work and live as he is now. His family had

plenty of room to act as an obstacle or weakness in the job. He loves his mother, but as if her concerns are unbearable. For Kwon Taek-ju, passion for work and attachment to a precious person were values that could not be taken at the same time. Each of them hung on either side of the scale and seemed to constantly stir his mind. It's still hard to balance, but he couldn't put another pendulum on either side.

The mother shook her head disapprovingly, then turned her eyes to Zenya. A mischievous smile crept across her face.

"Aren't you married, Ambassador? The young man had a good job, was talented, had a lot of morality, and was even pretty and handsome. Do you think the girls will like you? Have you met anyone?"

"Why do you ask that again? Excuse me."

"I'm curious. If you don't have a lover, I might introduce you to a real lady right now."

Despite the dissuade, his mother repeatedly asked Zenya how it was. As she seemed to keep asking him something, he looked at Kwon Taek-ju with a puzzled look on his face.

"What is she asking now?"

"No, nothing.

"She's looking forward to it like this, but it's nothing?"

"It's just nonsense, so you just nod your head."

It's a look of disbelief. Anyway, the bastard has no trust in people. Ignoring the guy's ardent gaze, he turned around instead.

"He has someone to meet. So stop asking."

"Oh, really? Is it the same Russian? So, is that lady also in Korea? Why have I never seen it? If they live apart, they miss each other and feel lonely."

"They will figure it out."

"No, but what about it? Don't say that."

Open the ax eye without any reason and scold. Even if he tried to be careful in front of his mother, his characteristic brusque tone could not be helped. He just said "yes, yes," halfway through and drank in the lukewarm honey water.

Even though there was no response from Zenya, the mother continued the one-way conversation.

"Did you say anything at home? They say that if you have a chance to go abroad, you will get married sooner."

"....I won't."

If the Bogdanov family knew of his existence, they would try to get rid of him, let alone marry him. It's just amazing how unscathed it has been so far. Do they really have no interest in Zenya? They say that rich people get married early, but that guy is out of the question.

Without getting tired, the mother started an out of the blue census.

"Come to think of it, what is your family like, Ambassador? Are you an only child?"

"Why is that again?"

"Why? Did you ask even if I couldn't?"

"... I have two older brothers to be on top of, and a younger sister."

"It's a well-to-do family."

Kwon Taek-ju was replying, but he nodded while looking at Zenya.

"Are both your parents alive?"

He couldn't answer the question right away. He knew Zenya's father, Visarion, but he knew absolutely nothing about his mother. To Zenya, who had been watching his mother and Taek-ju's conversation all along, he conveyed his mother's question.

"I heard your parents are still alive?"

"My father."

He looked at Zenya again while trying to translate without hesitation. His father is so, so he's saying his mother is dead? Come to think of it, even though he knew all about his family history, he didn't even know the secret. In particular,

he had no memory of coming across any information related to Zenya's mother.

He never even talked about it himself.

"Did he die?"

"It's been quite a while."

The guy replied carelessly. How long ago. 5 years? 10 years? Or when he was really young? He didn't seem to know much about him. How was his childhood, did he go to school properly, and if so, how did he spend his school days? He's sure he doesn't have any friends, but he doesn't even know if he's ever been in a relationship. He didn't even ask first. Was it too careless?

As a result, he spent an unprecedentedly frustrating 15 days. With Zenya cutting off contact, he was at a loss as to how and where to contact him. Had it been the other way around, he would have found Kwon Taek-ju somehow. The more you know about someone, the easier it is to figure out the radius of their behavior.

He can never say that he is normal, but the comparison made him feel uneasy.

After a long gaze, Zenya raises a question.

"Why do you look like that?"

"....No."

He quietly averted his eyes. He felt a slight sense of guilt as if he had done something wrong. That he took Zenya's presence by his side for granted, and that he didn't ask to know anything about him. He always waited for himself, but he was frustrated because he couldn't stand it for even 15 days. Is this what

'romance if I do it, affair if someone else does it'?

While deep in thought, His mother and Zenya were looking at another picture. It was the only family photo taken before his father passed away. Almost 20 years had passed, and the light had faded.

"This kid is the older brother of Taek-ju. This is their father. I didn't have any sisters in my family, so when I got married, I wanted to give birth and raise a

daughter. Fate is savage. Everyone except me is male, so I don't know how desolate the family is. When the children were young, they lived quietly because of their strict father, and when they entered puberty, they almost practiced silence, so the family was like a temple. I don't know if you know it, but his father and older brother were soldiers. Not all soldiers are like that, but the two of them are silent and blunt, like a match. In fact, Taek-ju, he also inherited that blood and was indifferent to it, right? But after his father and older brother left first, he got a little more comfortable. "I wonder if my mom is going to be lonely, so I'm trying to do all three of them." He thinks like that."

The chattering mother suddenly burst into tears. It was right after seeing a picture of his brother's inauguration ceremony. As tears stream down her cheeks, she frantically pulls out a tissue and wipes her eyes.

"Look at the album. I'm sorry, Ambassador."

Zenya's eyes widened slightly. He had once confided in him about his family affairs, so he should have known the general circumstances. Still, he seemed quite surprised by the sudden development. The fact that his mother also shed tears in front of her guests seemed quite embarrassed. Wiping her tears, she said, "I was fine, why am I like this?" He comforted her, and glanced towards the front door.

"Hey, I can't stop today."

"....I guess so."

Zenya shrugged. He got up, and Kwon Taek-ju immediately followed.

"Mother, the ambassador is leaving. I will only see him off this far and come back."

"Okay. Don't worry and go, Ambassador. I'm sorry. Go carefully."

His mother apologized to Zenya and hurriedly went into the bathroom. Before long, he heard the sound of water in the sink. He stood still, then he and Zenya left the house.

They stood side by side and waited for the elevator to arrive. In the meantime, he felt a stare from the side. When he turns his head, their eyes meet without fail. He looked intently at Kwon Taek-ju as if he didn't care about what happened earlier. He had the impression that he wanted to kiss him even though he hadn't made any motions. He couldn't allow it because the place was the place.

He turned his head towards the elevator again and took his luck.

"What the hell are you doing now? You haven't answered yet."

"There were just a few miscellaneous things."

"What happened."

He worked hard and saw him again. The guy raises his eyebrows in surprise.

"What. Shouldn't I know?"

"It's not like that."

The guy laughed. It seemed like he was laughing at him because he was twisted inside, and he seemed to be happy about it. Meanwhile, the elevator arrived. He gave him a disgruntled glare, then he climbed into the elevator. The guy also rode leisurely while spinning around.

"The engagement story came up."

As the door closed completely, he said. Even though he heard it clearly, he did not absorb it right away.

"....Engagement? Who?"

"Well, who is it?"

Respond lukewarmly. He was also thirty this year. The reason why chaebol families marry their children early is because of the harmony between wealth and wealth. It was not just a characteristic of Korean society. If the other person was the Bogdanov family, there would have been many families who would have volunteered to marry. Since Zenya and Olga were the only unmarried members of the Bogdanov family, their marriage was a hot potato. For those who only wanted to expand their power, Zenya's temperament would have been irrelevant.

So, would he decline? He's also thorough in his profit and loss calculations, so he might have met his opponent once. Maybe he's made some progress on the engagement issue. It would be absurd if he were between a normal couple, but the other person was a guy who didn't have a lot of publicity. He could also think that marriage and dating are separate things.

What happened in Russia during the 15 days that contact was lost? He would have answered him if he asked him outright, but for some reason he hesitated.

He was very curious, and even though he was worried, he didn't ask. He didn't want to fret over his worthless pride.

It was strange. While he hoped that Zenya would get tired of himself and fall out.

He didn't expect chastity or pure love from him. When this happened, he just didn't feel good.

"At that age, I did."

Zenya muttered, staring meaninglessly at the elevator dashboard. He was taken aback by that rude attitude. His unknown flames seemed to soar.

He smiled without showing any emotion.

"I wonder who would marry a guy like you."

It was a little sincere. Zenya's wife and children. It was never drawn. He was failing at imagining it over and over again, but he said "Don't roll your head."

out of the blue.

"Because that won't change anything."

"Ha. I don't want to hang out with a married man. I told you. My goal is to live quietly and die neatly."

Make his position clear. It seemed that he had no conscience to be angry with the guy who brought up his engagement, and to be sad. It was something Kwon Taek-ju could not do for him anyway. For him, it was impossible to go where he was comfortable and be with him. He had no intention of abandoning his mother and his work selfishly. Then he should at least let him go, but that makes him feel bad. He doesn't know what the hell he wants.

The elevator quickly reached the underground parking lot. Both sides of Zenya's Bugatti were empty. In the past, parking violation stickers were put

on all over the place, but now he can't even find them. It seemed that his mother had tipped off the management office. He comes to visit her mother without him, and his mother is used to having him. That's how he gradually and surely penetrated into his daily life. Could it ever go back to before?

He hesitated in front of the car without saying goodbye. There were still many things he wanted to ask. He also wanted to ask why he is so worried about people. However, there were so many mixed thoughts and emotions that it was difficult to say anything easily. It was ambiguous to say anything only to Zenya when his mind was not organized.

Putting all that aside, he wanted to be with him today. But his mother couldn't help but care. She shed tears while talking about his father and brother, not for any other reason, but he couldn't bear to leave them alone.

"Go, stop."

"I do. It's not like I didn't know you were a mama's boy."

Is it because he became close with my mother? Zenya didn't show any strange stubbornness today. Still, the reason he couldn't like him was because of his way of speaking.

"Hey, who….."

He suddenly grabbed his arm. He was dragged along and kissed him on the mouth. He sucked Kwon Taek-ju's lips sweetly, making a soft clicking sound. He covers Kwon Taek-ju's face with his large hand and pulls in his slightly raised upper lip, then twists his head and completely overlaps his lips. While tickling Kwon Taek-ju's tongue, he also stroked his cheek with her thumb. Is it because it's been too long? Or because of the fear that someone might find out? He didn't know why, but it felt like the hairs all over his body were standing up.

They rubbed their soft tongues against each other and inhaled shallowly. The sweetened saliva flowed together. Even though Zenya is in the public place, he smiles as he sees Kwon Taek-ju, who silently accepts him without rejecting him.

The tickling breath dissipated from his brow. Today, he pressed his lips firmly against Kwon Taek-ju's compliant lips and slowly removed them.

Their eyes met close by. Slowly rolling his blue eyes, Zenya, soaked in the long aftertaste, suddenly looked down at him. It was because of the feeling that the bottom hem of his top was being subtly pulled. Realizing the direction of his gaze, Kwon Taek-ju hurriedly withdraws his hand.

"Taek-ju. Does it look kind of regretful?"

He tilted his head again and pressed his lips against Kwon Taek-ju's ear. Their hot skins gently rubbed against each other.

"Did you have a sweet body?"

He asks while slowly lowering his lips from his ear to his neck. He was breathing little by little.

"If you are in a hurry, we can do it inside."

He pushed the whisperer away. The guy sighed as if he knew that, and then buried his head in Kwon Taek-ju's head. Then he took a deep breath and checked his body odor.

"Why?"

Making a strange expression, and smiling for no reason. He was an unrecognizable bastard.

"Go in. What I'm sorry for today, I'll get it next time."

He wondered why the sound didn't come out. Sending deep consolation to future Kwon Taek-ju himself, he chased him away as if kicking him.

"Go away, quickly."

He climbs into the driver's seat as if being pushed on his back. Soon the ignition was turned on. He stood aside and watched him leave. The bugatti that was sliding toward the exit without delay came to a sudden stop. He

wondered if he had missed something, but he stood like that for a while and didn't move. The cell phone in his pocket rang one after another. The sender was always a guy.

"Why? What."

–Taek-ju. Are you telling me to go or not?

"What am I doing?"

–If you keep staring at me like a hungry dog, my heart will be moved. Wouldn't you like to pick it up right away and feed you milk until your stomach explodes?

"Crazy bastard."

As if to show off to him, he raised his middle finger. Even though he had hung up the phone immediately, he seemed to hear his boisterous laugh. Eventually, he

turned around and headed for the elevator. When he was with him, he had no time to get sentimental.

Standing in front of the front door brings him back to his senses. He took a deep breath and opened the door. His mother had just come out and was putting away her glasses and dishes. She wasn't originally of a large physique, but today her back looks even more dwarfed. He quietly approached and hugged his mother from behind her back. "Why," she said, while she held Kwon Taek-ju's arms as if wrapping her arms.

"....Just."

"When I saw the picture, it suddenly came to my mind. Not usually."

She nodded without speaking. His mother patted Kwon Taek-ju's arm.

"It's okay, son."

"Huh."

He gently rubbed his cheek against the back of his mother's head and hugged her tighter.

Entering the house, he pauses. He skimmed the inside as if he had found something. There was no sign or trace of others. It was the same when he turned on the lights.

Still, he strode to the bathroom and opened the door. The bathroom was dry with no moisture. Not a single hair was left on the floor, and the shower items were placed exactly where they were. When he came back, he looked at the kitchen and living room one after another. All the furniture and objects were no different from when he left the house. There was only one box in the refrigerator that he hadn't seen before.

He went straight to the bedroom. Even the wide bed and the sheet on top of it pretended nothing had happened. It seemed that he had a knack for erasing his traces as a spy for a long time.

But he couldn't completely hide my body odor. It seemed that he tried hard to shower and ventilate himself with products like Zenya, but the smell of Kwon Taek-ju still lingered in the air. It was so insignificant that he didn't even know it.

"Where are you from now?"

"Why do I have to report that to you?"

Zenya's lips draw an arc. The troubled face of Kwon Taek-ju came to mind.

"If you don't want to say it, do it. There are plenty of ways to find out."

"I slept alone."

"I asked where you were?"

"Wherever I was, I slept alone."

Not knowing that his tail would be stepped on, he built up his pride.

He sat down on the bed. The mattress swayed softly. Like an illusion, Kwon Taek-ju's body odor deepens. He picked up a nearby pillow and buried his head in it.

"....Ha, Taek-ju."

He bursts out laughing as if he can't stop. After staying this long, he agonizes so much. He doesn't know how to honestly say that he waited. He thought of Kwon Taek-ju, who had been watching his car as he left. He felt even more unbearable.

He lay down as if collapsing and rubbed his head against the pillow. His eyes closed by themselves. The deep inhalation and the exhalation in succession were languid and sweet. It was as if he had finally returned home.

"......?"

He turned over and woke up vaguely. A human figure fluttered over her face. It seemed that someone was sitting by the bed. Despite the sudden appearance of

an intruder, the body was not ready for battle. On the contrary, it is gently released. It was because he felt familiar even in the shadows.

When he lifted his eyelids, he saw Kwon Taek-ju without fail. He never sleeps deeply, and wakes up right away because of his unique sense of humor, but today he didn't even know he was there. Is it because he has completely adapted to staying in his space? Instinct may have recognized the situation as absolutely safe.

Kwon Taek-ju sat on the chair next to the bed and just watched Zenya. He came from home and he was wearing a hoodie. The hood was pulled over his head, and both his hands were tucked into his front pockets. He didn't know when or why he was doing it.

"People openly come into the bedroom, but they don't wake up. What if I was an assassin?"

"I can't tell that much."

"They backed off."

He sighs and suddenly raises his body. Then he got on his knees and climbed onto the bed. Zenya swept the back of Kwon Taek-ju's thighs as if to support them, silently watching him get on his body.

"Actually, my mission to Russia is still ongoing, and finding 'Anastasia' was just a trick, and the real target is you?"

"Then die, well."

He answered with a grin. Before he knew it, he gave strength to the hand that had risen to Kwon Taek-ju's buttocks, and grabbed the dense cheek.

"Taek-ju, kill you first."

At the words that followed, he put on a grumpy expression. He gently pulled Kwon Taek-ju's arm. Kwon Taek-ju was quietly dragged in for a long time. He

put his hand inside her hood and crushed her cold ear, kissing him casually.

Kwon Taek-ju also responded to the kiss without hesitation.

He only held his thick lower lip, then released it, biting it again and sucking it, but his soft tongue came out and bumped into it. He thought it was an illusion, but when he licked his upper lip, he undoubtedly pushed his slim body. He touched him with the tip of his tongue. It clung to him as if he had been waiting for it and tangled all over his tongue. His red flesh mingled densely, making a choking sound. The inside of his mouth seemed to heat up quickly.

He parted his lips for a while and said something.

"What."

He carefully looked at Kwon Taek-ju, who was ignorant.

"Did something happen while I wasn't here?"

He shows a rare aggressiveness in skinship.

He groped for Kwon Taek-ju again. Even on his dry lips, he pressed and removed his lips repeatedly. Neither the clear body temperature nor the touch were clearly dreams.

"You said you should be with your mother."

Did you come to eat milk while teasing me? In normal times, he would have been disgusted or straight-up, but Kwon Taek-ju had no reaction to speak of.

Definitely something different from usual.

He blinked slowly to understand the situation. The shade of long eyelashes fluttered in the colorless eyes. Kwon Taek-ju, who was staring down at her, slowly lowered his face. He closed his eyes as if he was about to kiss him.

However, Kwon Taek-ju did not bite Zenya's lips, but the tip of his sharp nose.

An absurd laugh erupted from Zenya.

"Taek-ju?"

"Why."

"What's going on? Suddenly, you acted as if you wanted to have a baby."

"Expressing…."

"Could you have been lonely? Enough to find my bed alone?"

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been putting one hand in his pocket until then, took out something and threw it. The small box hit Zenya's shoulder and bounced lightly.

It was a condom.

"I thought I should just endure it and go to sleep, but it's so piled up that I can't."

"Aha?"

"Before I became a married man, I wanted to drink all the honeydew."

It seems that he was not paying attention to it while pretending not to be. It felt like his mind, which was full of doubts, was finally clear. As he laughed, Kwon Taek-ju got angry and grabbed Zenya by the collar. Then, they pressed their lips together and kissed her roughly. Because he can't be honest. A tickling feeling rose from the inside of his chest. The corners of his mouth kept rising even though his lips were bitten and tingling.

He doesn't know what kind of misunderstanding or how far he's going, but he decided to leave it alone.

"Don't make me think otherwise. Because my head is complicated."

After a kiss that seemed like it would bite them off, they get angry and get angry.

There was no moth to his fire. He smiled and pulled back the annoying hood.

Then he tangled and tugged at his many, many strands of hair. His long, sleek neck draped over him helplessly. Without hesitation, he opened his mouth and bit into the warm skin.

"Oh... Ah….."

His thighs, wide open on both sides, trembled. It was plain to see how hard he held on, his muscles twitching in clumps. Slowly twisting three of his fingers to open the circumference of the hole. Gently stroke the smooth perineum with your thumb while pressing down on the inside periodically. He also kneaded the soft testicles by turning his wrists the other way around. When pressed in the middle, the whitish color stands out and splits

into two lumps, just like eggs held inside the body. When he rolls it, it harasses the scrotum, which plays as it rolls. Then, he put it in his mouth and inhaled. One side of the ball was repeatedly sucked into and out of the mouth. Sensitive areas were scratched by teeth, and as they rubbed against the mucous membranes, they aroused excitement. His erect penis was also stimulated to the fullest by his smooth forehead and hair.

"Oops, uh…."

As if telling him to stop, he pushed Zenya's shoulder with his leg. But he didn't move, perched firmly in his groin. His whole body became more tense and tingling as he kept becoming conscious of his position. The genitals that stood up alone shuddered faithfully to the given stimulus. His blood rushes and his reddened glans struggles against his urethra. It was so cramped that he wanted to take it off first.

He stretched his trembling hand toward the center. But Zenya was one step faster. The guy who licked the perineum, scrotum, and penis in order from the hole, lightly bit his glans and sucked. With just that, Kwon Taek-ju's back jumped up. His saliva-covered glans visibly flared up in anticipation.

With both elbows, he fixed Kwon Taek-ju's thighs as if laying on them, and held on to his genitals with both hands. Then, gently open the urethra with both thumbs. The copper liquid that had risen from the inside overflowed. After staring at it, he stuck out his tongue and licked the gaping hole.

"Ahhh, Yes... ! Oops, Oops, Ah… !"

For a moment, it seemed as if electricity was running through Kwon Taek-ju's body. His knees were hot, and his fingers sharpened themselves as he ripped off the poor sheet.

He goes up to his head and persistently digs his urethra. Due to the extreme stimulation, Cooper fluid flowed like water. The resistance of Kwon Taek-ju also became stronger. The lower half of Zenya's lower body also flashed once in a while, and her upper body half stood up and pushed Zenya's head wildly. He washed the entire glans again and sucked the other side and let it

go. As soon as the glans was released, Kwon Taek-ju's limbs were released. His labored breathing made his chest rise and fall incessantly.

Zenya easily removed his hand that was gripping her hair. Then, he stubbornly wriggles his fingers, which are twitching from the heat he has not yet been able to dissipate.

"Taek-ju, you said you wanted to cry. Why are you interfering?"

"Ha ha, ha…when did I say that, bastard?"

"Look at this. You always ask first and pretend you don't know."

He frowns and reaches for the drawer next to the bed. Soon, leather handcuffs and a long, thin silicone insert were caught in his hand. These were things he had never seen before.

"If you don't say the right thing, I want to make you confess even if they bully you, usually."

He insists on abnormal psychology as if it were cognitively normal. Kwon Taekju's wrist was also restrained casually.

"What are you doing? Don't you solve this?"

"If you are honest, then."

After setting the condition, he slowly sweeps Kwon Taek-ju's body with both hands. Zenya's pinky finger gently pressed Kwon Taek-ju's nipple and passed by. His whole chest seemed to whine. It trembled slightly up to his waist. It passed through his stomach and down to his thighs. Then, with both of his thumbs, he swept back up the tender inner thighs and landed in the groin as before. As his genitals were wrapped in his hands, Kwon Taek-ju's entire body flinched again.

"I thought about what it would be like to tie you up like this before and interrogate you. What is your true identity, where did you send it, and what are you trying to do? I thought I'd ask each and every one of your body. If I

failed to trick you, I'm sure I would. Humans have a strong instinct for self-preservation, and if it's too painful, they'll blow up on anything."

That idea came true, and it seemed like fun. Whiffing, sweeping the federal genitals, and occasionally kissing them. Then, the glans was tilted to one side to open the urethra. The red hole, wet with cooper's fluid and saliva, struggled to move.

After watching the scene with interest, he held the silicone insert in his hand.

The entire insert was covered in gel, and it seemed that even sticky saliva was shedding. He put the tip as thin as a cotton swab into the hole and gently squeezed it. He could feel his whole body contracting with nervousness that seemed like it was going to break in at any moment. When he pressed the round end against the hole, Kwon Taek-ju's head bent backwards.

"Ah, that….Oh, ok..."

He held his trembling penis upright and stroked it with his thumb to soothe it, gently twisting the silicone insert and inserting it into the hole bit by bit. The insertion device, which had been blocked in the narrow entrance all the way to the extent that the penis was bent, momentarily slipped on the gel and penetrated the urethra. Kwon Taek-ju's molars clenched tightly. The whole body trembled violently.

"Ahh, Ahh... Ah..."

"Taek-ju."

He hugged his body, which fluttered between pleasure and pain, and bit his stomach, sides, and chest. The act of leaving clear teeth marks caused pain from all sides, and it felt like the pain in the genitals had been relatively relieved.

Paradoxically, it was.

While holding Kwon Taek-ju's breasts, which naturally swelled up, he gently poked at the insert inserted into the urethra. When the urethra was stimulated while sucking the nipple, Kwon Taek-ju kicked both legs and began to jerk.

"Yeah... Awesome! That, Ah, Ah, Ha!"

The saliva that he couldn't swallow purred from his mouth as he groaned. His clear eyes quickly lost their sharpness and became watery.

Every time the round stimulation point scratched the inside of the urethra, a sudden urination focused. It was so painful and tingling that he couldn't breathe well. He just wanted to ejaculate quickly.

However, Zenya did not leave Kwon Taek-ju alone. After releasing all of Kwon Taek-ju's strength and taking a breath, he fully inserted the inserter. The stimulating point of the insertion device pushed in is inflated at the base of the penis and presses on the prostate. The whole pelvis roared. The uncomfortable sensation quickly spread to the inner thighs.

"Ha Ha, Ugh, Oh, Ooh..... ."

He struggled without panic. He twisted his shoulder stubbornly, and hit his head wildly. Zenya grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's face and made him look straight ahead.

His eyes and ears were flushed with lust. There was even a slight bite in his eyes.

Zenya's mouth draws a long arc. At the same time, the pupils of the iridescent eyes tightened.

Predicting the tragedy, Kwon Taek-ju frowned. Zenya, as always, folded his legs over his chest and pressed them with his body. Blood quickly rushed to Kwon Taek-ju's completely covered face. Immediately, he watched Kwon Taek-ju groan, rubbing his big muscle in the hole he had loosened. Kwon Taek-ju barely made eye contact with Zenya, who was about to binge. His eyes seemed resentful and pleading. He was ecstatic.

"Haa, Taek-ju."

"Ugh... Ah, oops!"

He smiled and pushed the genitals that were hanging over the entrance. The hole opened with difficulty and began to contain a thick mass of flesh. It was biting so hard in the middle that it felt like the skin was about to peel off. The eyes in his eyes became dizzy again and again.

"You must be hungry, yes, very hungry, right?"

The wind was so tight that he automatically frowned. He took a moment to catch his breath, then slammed the bottom. Kwon Taek-ju groaned and fell asleep. Perhaps it was an illusion, it seemed that the insertion device that had been blocking the front hole rose slightly and then went down. It was strange, so when he touched the exposed part, the whole genital trembled so much that he could see it.

While looking at the situation below, he hit the penis that was stuck in it. Kwon Taek-ju's genitals shriveled up and pressed his urethra. Kwon Taek-ju hated it and pushed Zenya with his whole body. The stimulating points of the bumpy inserter seemed to give a clear foreign body sensation in the urethra. Maybe he can spit out the insertion machine without touching it and do it to him. A curious curiosity aroused.

At other times, he would have deliberately avoided the extreme points and poisoned Kwon Taek-ju. The night was long anyway, and there was no hurry.

But even the patience she hadn't had since she hadn't had the pleasure of having sex in a different way for the first time in a while was gone. Sadism, like an instinct, reared its head.

He intentionally kept his stomach tight. Because of that, Kwon Taek-ju's genitals were completely pressed between the two. He tried to move the bottom slightly while keeping the stomach in close contact.

"Aww!"

Kwon Taek-ju's whole body fluttered even with that shallow waist. As soon as it became sensitive, the genitals, which had become sensitive, seemed to be stimulated by being pressed and swept by both abdominal muscles. His stomach was wet with the unknown mucus that seeped from his genitals. He pretended to be very sorry and clicked his tongue.

"You're messing around. Wouldn't it be better to cry out loud once?"

He smirked and hit a certain spot without warning. The whole stomach groaned loudly. The rigid limbs trembled like an aspen tree.

"Haha... ! Oops...."

Kwon Taek-ju's face was in danger, as if it would collapse at any moment. Zenya looked at him, who was nervous, and poked at the same part one after another.

Every time his genitals brushed, the burning sensation that had been condensed in one place spread out in all directions like an electric current. His fingers, toes, hair roots, all peripheral parts were tingling. An extreme need to urinate also rushed to the genitals that were being rubbed and crushed between the two.

"Oops, Ah... Zanya, I want to cum."

"Ha…As much as you want."

"Crazy bastard, how... Aww!"

The mouth that was pouring out profanity in the evil is closed tightly. He lowered his lips on top of it and scooped his bottom up even further. He wanted to mix his tongue in as well, but it seemed like it was about to be cut off. As he regretted it, he kept kissing his lips and cheeks and repeated insertion with a large drop.

"Yeah, Ugh... Haeuk, Ah, Ok... !"

The only thing the bound Kwon Taek-ju could do was get sick. A moan as far as the depth of his genital hole erupted. He gritted his teeth and tried to

bear it, but he couldn't. His head kept bending at the too strong stimulation. His breath repeatedly condensed in his lungs and then burst out in a muddy atmosphere.

Zenya spurred on his lower back more and more. In no time, the whitened gel adhered to the surface of the penis. It seemed that the lukewarm inner wall had been ground up, and was gradually compacted into the shape of his penis. It was a feeling he was used to but never quite got used to.

No matter how much he try to defend it, it violently opens its insides and absorbs the sweet inner flesh. The mucous membranes that had been hardened as they were were not melting, so it seemed like they were being eaten.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah... !"

Zenya, who had been raging, suddenly stopped shaking his back. A portion of the gel dropped from his penis, barely covering the glans. Then, it finally cuts off and sticks to one side of Kwon Taek-ju's cheek. Kwon Taek-ju, who had been moaning in a mess, trembled. Swallowing his breath, his eyes were quite wet as he stammered down.

"Zenya…."

He calls him anxiously with a voice that seems to stop breathing. Could there be a greater joy than that? He willingly fell towards Kwon Taek-ju.

"Oops, yes, oops... !"

"Ugh, yes, Taek-ju... ."

He ejaculated while punching the slowly wriggling inner wall. Kwon Taek-ju also trembled at the terrible thrill. His head felt giddy, as if he had been electrocuted.

He whispered the name of Kwon Taek-ju and poured kisses wherever his lips touched. Goosebumps sprouted from Kwon Taek-ju's sweaty skin. When he put out his tongue and poked his ear canal, he grunted in a voice

drowned in fatigue. At the same time, the stomach that was touching his object felt slippery.

"....Hurry."

Kwon Taek-ju rubbed his forehead on Zenya's shoulder. A wheezing breath tickled his throat. He untied his handcuffs while rubbing his warm ears with his lips. Then he immediately punches him on the shoulder. He was beaten gleefully. Even when he pushed me with his foot, he split the room and backed off meekly. However, he did not allow himself to ejaculate.

Kwon Taek-ju pulled his ankle. Kwon Taek-ju's body slipped helplessly. He bit his smooth ankle bone once, then released it, then began to thump his calf. He passed through his knee and bit into his thigh, leaving teeth marks. Kwon Taekju was annoyed at what he was doing. He didn't mind, and continued to nibble on the inside of his thigh, sucking the tender flesh from his groin. Kwon Taekju's genitals, which had been drooping just by that, trembled. Already, semen or something was leaking from the urethra. The insert was pushed out a little bit.

"...It's okay."

He tried to slowly pull it out, but Kwon Taek-ju was startled. The urethra also shrunk a lot. He patted his glans while patting his entire penis as if to soothe it.

Gently sticking his tongue over and over again over the urethra, he gently pulled out the slime-covered insert. Kwon Taek-ju's back felt hot every time the thick stimulation points were pulled out. As the tip of his body fell off, the semen that he couldn't spurt out burst out.

Kwon Taek-ju covered his face with both hands and swore. While caressing his troubled genitals, he kissed the back of his hand several times. Until Kwon Taekju gave up and accepted my kiss, stubbornly.

He flinched and opened his eyes. The vision slowly became clearer. Did I pass out again? No matter how long he lay there, it felt like the pillows were all flat.

His chest and stomach were all against the bed. His lungs were compressed, so she couldn't breathe. Turn his body over and lie right back on his back. Every muscle in his body seemed to scream.

"Ah….I will die."

Even the groaning voice was miserably drowned out. It was ugly. He didn't mean to provoke him in the first place. He was tormented by Zenya all night and regretted what he said. He tried to withdraw halfway through, but he didn't listen. Just like when he received manual treatment that day, his body seems to have folded colorfully.

Is it still Saturday or Sunday? What time is it? Perhaps there was no contact from headquarters.

Even with such curiosity, he couldn't dare to get up. He lazily rubs his head against a soft pillow. There was still warmth in the seat next to him, which he felt as if it was a habit. Then he thought he could hear the faint sound of water. It seems that even after all that effort, there was still room for movement.

"It's not a person, that's it."

He was grumbling and trying to get some more sleep, but his phone rang. There was no sound from inside the room. Shall I ignore it? After thinking about it for a while, he struggled to get himself up. Anyway, if it was a call from the headquarters, it was purely his responsibility.

Every time he walked, he felt a strange feeling in his buttocks. His thighs were also sore, and he couldn't describe what was inside his churned stomach.

The cell phone was on the kitchen table. It looked like Zenya had picked it up.

He picked it up and checked the sender first. It was an unregistered number. It was like that a few days ago, so this time it's a clear promotional call. During steaming, the vibrating sound subsides.

He immediately looked at the absentee record. Fortunately, there was no contact from headquarters. What stood out was Kang Chan-woo's message.

There was written the place and time of the class meeting, and a request to attend. He forgot to focus all his attention on him since Zenya came back.

Climbing back to the top, he noticed the caller number he had just called. The seat behind her was somehow familiar to the eye. He was retracing his memories for a while, but the screen suddenly reversed and he got a phone call.

Yes, it was that number.

This time, he touched the call button without hesitation.

"Yes."

–Hello? Kwon Taek-ju?

He felt like he knew who the other person was just by listening to it. More than 10 years have already passed. A person's voice must have had the same depth and resonance as the years that had passed.

Even so, he knew it anyway.

–It's me. Yuna.

How did she become so friendly?

Yuna said she liked Kwon Taek-ju's indifferent side. Kwon Taek-ju did not deny the rumors that he and her were dating. He never distanced himself from Yuna.

It's true that he didn't care about the rumor itself. Because no one was harmed by the rumors.

At that time, Kwon Taek-ju had no one to meet or have a crush on. It was the reason he didn't feel the need to explain. As Kwon Taek-ju was recognized as Yuna's boyfriend, the gossip decreased as well. Even if he

rejected her flirtatious crush and drew a line between her, no one dared to curse. He did not make a big deal out of attending private gatherings and events. He knew it was because everyone was dating, and he understood it on his own. From time to time, she only scolded Kwon Taek-ju for monopolizing him too much. That would have been convenient.

It was the same with Kwon Taek-ju. As he hung out with Yuna, the troublesome things were greatly reduced. He was more comfortable than being with friends sometimes. Yuna did not ask any personal questions or interfere. He never asked for unreasonable favors. Rather, he took a seat in the lecture room or library, lent books and papers needed for writing reports, and shared genealogies whenever he got them, giving a lot of help. She said she was doing it in order to compete in good faith, but she might have expressed her own appreciation.

However, the usual love flow did not flow between the two. At least that's what Kwon Taek-ju thought. He had never seen Yuna as a woman. He seemed to have no place in Yuna's dictionary for her dating. Not if it's her desire to succeed. As far back as he can remember, she's always been looking straight ahead. It was not long before she found out why.

"You actually grew up in a facility?"

It was around the time Yuna applied for the language training and exchange student program. Barring any incidents, her selection was a matter of course.

Around that time, Kwon Taek-ju was about to enlist. Was it like that? For once, he wants to confide in her. This was the first time he had heard of it, and he couldn't help but wonder because he often saw pictures of her family in her wallet.

"I think I've seen family photos before?"

"That's right. I was adopted."

Yuna answered indifferently, shaking the empty soju glass. He was surprised, but he didn't show it. He was silent and he only filled his cup.

"My adoptive father was a firefighter."

"Why is it in past tense?"

"Because they were honest. When I was in high school."

He nodded his head politely. At that time, the situation of Kwon Taek-ju was not very different. Yuna knew that too.

"I felt a lot of kinship with them when I heard that your father also died in the line of duty. I know very well what will happen to the family if the head of the family loses without warning one day."

"Maybe that's why Yuna actively approached me," He thought. Not simply because he considered Kwon Taek-ju a competitor, not because he was indifferent to her, but because he was someone who achieved the same result in a similar environment.

"I am a child born to a single mother. As soon as I was born, I was put in an institution and raised there until I was seven. My adoptive father came to serve there regularly. He didn't really talk, but he was a man with a lot of remnants.

He made me especially prettier. I don't know, maybe I felt that way because I liked him. Sometimes he came with his fire station colleagues, and other times he came with my adoptive mother."

Yuna recalled the past and put on a happy expression. She was the face of a person steeped in dreams. In fact, it was the first time he had ever seen her smile like that.

"I liked my adoptive mother from the beginning. Every time I watched TV, I wished I had a mother too, but she was just like I imagined. Kind, friendly, well-spoken, and paying attention to details. Did I cry out of joy at the news that the two would become my parents? I'm crying so sadly, it was to the point that I wondered if I'm afraid to go with them. That's how we became a family, and by the time I was in elementary school, my mother was pregnant with a child. He was a precious child born after 10 years of

marriage. All grown-ups say I'm lucky? After I was adopted, I had a younger brother, and there were many big and small events in my family. I was really happy too. Because I had never been a pleasant person before. It was like a completely different person. I couldn't sleep because of the anticipation that I would have another family. They said there were many things they wanted to do for the son when he was born."

Suddenly, an obvious story popped up in his head, such as 'an adopted child who lost his position after the birth of his own child'. Yuna shook her head as if not at all.

"Even after my younger brother was born, my parents always supported and loved me. My younger brother was so cute, and he followed me right away. A very ideal family that I had only imagined and could only have imagined was born. At that time, I was really overwhelmed and happy every day... ."

Yuna, who was talking ecstatically, suddenly let out a long sigh. He felt something like remorse in it.

"Then my father passed away. It was when a large fire broke out in a commercial building, and he went to rescue people trapped inside and couldn't come out. It felt like half of my world was collapsing. It was sad, empty, and hopeless. But the misfortune didn't end there."

What happened? He was curious, but he didn't interrupt and waited for the conversation to follow.

"Like the resident, they kept their seat throughout the funeral. I wanted to do that too. Relatives, father's co-workers, friends, neighbors, there were so many mourners….The day before the funeral, an old colleague came late. When I asked if he was the first, he said yes without knowing anything. Then he brought up a strange story."

Instead of listening, he tilted his head. He couldn't guess the backstory at all.

Even thinking about it again, Yuna smiled as if it was absurd. It was a moment, but various emotions were peeking out on her face.

"Actually, am I the real daughter of my deceased father? There is a woman my father met without her wife's knowledge, and he said that the woman gave birth to me alone, but she was in a situation where she couldn't raise me at all, so I was left in a facility. My father, who heard the news belatedly, continued to volunteer to see me. My father kept caring about me, so my adopted mother, not knowing why, suggested that they adopt me."

"....What?"

"He said while drunk, so there was no credibility. I don't even know how close that colleague was with my father. But it was a problem I couldn't just pass over."

According to the former colleague, the dead husband left her pregnant wife and gave birth to a child through adultery. It was a situation that made it happen. It was like an untimely bomb dropped on the place where the selfless and devoted life of the deceased was honored. Whether that was true or not, he couldn't imagine how the adoptive mother and Yuna must have felt. He didn't even know what to say right away.

"Paternity was not confirmed separately. My adopted mother didn't have to, and she refused to do it. She said let's not insult the dead, that's not the kind of person, and that we should believe. Should I have done it? After hearing that, I couldn't be the same anymore. I feel that my adopted mother feels

uncomfortable whenever she treats me, and I feel sorry for her and my younger brother."

Yuna emptied the glass she had been holding the whole time at once. She then lifted her shoulders and let out a loud exhalation. When she opened her mouth again, her voice was as cheery as usual.

"From then on, I thought I should be independent. It would be daunting for my adopted mother to raise my younger brother alone and take care of him. I have to take care of myself so that I don't become a burden."

It was only then that he realized why Yuna worked tirelessly. The reason why she always struggled to maintain high grades.

"I often think about whether it would have been okay if my father hadn't died.

It's meaningless. As I kept doing that, I wanted to make a machine that could do rescue work and life saving by putting it in a dangerous place where people couldn't enter. I hope there will be no more sacrifices like my father."

Either way, he was the one who made a family for Yuna. Yuna seemed to miss the happy times when he was alive. Maybe she didn't know what to do all her life.

"I told my mother that I was going to be an exchange student."

"What do she say?"

"Congratulate me for doing a good job. She said "I'm proud of you." But people's hearts are really good, so I wanted to catch them. Asked if I had to go there, she wanted me to regret it."

Yuna smiled helplessly. His gaze continued to rest on the empty soju glass.

"I think it's better to be moderately happy. If I did, I wouldn't feel this way. I loved that time when I couldn't go back again, and I always feel empty and empty because nothing can fill it up. I feel like I'm the only one in this world."

Yuna, who was complaining, raised her head while saying so. Their eyes met.

Her auburn eyes seemed transparent. It was because of her bite.

"Kwon Taek-ju, be on my side."

".....Taek-ju?"

He woke up to the sound of the call. Zenya, who had just finished taking a shower, was standing behind him. He was not tying a single thread.

"Crazy bastard, wear something."

"This is new."

He ignores it and heads to the refrigerator. The clumsy guy's penis was redder than usual, whether it was from the shower or from being brushed all night. The traces of putting on and taking off condoms several times remained dark red like ring marks, which was quite erotic. Not to mention the wide back and handprints left on the arms. He looked down at his nails for no reason. He cut it short, but it looks like that.

Zenya took a bottle of mineral water from the refrigerator and drank it. All the while, his gaze was fixed on Kwon Taek-ju.

"Rather than that, who is it?"

Let's put on a face that I don't know anything he said. He looked at his phone.

He seemed to hear him talking on the phone. He could have pretended that it was his mother or a work phone call. In hindsight, he thought it would be a lot less of a hassle that way. Still, he answered meekly. It wasn't something he could hide from each other.

"University invitation."

"University invitation? It must have been 10 years since you graduated?"

"Yes."

"While you're all looking, what are you doing now?"

"....Well, that's not wrong. If I talk, why does everything sound strange?"

"That's because the listener listens insidiously. Or the feet went numb."

When he looks at a person, he immediately asks what kind of person it is. Zenya hadn't imagined anything, and there was no reason to hide it, but it

seemed that no one's name would ever be elected. Disaster was about to come to an extremely ordinary life with an ill-intentioned motive.

He said he was hungry and quickly changed the subject. Zenya looked at him disapprovingly, but he habitually raised the water. He seemed to cook ramen again. Normally, he would have complained about being bitten, but today he turned his attention by designating a menu for spicy stir-fried noodles. The guy was straight up saying that it was no food. He sighed, promising to give him a bite too.

When Yuna asked if he would come to the invitation, he replied that he would if possible. It wasn't that he had a different mind or was immersed in old memories. He just felt like he had to see her in person one last time.

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"Oh, here it is."

Kwon Taek-ju raised his hand. Yoon Jong-woo, who had been running excitedly, gradually slowed down. It was because, across from Kwon Taek-ju, a tall foreigner was sitting with his back to the entrance. He looked at the back of his head and couldn't believe it, but the ominous feeling did not go away. It was the Russian lunatic, Zenya, who looked back at Yoon Jong-woo, who had become hardened like a stone.

"Sir, senior... ?"

He managed to roll his eyes and look at Kwon Taek-ju. He was about to run as soon as he got off work because he had been buying beef for me. He was not

informed that anyone else would be joining us. Of course, if it was a normal human, it wouldn't take his money, and it didn't matter who else was there.

But if it was Zenya, it was a different story. If he had known how to eat with him, Yoon Jong-woo would never have appeared here.

"Sit down for now. Hungry."

Kwon Taek-ju patted the seat next to him without any explanation. Yoon Jong-woo wrapped his bag strap tightly and only glanced at Zenya. What if he ran away right now? Does he want to get caught in the back at once? Breaking his neck saying I'm offended by ignoring me? After drawing violent pictures, he sat down. Zenya gave him a staring look. He felt intimidated for no reason as he was facing the unblinking, non-blinking eyes aimed at himself. Do human pupils normally look that good?

"What do you want to eat?"

"Can we go without eating?"

"Why? You liked it because I bought you beef."

"Suddenly I have no appetite. I'm not very hungry either. Oh, I see you've been through it!"

"If you feel sick, you have to eat a lot and push it out. Sirloin?"

"No, since I have a party, I'll just go."

Involuntarily, he begged. Kwon Taek-ju called the staff while listening. Then he ordered a bunch of things on his own.

It wasn't long before the table was filled with basic side dishes. Even so, Zenya did not take his eyes off Yoon Jong-woo. He tried to avoid looking at him, but he couldn't ignore those pensive eyes. Is this what it feels like to encounter a tiger?

It might be like this if he's locked up with a shark in a big tank. His hamstrings suddenly numb, and he pressed his knees together.

"Don't just stare at each other, say hello. A friend."

"....Yes?"

"Same age, you."

Kwon Taek-ju added insignificantly. Yoon Jong-woo also knew that Zenya had the same birth year as him. He often asks for a background investigation, but he couldn't know without knowing. It was the most bizarre sound he had ever heard in his life. It seemed like that should never happen. It was an instinctive warning.

"Senior, why are you doing this to me?"

He grabbed Kwon Taek-ju's arm and shook it. It was a pitiful gesture to be moderated and let go. Then, Zenya even more blatantly glared at Yoon Jong-woo. Did something offend him? Yoon Jong-woo, startled, shut his mouth. Even his lips are quietly rolled into his mouth. His hands were carefully brought together on his lap.

"Is it you? The junior who drank with Taek-ju"

He thought that a Russian madman would have a voice like that. It was different from the weather. It's not as thick as he thought, but it was a tone he had never heard before. Besides, he felt a strangely bleak aura. Is the unique relaxed and twisted intonation a property of Russian? He didn't know because he didn't know Russian. What did Zenya's first words mean? Kwon Taek-ju just laughed beside him, and he followed suit and raised the corner of his mouth.

Kwon Taek-ju warned Zenya with a forced smile.

"Hey, don't stare at him. He's scared."

"What did I do?"

"You should be polite to people you meet for the first time. Laugh, man."

"I don't like how clunky he looks."

He only rolled his eyes at the elegant Russian conversation. Zenya continued to disapprove of such Yoon Jong-woo. They say you can't spit on his smiling face, but it didn't seem to work in Russia. The cold eyes seemed

to represent all kinds of negative expressions. There was no cushion of thorns.

Kwon Taek-ju moved the corn cheese, fruit salad, and potato pancakes in front of him to the other side while saying something to the new Zenya. These dishes did not suit Kwon Taek-ju's taste very well, but he was not one to go to the trouble of moving them normally. He wonders if even a crazy person can't eat spicy food because he's a foreigner.

While watching curiously, Kwon Taek-ju suddenly wrapped himself around Yoon Jong-woo's neck. Naturally, his head tilted in that direction.

"Jong-woo, let me ask you a favor."

"Do not."

"Hey, what does it mean to like juniors? Don't do that, just help me once."

"Do you know how many times that one-time thing has already happened? Take care of your conscience."

Instead of chatting, he looked at Zenya's eyes. Also, the gaze on his forehead was so stinging that he couldn't ignore it.

"You two are very close, right?"

It was still in Russian, so he couldn't understand it, but he could clearly see that Zenya hated Yoon Jong-woo. His blue eyes were like sharpened blades.

"Senior. Can't you tell him to stop staring? I guess he doesn't like me.

"Don't do that. You two get along well."

"No. I will forget him the moment I leave this store. He will spend your whole life not knowing."

"Just for today."

"Because I don't like it?"

"That won't work."

Kwon Taek-ju muttered in a tone that he was in trouble. He had an ominous feeling.

"What's wrong?"

"Because you have to play with him today."

In an instant, the expression on Yoon Jong-woo's face disappeared. He tilted his head, convinced he had heard wrong. When Kwon Taek-ju nods that he heard it correctly, he laughs out loud. Then he straightened up and whispered quickly.

"What bullshit do you say so casually?"

"Hey, look at the situation. Half a day only, huh?"

"No, that person is not even a baby. Why should I watch it?"

Unknowingly, he pointed at Zenya. Zenya furrowed his eyebrows. His index finger was twisted even in response to just that amount. Like this, to spend half a day together. It was ridiculous.

The persuasion of Kwon Taek-ju continued.

"If you follow that bastard, you'll get in trouble."

"Where do you want to go to Sunban?"

"Me? I want to see some college classmates."

"Then you can take me there. Show me what a Russian madman looks like. Also, please let me know that this person is the Russian Ambassador to Korea. Will I be the main character?"

"Oh, don't joke."

"What you are doing is a joke."

"Really, just ask for today. Huh? I'll buy any game item you want."

"Is it okay? They said they bought it knowing how much it would cost."

"Even if it's expensive, it won't exceed 500 million won."

"500 million? Ha, man. Even if it's a game item, you buy it with real money, not cyber money."

"I know."

"Sometimes they say spending 5,000 won is a waste."

"Yeah, by the way. I have blind money, because that bastard gave it to me as a tip. I'm less embarrassed about spending the dirty money, so I'll give it to you."

What are you talking about? Do you want to see it once? Suddenly, a limited item equivalent to his salary came into his mind. Even rare items that cost one domestic car. He wouldn't believe that he would buy it for him, but if it was money from Zenya, it was strangely trustworthy.

If he spends half a day with a purebred idiot in Russia, he can get special items that he couldn't bear to buy. The sluggish level would rise at once, and his position in the game would be significantly different.

But is it worth giving my life for? Yoon Jong-woo, who was worried, finally shook his head.

"Oh, I don't know. Seniors take care of seniors, so why should I be sacrificed?"

"The only person I can trust is you... ."

"Because I don't believe you! Please don't! I hate it!"

He screamed like a madman. Kwon Taek-ju also raised the white flag at that point, as if he had no more persuasion skills.

"Ha, I can't help it."

He droops his shoulders proudly and lets out a long sigh. The series of actions of picking up his thick sirloin and putting it on the fire looked very tiring. Didn't care. How long has it been a day or two since he was swayed by him? Now he is immune to that level of acting. Today, it was enough to eat beef or something delicious.

The problem was the harsh atmosphere created by Zenya. His gaze stuck to the attendant Yoon Jong-woo and did not fall off. If his gaze was a knife, it felt as if the skin was being torn apart little by little and disintegrated.

Should I give him an excuse for performing, he couldn't pick up a side dish and only sucked empty chopsticks.

"What are you doing? Eat. It's done."

Kwon Taek-ju recommended while cutting the meat. He even asked a passing waiter for a fork as if he had just remembered. The fork he received was placed in front of Zenya. A fork that is large and distracting, kills people like ants, and seems like something only children would use. As a foreigner, of course he could, but the fork seemed insignificant because it looked relatively small. Of course, even that small fork would easily end his life.

He suppressed his thoughts and eagerly picked up the meat and ate it. How well it was grilled properly, the meat that was full in his mouth melted away. The flavor of the gravy left on the tongue was also excellent.

"You eat well. Eat a lot."

Kwon Taek-ju piled meat in front of Yoon Jong-woo. He didn't even eat properly.

Yoon Jong-woo offered to eat instead, but he refused. He packed a bag to feed him, and he quietly shoved it into his mouth in the face of Zenya's questionable gaze. It was said that he had a hateful affection for him, but his behavior was like that of a beast wary of losing his master's favor.

Kwon Taek-ju, who had been grilling meat for a while, stood up. Unknowingly, he grabbed his collar.

"Uh, where are you going?"

"I'm going to do my errands and smoke a cigarette."

"Then I will go with you."

"Follow me to some bathroom. Eat something, man."

Kwon Taek-ju finally rejected Yoon Jong-woo. Before leaving, he asked Zenya something in Russian. Zenya reluctantly nodded his head. Then he glanced up and down at Yoon Jong-woo disapprovingly. It was like tsk for some reason and kicked his tongue.

Soon there were only two people left at the table. There was no conversation.

The meat was burning on the fire, but he couldn't even dare to touch it. He just looked alternately between the bathroom and the entrance, waiting for Kwon Taek-ju to return quickly.

However, Kwon Taek-ju did not appear even after the eternity of time passed.

He felt strange. He took his cell phone out of his pocket and sent a message.

–Senior?

–Why are you taking so long? I think I'm going to choke to death.

"Sorry, Jong-woo. Please."

–Yeah? What?

–Senior?

–Isn't it?

"I'll be back soon, so keep an eye on him so he doesn't do anything else."

"Oh, if that baby suddenly disappears, call me right away."

"Preventing terrorism, protecting civilians, or something like that, man."

Kwon Taek-ju did not read Yoon Jong-woo's message after the last word. He tried calling right away, but didn't answer the call either.

"Nonsense!"

He jumped up and screamed. All of a sudden, the attention of the people around him was focused. Zenya also looked at Yoon Jong-woo as strange. He felt very strange when he was stared at by a madman as to whether he was crazy. What the hell did he say to him so that he would remain here?

He sat down on the road seat with a stinging gaze. Sweat rained down from all over his body. The meat on the grill was burning black like Yoon Jong-woo's inside. Can an employee come and put out the fire? I wanted to beg him to let me go.

Even the staff had left, and a silence like death came. Zenya kept an eye on Yoon Jong-woo with his arms crossed, while Yoon Jong-woo only looked out the window awkwardly. In fact, nothing came into sight.

"Come to think of it, I have something I want to ask you."

Suddenly, Zhenya opened his mouth. He was startled because he never thought he would talk to him first. Perhaps considering the listener, he spoke flexible English. He was American. However, it sounded like a completely different language because of the unique pronunciation and accent of Russian. At first glance, he didn't even know that it was because of his gorgeous appearance that he felt the elegance.

"Yes? To me? What to me….No, tell me."

Even though they were the same age or friends, he couldn't be comfortable with him. Unknowingly, he stuttered to the end. Zenya asked with an unreliable expression.

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"Every time Taek-ju calls me, he often uses the Korean word 'baby'. What does that mean?

An unexpected question pops up. The accident circuit stopped for a while. How should I answer to be safe? He swallowed his saliva.

Looking back at Kwon Taek-ju's usual words and actions, the answer came out.

When he first joined the company, he was a difficult boss to approach. They didn't see each other often, but when they did, he never talked unnecessarily.

So he thought he was a reticent person. It was an illusion. After getting to know him a little, he joked around a lot and liked to take care of him privately. Except when he was working, he was just like the big brother next door. Doing this bastard, that bastard, this bastard, that bastard was generally proof that they were getting close to him.

However, if the target was Zenya, wouldn't it be more like abusive language than an expression of friendliness? From the beginning, it was a tangled relationship. No matter how much he hated him, the other person would not be just cute and pretty.

Once the answer came out. The problem was that he couldn't confess straight away. They say he's a crazy guy who doesn't care about other people's eyes, but he wasn't willing to say that he cursed at him every time he called him.

He bought time by drinking water. How should I respond to avoid this crisis?

Diligently rolls his head.

"When I searched for it on the translator, it meant 'baby'. Could it really be that?"

He spewed out the water he was drinking at the added question. He even coughed for a long time after hearing the case. Zenya, who was waiting for his answer, openly frowned at him.

Is that better? At least it's not a curse? He couldn't guess with the criminal's head. It's all or nothing, but he throws his hand at once.

"Yes, that's right. It's almost the same. It's a nickname used casually between very, very close people."

Kwon Taek-ju might be in trouble later, but for now, it was for him to live and see. It was he who pushed himself into this situation in the first place. He didn't think this was even revenge.

"Hmm...baby."

Zenya, who had been chanting quietly, smiled and bit his lips. He didn't know what he was thinking, the smile on his lips would fade for a long time.

He got out of the car and started running. He asked Yoon Jong-woo for Zenya, but his heart was not very comfortable. He couldn't help it, he tried to rationalize it. To be honest, if he said that he would go to a university invitation, he didn't think Zenya would stay still. It was clear that he would not let him go at all, or he would interfere in ways he could not have imagined. He was chasing him to the overseas operation site, but there was no guarantee that he would not show up at a classmate reunion.

Due to Yoon Jong-woo's personality of pursuing absolute safety, he would have liked it well. However, he couldn't be relieved because Zenya was so unpopular.

Just in case, he asked Zenya to protect Yoon Jong-woo, as he was caught up in some kind of incident and was in a dangerous situation. The openly annoying guy accepted the request after being persuaded that he would be able to do his job without worrying if he left it to him. He felt a twinge of conscience when he recalled the face of the proud man. He seemed to have to go back ASAP.

The class meeting place was a traditional bar in front of the school. It seemed that the entire store had been rented out. No sound of music could be heard, only the sound of chatter leaked out the door. He opened the door and stepped inside. At that sign, some of his classmates turned to the door.

"Uh? Who is this?"

"Kwon Taek-ju?"

"Hey, you really came."

"Long time no see, man."

His classmates and him say hello to each other. There were also people who came up to him and asked for a handshake. No matter how much he drank, the smell of alcohol filled the air. Kwon Taek-ju smiled and asked, "How have you been?" The outstretched hand tapped lightly without touching.

The number of attendees was estimated to be about thirty. Yuna was sitting in the back of the group seat and was talking in the middle of the day. As she exchanged greetings with their classmates around her, their eyes met at first glance. Yuna smiled first. He only tilted his head slightly.

First, he was taken to an empty seat. As soon as he sat down, he started drinking. They poured it out neatly in one go and put the glass down. The drink was immediately refilled.

"No, why did you cut off all contact like this?"

"We thought you were dead."

"Really. You said you were going to the special forces, but there was no news after that, so what happened?"

"How come no one knows that you changed your number?"

They scramble to ask questions close to bruises. He smiled lightly. As he entered the NIS, he changed numbers frequently. It was for the sake of confidentiality.

Even his NIS colleagues asked him if he needed to go that far, but he liked that everything was thorough. It was a world where personal information was leaked indiscriminately. If he stayed complacent, his identity would soon be exposed.

That meant losing his qualifications as an agent soon.

After a few more drinks, the atmosphere matured. All of the motives at the table were curious about the current situation of Kwon Taek-ju. It was because they had already had enough conversations with each other.

"What are you doing?"

"Just this and that."

"Where do you work? Or business?"

"Kwon Taek-ju, you said you didn't even graduate? I was surprised to hear that today. I thought you would be able to get a job at a large company."

"Well, that's how it happened."

"Eh? Even if I die soon, I still have to get my diploma. In the spec era like these days."

"Look at something that has nothing to do with specs. Are you a professional soldier? Did you go to the army and get laid?"

"Hey kid, look how good you are. Do you do any real physical work?"

Both sides touched her thighs and forearms without hesitation. This was the most difficult time. When they meet after a long time, everyone asks what he does. A few times he had been around a bit. Then he always asked about it or asked for a business card, which was embarrassing. It seemed that the reason for the narrowing of human relations was the most important reason.

"Are you doing a day job? Why can't you talk?"

When he didn't answer properly, some people drew hasty conclusions. He seemed to have guessed that he was doing something difficult to show off, so he was messing around. In fact, people who take the lead in attending alumni meetings often do things that are socially recognized. Or consider friendship itself as a pleasure in life. Kwon Taek-ju was not of that type. Perhaps, if it wasn't for Yuna, he wouldn't have bothered to come to this uncomfortable spot.

"Similar. I risk my life every day."

He laughed it off to keep the atmosphere from sinking. Everyone thought it was a joke and laughed along.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"What have you been doing since you haven't even started a family yet? I already have two kids, man."

"I know. I'm at this age because I work so hard."

"Are you going to work?"

"It seems so."

He ended up laughing this time too. The guys at the same table were either married or about to get married. As if competing, show unsolicited family photos and photos of the bride-to-be. He's sure he's at that age now. Every time he faces an ordinary life, he realizes how special his work is. It seemed that he was flowing along the inflection line alone in a similar trajectory of life. Every time he imagined what the end would be like, he didn't feel so good.

"Are you meeting anyone? I don't think women will let you go."

"Looking at what you're doing, you have a lover, it's written right there."

"....There is. There is."

"What do you mean? How long have you met?"

"Should I say one year….."

"That's enough, it's time to get married. What are you doing?"

"Public official."

"Ohh? Age?"

"Four years younger than me."

"Kyaa, the four-year age difference that they don't even look at compatibility! Is it pretty?"

"What….Objectively."

"Wow, is this bastard completely bewitched? Guys! Kwon Taek-ju's girlfriend isn't just pretty, she's not subjectively pretty, she's just 'objectively' pretty!"

One guy jumped up and shouted loudly. Boos and cheers erupted from all sides.

"Hey, I wonder what it looks like. No pictures? Let's see her."

"Okay! We'll look at it and objectively judge whether it's pretty or not."

"Show me, show me," As promised in the excited words. He threw a puff pastry at the guys who kept encouraging him.

"No."

It was not difficult to stop the hands trying to steal the cell phone. Even though he drove it, it didn't budge like a stone Buddha. As there was no harvest, their momentum gradually faded.

After that, the topic moved to anecdotes from college days, the current situation of some seniors and juniors and professors, and social issues. In

the midst of laughing and talking, Yuna and him met eyes. He wanted to greet her properly, but it was difficult to move his seat right away.

Even if they didn't say anything, everyone was keenly aware of the reunion of the two. It was clear that if he did anything that stood out, they would make fun of him and tease him. They wouldn't have cared about the fact that Yuna was getting married, or that Kwon Taek-ju had a lover.

Because of that, he heard the news of Yuna from the people around him first.

"I heard that Yuna went abroad to study as soon as she graduated and received a master's degree from Massachusetts. You know the owner of M, right? They say she works as a senior researcher there now."

"Did she meet her husband at that company? He must be a foreigner."

"Even now, I'm not kidding about specs, but if she gets married, she'll even have a doctorate. I wonder how far she will go now?"

"Good."

"By the way, haven't you two been in touch? When we were in school, you were always together."

At the question someone asked, the surroundings became quiet like a lie.

Perhaps it also reached Yuna's ears, and suddenly she looked at Kwon Taek-ju.

"You said that. It was too much for me to live with."

The story that everyone was looking forward to was blocked at the source.

Then, he changed the topic by asking about the well-being of his absent motive.

Yuna immediately turned her gaze and continued the conversation that had been interrupted. The parties came out like that, but there was no excuse to

add more words. Unfortunately, he was only looking at it.

After about two hours, there were empty seats one after another. The remaining ones also slumped in the aura. The store was poorly ventilated, so he felt intoxicated just by breathing. He went out to get some fresh air. The alcohol-soaked lungs hurriedly inhale fresh oxygen. It seemed that his thoughts were finally clearing up.

He suddenly thought of cigarettes. Looking at the convenience store across the street, he was contemplating whether or not to buy one. The store door opened and someone came out. It was Yuna. Let's just look at it, she comes closer. Then he took out a cigarette and handed it to Kwon Taek-ju. Without hesitation, he took out a cigarette and took it.

"Long time no see. Haven't seen you in ten years?"

"Huh. About that."

Standing side by side, they just let out smoke. The conversation started in earnest only after burning one cigarette.

"How are you doing?"

"Live without a mind, what?"

"Is your mother healthy?

"Huh."

"Are you still single? Don't you have anything to say? I think you want your marriage more than anyone else."

"Tell me what do you do? It is a torch to marry as soon as we meet eyes."

"But why not? I heard earlier that you are meeting someone. An objectively pretty person."

"Hey, are you kidding?"

She laughs. That smile didn't seem to change.

"No, I just wanted to make it less polished if I introduced myself. Is your girlfriend embarrassed?"

Everyone had no doubt that Kwon Taek-ju's lover was a woman. She didn't know that even Kwon Taek-ju himself would be involved with a man until just a year ago, so if it was natural, it was natural.

"Not like that. The two of you already know each other. Almost close friends. I bet he sees your mother more often than you do?"

"Then no more. Your girl is ready to propose, isn't it all over? Kwon Taek-ju, aren't you acting carelessly again?"

"What am I?"

"It's amazing that you don't know."

"I'm still doing well, so why? You don't even seem to have any thoughts of marriage."

"Have you checked?"

"Shouldn't you be sure to check that out?"

"I'm saying this because there are times when it seems like everything is visible, but sometimes it isn't. Are you a little careless?"

He couldn't tell if he was giving dating advice or pouring out old grievances. It was absurd that he was seeing her after 10 years or so.

"You don't have to get married to prove your sincerity. Everyone's way of loving is different as much as what they look like, as if marriage is the answer and has a happy ending. I don't understand that any more. Wouldn't it be nice if you could just be together?"

"....."

Yuna's face darkened. Cigarette ash she could not shake off is blown away by the wind.

"What is that reaction?"

"Oh my god. Kwon Taek-ju, all the words of love come out of your mouth... It is something to live and see."

"No, who loves you? It's just that it's universal."

"Why don't you love your lover, and why are your ears red?"

"Why are my ears red?"

He grabbed his ears. It wasn't that it wasn't, but the back of his ear was hot.

Could it be because I drank too much?

He snatched it as if taking a cigarette pack from Yuna. He takes out another cigarette, takes a bite, and lights it. Yuna continued to smirk next to him.

"Talk about something else."

"Why, it's fun."

"Are you going in?"

"Okay…okay."

Yuna grabbed Kwon Taek-ju pretending to give him a hand. And only then did she tell her story.

"I came here to completely organize my life in Korea."

"Are you going to go out and live?"

"Huh. I think so. My husband-to-be is an American."

"Is he a relative?"

"After graduating from college and going abroad to study, it became more rare.

I've only been to Korea twice, the time of my mother's sixtieth birthday and the day of my brother's graduation ceremony. Now I just think of them as distant relatives. That way, there is nothing to be sad about, and it seems that my mother and younger sibling are less uncomfortable. Maybe they will come to see the wedding. She said she would help me with postpartum care after giving birth, but I don't know. What will happen?"

He just nodded without saying a word. It's already been done, what more can anyone say? From the beginning, Kwon Taek-ju was the type to listen silently no matter what he said. He did not interfere in other people's affairs or push his ideas for a solution. That's why Yuna would also feel free to share her inner thoughts. It's like a strong bamboo forest, where they don't have to worry about secrets leaking out.

Yuna suddenly turned to Kwon Taek-ju. She scans people openly from their head to their toes. A mischievous smile hung across her face. Her expression on Kwon Taek-ju became trembling.

"Why."

"You've become more handsome, Kwon Taek-ju. You look like a real man now.

I've been curious about how you've changed and how you live. I really wanted to meet you at least once before going to America, but on the other hand, I was worried. What if my first love turned out to be a pot-bellied man?"

"It was meant to be."

She plays jokes without even laughing. Yuna immediately punished him by hitting him on the back. She even protested to leave at least one good memory in Korea.

The wind blew. The two were silent for a moment to let the wind die down. A soft smile crept across his lips. People who shared a time could reminisce about that time even without speaking.

"Did I ever tell my husband-to-be? There is a man who dumped me eleven times. Then he was very curious? He said he really wants you to come to our wedding."

"It's mean. What's fun about playing around when we were young?"

"Was it a joke? I was sincere every time."

"What kind of joke is this again?"

"It's not a joke. I pretended not to be awkward because I kept getting rejected."

He clicks his tongue while saying that he is so indifferent. He doesn't know if Yuna really asked him to date eleven times. It was clear, however, that he had never taken the confession seriously. To Kwon Taek-ju, she was a friend, a

competitor, and a person with the same pain. He has never drawn any other relationship.

However, it did not mean that Yuna did not have a rational attraction. Even compared to the women he met and broke up with, Kwon Taek-ju was like that.

But why?

"The last time was probably at your brother's funeral, right?"

It was around the time he was just discharged. A phone call came in late at night. His heart was terrified. For no reason, the last phone call with his brother came to mind. The foreboding did not go astray. Just like that, he was notified of his brother's battle.

His mother was delirious the whole time they were moving to the designated place. As if she was possessed by a ghost, she muttered only unknown words to herself. She had been praying to all gods for mistakes and miracles to happen.

But that desperate prayer didn't work. His brother returned as a cold corpse.

Even his body was never recovered. His mother couldn't stand it any longer and collapsed. There was nothing Kwon Taek-ju could do. He just realized his weakness and powerlessness.

After hearing the news, the comrades came to pay condolences. Yuna was also included in the group. After everyone left, she remained alone and kept her place. She did not rush to approach or comfort Kwon Taek-ju. It was after dawn the next day that Kwon Taek-ju found her.

Yuna reflected on the time and continued.

"I just wanted to be by your side. Do you know what you said?"

"....."

The memory was not clear. It was a long time ago, and it was because he consciously tried to dull it. It's just that it's not a joke situation, so it seems that he didn't go over it for the first time.

"Your mother said no because you were the only one left. "I wish you could meet someone who thinks of you first and cares for you." That it can't be you. I know why you're saying that, so I couldn't push it any further."

"....."

"How is the person you are meeting now? Did you grow up receiving a lot of love? He doesn't depend on you, and he doesn't need you to take care of you all the time?"

He couldn't answer the questions that followed. It was a story far from Zenya.

Looking back, his situation has not changed at all. But why did Zenya work and Yuna not?

"Congratulations if that's the case, congratulations if not."

He looked at Yuna at the cryptic words. She laughed

"The stubborn Kwon Taek-ju is the one who broke down what was said to be impossible."

Is it? Zenya was as deficient as Yuna, or perhaps even more deficient than him.

Perhaps that is why he always tried to stick to Kwon Taek-ju himself, and he followed him everywhere he went. No matter how far away he is, no matter how dangerous it is. He probably wouldn't have done that to anyone but him. No one will understand a lover who has many secrets, travels frequently, and rarely takes a break.

He even left everything behind and came to Korea. A guy who had no year, interest, or crush in Korea could have done so if he wanted to become irrelevant for the rest of his life. It was purely to be by Kwon Taek-ju's side. It would have been much easier for him to drag him and arrest him. But he doesn't. Just because he doesn't want to be hated by Kwon Taek-ju himself. He felt sorry for the constantness that didn't suit him.

He's feeling kind of bubbly. He seemed to have done something bad to Zenya.

And strangely, he missed him.

"Hey, Kwon Taek-ju! Yah….wake up. I don't know where you live."

She shook Kwon Taek-ju, who had fallen asleep. There was no response from him, who had completely fallen asleep. Dozens of empty soju bottles were rolling around on the table. Most of them were drinking Kwon Taek-ju alone. He had intended to smoke a cigarette and come in for a pleasant drink. It was obviously like that at first, but from the middle, Kwon Taek-ju

started to overdo it. Drinking alcohol without saying a word, he didn't know it, but it seemed like he was upset. It has always been the case that he becomes more reticent when he has a concern.

There were only about six people left in the bar, including two. He couldn't even fully control himself. It was past 3:00 in the morning, so it wasn't too much. Still, the ceremonies were attached, so there seemed to be no problem getting home.

It seemed that only Kwon Taek-ju would be able to return safely. However, the right number did not come to mind. Finding the home address was a challenge.

No one knew where he lived because they hadn't interacted with him in close to 10 years. However, she couldn't wait until he woke up. Even if he's a man, he can't leave the best friend he's met in 10 years.

She guessed she should check his ID. After hesitating, she started rummaging through his pockets. Despite her best efforts, her hands graze his hips and thighs.

"Yes... Zenya…."

Kwon Taek-ju tossed and turned in pain. Is it Zenya? Is it his girlfriend's nickname? She vaguely guessed and pulled out the cell phone from his hand. It was the only belongings. There was no wallet or ID.

A sigh came out spontaneously. She checked his phone just in case, but it was locked. She tried to flip his eyelids over, but it wasn't fingerprint or iris recognition. It was hopeless when the last hope was gone.

Then, without warning, a vibration rang. She was so surprised that he shook his shoulder. There was an incoming call on Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone. The caller was 'Zenya'.

"...Ha? Isn't her girlfriend?"

She tilted her head and touched the call button. A security window appeared without fail. In any case, it is unnecessarily tight and detailed. She tried to answer the phone call somehow, but there was no way. The vibration soon subsided. And it started all over again. This time, the caller was 'Zenya'. Like that, the unanswerable calls piled up.

"Oh dear. What should I do?"

She only rolled her feet in embarrassment.

Not long after, Yuna's cell phone rang. It seemed that the call taxi that had been called in advance had arrived.

"Hello? Ah yes. I'll be leaving soon."

She really couldn't help it now. She has no choice but to grab a room and throw him.

"Guys, the taxi is here. I'll take him there, so please carry him there with me."

The classmates who remained at Yuna's request came closer. However, it was difficult to even raise Kwon Taek-ju when the three of them stuck together. It might have been because of Kwon Taek-ju's drooping, and it might have been the influence of everyone being so drunk that they couldn't use their strength, but even if it wasn't, it wouldn't be easy to support him.

"Hey, this doesn't work. Grab one."

Under someone's direction, he holds Kwon Taek-ju's limbs one by one. In that way, they left the store and went to the main road. Yuna also diligently followed after, taking his coat and bag.

A taxi driver who found the group quickly got out and opened the back seat door. The group struggled to push Kwon Taek-ju's head into the car.

Just then, an unexpected roar came from afar. It seemed that someone else was showing off their sprinting instinct. The noise in question grew louder,

and soon a Bugatti appeared in sight. The vehicle stopped at an angle in front of it, as if blocking the taxi.

The party blankly watched as the Bugatti's driver's door opened. A tall foreigner got off there. He was a handsome man with white blond hair and a handsome appearance. He approached them with no expression. His shadow covers the faces of the bewildered crowd.

"Come here."

The man grabbed Kwon Taek-ju by talking in an unknown foreign language.

They thought it was Russian, but they weren't sure.

"Who, who are you?"

"Wait!"

Kwon Taek-ju's classmates scuffled with the man without knowing why. It was useless. Even though the four of them pulled, they gave Kwon Taek-ju helplessly. He also had Taek-ju's cell phone taken away from Yuna in one fell swoop.

The man put Kwon Taek-ju on one shoulder and headed straight to his car.

Everything from his unique eyes, energy, and behavior was rough, but the series of actions to put Kwon Taek-ju in the assistant seat were unmatched cautious.

After closing the door, the man wrapped around his body and sat in the driver's

seat. Then he left without explaining anything to the bewildered party. The Bugatti disappeared from sight as quickly as when it first appeared.

"What...."

"Who the hell is that human?"

"Was it okay if we just let him go like this? Maybe a loan shark or an organ trafficker or something?"

"But he would have put him in the back seat or trunk. Do they like to take care of them like that?"

"Yeah, but…."

"By the way, what country was he talking about earlier? Is he Russian?"

"What is his relationship with Kwon Taek-ju?"

Everyone just spits out questions. Even the taxi driver didn't have to report it, he added. Yuna also looked in the direction where Bugatti disappeared with anxious eyes.

"That face...Strangely familiar. It's like I've seen it somewhere."

Regardless of her major, her motive for working as a reporter constantly tilted her head. Soon she took out her cell phone and searched for something. Focus on the fact that the man spoke a language presumably Russian, and contrast it with photos of key figures. Before long, she took a deep breath.

"Right. Russian Ambassador to Korea!"

"What?"

All eyes turned to the empty road at once. They opened their eyes and felt like they were dreaming.

His body trembled incessantly. It wasn't a pleasant vibration. The sudden drop made his already throbbing head ring heavy. He groaned and lifted his eyelids

with difficulty. In his clouded vision, he could see Zenya's face vaguely. For some reason, the guy seemed to have a goal. The eyes glaring at Kwon Taek-ju were sharpened. His usual wry smile was nowhere to be found. Is it a dream?

"Zenya…."

When he called him, his throat stretched out arbitrarily. The voice cracks terribly. He guessed he drank too much. Even when he closed his eyes and opened them again, his vision was not very clear.

His throat is burned. And it was very hot. His lungs were compressed and he couldn't even breathe. His whole body seemed to be crushed by a rock. He called out to him again, Zenya, in the face of his cramps. He didn't answer this time either, and abruptly placed Kwon Taek-ju's legs on both of his shoulders.

One after another, his body leans forward and stubbornly raises his knees.

Because of that, his body was completely folded and he was almost floating.

The only thing that touched the bed was his head. In an instant, blood rushed to his face and his brain became more distant. To get off, he tapped Zenya's arm.

"What... Yeah... Oops... Too deep... Ah."

Zenya didn't care and pushed the remaining genitals in slowly, all the way. As his body weight was added, his bottom inevitably widened, and his stomach became even more stiff. His scrotum pressed against his cheeks with a clicking sound. As if that wasn't enough, he rubbed the engaged part and tried to dig deeper. His airways tightened and his breath choked. His face flushed hot.

"Wait, Haaa... Oops, Yes, Oops... !"

He raised his fingertips and gripped the back of his hand tightly. Even as his fingernails were driven into his skin, he poked at his roots and rubbed them under him. The guy's genitals filled his stomach violently and stirred the already rusted inside. Kwon Taek-ju's limbs tightened up at the sensation that could not be ignored. The entrance and the inner wall were also tightened together, biting into the genitals that were rampaging like a bull.

Then, Zenya began forcibly pulling out his penis, which was completely impaled. The mucous membrane attached to the genitals was rubbed in reverse, and he flinched spontaneously. Both cheeks trembled as if convulsing.

How tortured he was while he was unconscious, the hole tingled beyond words.

He closed his eyes tightly to reduce the irritation and twisted his body. It didn't make much sense. Despite Kwon Taek-ju's pathetic gesture, he managed to pull out his genitals all the way. Then he put it on for a while, and then hit it at once.

The inner wall, which had been scratched repeatedly, opened up without a chance to respond.

"Aw, Uh... Yes, yes, it hurts... Ah…ha...."

Every time he fell, the deep inside of his stomach rang with a stiff and tingling sound. At the same time, the vision became more blurry, and the breath kept going. His mind was so jittery, but only the sensation of his genitals being inserted and ejected was strangely clear. Hey, that kind of big cock was poking at the bottom, and it seemed like there was no way he could not notice it no matter how much he was.

The sound of air escaping was heard at the point where the raw flesh interlocked with the successive insertion of a large drop. Something slippery, unknown whether it was his semen or gel, kicked the hole and spilled over.

"Ugh, ugh... Oh why, yes! Ha, why again... Aww!"

Again, he couldn't finish the words in the barrel of rubbing as he was attaching the bottom. He couldn't figure out why he was doing this. No, from when and how he met him. He apparently went to a classmate's reunion and met Yuna, and they were drinking together. He doesn't remember anything from the middle.

Would I have returned to my feet? Or did Zenya personally come all the way there?

A disturbing thought came to mind.

But even for a moment, he had no time to think about anything else. It was because Zenya had leaned his upper body more and carried his own weight. His knee squeezed under Kwon Taek-ju's waist. His arms wrapped around his wet back and held his shoulders tightly from behind. The backs of his thighs pressed against his chest, squeezing each other. It was as if his body couldn't be fully folded in half and was fixed to him. The junction was fully exposed.

"....Ugh."

An intense pain pierced his lower back. The pressure from above was so overwhelming that he couldn't move. He felt like he could die from being crushed by him. A lost hand rips at the bed sheet. He didn't care and explosively went in and out of the hole.

"Evil! Aww, oops, ah... oh yeah... !"

"Taek-ju...."

After crushing Kwon Taek-ju flatter, he kissed his face and neck with one side. As if clinging on to it, it sadly calls out the name, but ruthlessly digs out the bottom.

It felt like the organs in his stomach had been ground so hard that they had become gooey. The soggy mucous membrane also gurgled incessantly and clung to the surface of the penis. While enjoying the dense sweetness, he repeatedly scratched his inner wall and slipped out without warning. When he tried to get used to the sensation, he pressed the bottom together again and rubbed it with such force that it pushed his balls. His fingertips and toes all tingled with a terrible burning sensation.

Pushed to the limit, Kwon Taek-ju punched Zenya on the arm. He had no strength from the alcohol, so there was no sense of blow. Zenya bit into his

warm earlobe and rubbed it heavily against the fully engaged bottom. He rubbed so hard that some of his balls seemed to slide inside. Kwon Taek-ju, who struggled with pleasure equal to his pain, slapped him on the shoulder once again.

"Ugh, ha ha... Whatever you like... Oops, ugh."

"....Taek-ju?"

Zenya's movement stopped at the strange feeling. He held the hand of Kwon Taek-ju, who kept hitting him, and looked down at his face. Kwon Taek-ju continued to mutter incomprehensible words with a tired face.

"Ha... If you're going to go off, you go off quickly. Don't fucking messing around to confuse people."

"I don't know what you're talking about. The one who is angry is me, not you.

Are you going to hit me?"

Zenya was sarcastic as if it was absurd. It was Kwon Taek-ju who bullied people with lies. It was a complete betrayal of the long-awaited sincerity that was displayed purely because of me. Just to go out to such a reunion and stretch out.

However, Kwon Taek-ju showed no sign of regret. On the contrary, he was wheezing more. He even felt old emotions to say that he was drunk. It may have been that what had accumulated over the years exploded in the gap where reason weakened. His shoulders shook and he took a rough breath, then pinched Zenya's cheek. Both eyes were filled with resentment as he looked at the foolish man.

"Hey, Taek-ju. Why did you get drunk from somewhere...."

"Reunion?"

A completely unexpected word pops out. It seemed that it wasn't just because of the intense sex that made her squirm.

"No way, son of a bitch."

"...Ha? Is that why you're doing this?"

"No matter what you say, I can't give up. Even if you're lonely by yourself, there's nothing you can do."

He didn't know exactly what he was talking about. He was just amazed at the complaint that had neither an exact subject nor an object. At least she was drunk and confused. He is direct and quick in everything, but he is so clumsy when it comes to expressing his true feelings. He didn't seem to care too much about the reunion.

The voice of Kwon Taek-ju, who had been tough, suddenly loses power.

"Can you look at me too? Even you...."

The mumbled voice completely subsides. His hand, which had been tugging at Zenya's cheek, also fell helplessly. He suddenly awoke, behaved badly, and fell asleep again. A warm breath escaped from Kwon Taek-ju's slightly parted lips.

"Anyway, it's unpredictable."

He pressed his lips to the cheeks of Kwon Taek-ju, who was quiet and hot, and then to the lips in turn. A subtle static electricity rose. He gave a lot of affectionate kisses and stabbed the bottom where he had stopped vigorously again.

"Sleep well, for now."

The two figures, entwined as one, did not fall apart ever since.

He regained consciousness and twitched his fingers. A heavy exhalation like a sigh and a low moan leaked out at the same time. He aches in every single place.

Even his mind was hazy. Burying his head in the bedding, he groped a little more. However, a series of vibrating noises kept interrupting the rest.

He couldn't even open his eyes, just fumbling on the bed. Even at that level of movement, the muscles of the whole body screamed. He grunt and search for his still-noisy cell phone. The cell phone came into his hands after a while.

He raised his eyelids furiously. After a few fuss, he finally unlocked the security.

He wondered what kind of alarm would keep ringing, but the SNS messenger was bursting out. It seemed that 300 unread messages would be enough. Most of the sources were motivational chat rooms.

It seemed that Yoon Jong-woo sent 50 of them. The number of missed calls alone exceeded 100. About 20 of them were from Yoon Jong-woo, his mother, and Yuna, and the rest of the callers were marked as 'Zenya'.

"...What."

He checked the message from Yoon Jong-woo. He left his seat and reported the situation almost every 10 minutes. It was right after midnight that his contact became frequent.

–Senior, are you still far away?

–Yevgeny found out that you lied.

–His expression is not good.

–Answer the phone.

He could feel Yoon Jong-woo's urgent feeling in the letters. His last message read, "Mr. Yevgeny suddenly disappeared." It was around that time that Kwon Taek-ju's cell phone caught fire.

Then, he entered the group chat room of his alumni. The first thing he saw was what the Russian ambassador said. He became soft. In an instant, his head cleared and his eyes widened. He went back to the top and perused the accumulated messages one by one.

The classmates who stayed until the end were talking about Zenya's appearance. It was about taking Kwon Taek-ju, who was drunk, into a taxi, but a Bugatti appeared just in time, and a fancy foreigner who got off there took him away. Someone even found Zenya's official profile and uploaded it. Underneath that, for a while, it seemed that Kwon Taek-ju was engaged in a fierce battle

among themselves, whether his job was a diplomat or a bodyguard. Sharply, it's a public relationship anyway, but there were some people who wondered why they were even involved in private schedules.

With that alone, the general circumstances were understood. He groaned and tore his hair. He wasn't drinking too much.

"The stubborn Kwon Taek-ju is the one who broke down what was said to be impossible."

After talking with Yuna, he felt complicated. He kept thinking of Zenya, and his stomach felt dizzy as he remembered many things he had been through recently. They've only met for a year now, and it wasn't even a promise for his whole life. Moreover, since he was meeting Zenya, he didn't mind meeting other people while he was talking about it. He used to be that kind of guy. It's not that he didn't know, but rather, it's what he hoped for, so he should be happy, but that didn't happen. On the topic of monsters, while unreasonably affectionate and damn. There was no mate.

"Fuck."

He cursed and got up. Then he grabbed her by the waist and groaned. There was no strength in her spine to the point where he wondered if his joints were out.

He creaked and shuddered at the slightest movement.

Every time he woke up, he remembered that Zenya was on top of him. Even if Kwon Taek-ju collapsed and fell asleep, he always did it arbitrarily, but yesterday it seems that the severity was severe.

He staggered out of the bedroom. The mirror he saw along the way hangs on him like a corpse. His physical condition was miserable. It seemed to be quicker to find a place where there were no tooth marks. There were many places where dark blue blood was formed from being bitten and sucked. His lips were swollen from bursting, and his eyes were sore. Even if he was still, he touched the tingling nipple, and then he groaned involuntarily.

"Aww…."

He usually bites and sucks like a dog, but when he pouts, he bites as if it's really determined. When that happens, he doesn't know if they're having sex or not.

"That damn bastard, where has he been?"

He looked around with the mindset that even the back would be slapped. For some reason, the house seemed empty. He opened the bathroom door and went out to the balcony. But Zenya was nowhere to be seen. He probably wouldn't have gone to work on a weekday, but today was definitely Sunday. Let alone the embassy, there was no way he had gone to see his mother, leaving Kwon Taek-ju alone. Did he go to the convenience store alone again?

He took a shower first. Just being hit by the pouring water made the inside of his skin tingle. No matter how many times he experienced it, he never got used to that feeling.

He got out of the shower later than usual. The inside of the house was still cold.

He picked up his cell phone, intending to call Zenya at least. A vibrating noise sounded at just the right time. But it wasn't the call from Zenya. Three letters appeared on the screen, "Yuna." If she had met Zenya at dawn, she would have been quite surprised. He had to check to see if there was any damage. He touched the call button.

"Hah."

–Kwon Taek-ju, are you alive?

"Would I answer you if I died?"

–Do you speak your voice today or tomorrow? Hangover, don't you think it's a joke?

"Did you call to check on that?"

Just then, he felt a presence outside the door. He lifted his head and looked out into the hallway leading to the front door. It wasn't long before he made eye contact with Zenya, who had stepped inside. The guy didn't say anything. He just stared at Kwon Taek-ju and he just walked down the aisle and headed for the kitchen. There was an unknown cold feeling. He looked pissed again.

–No. I'm leaving the country again after the holidays. I think it will be difficult to see you again before then. I'll send you a wedding invitation, so be sure to bring your 'objectively pretty' lover?

"Well...."

He saw Zenya. He has been looking at Kwon Taek-ju while organizing the things he bought. A look of disapproval was evident on his face.

"Look. If you are not busy by then."

–Say it's your one and only friend's wedding. You seem to be very fond of your boss, won't you listen to that kind of request?

"What are you talking about? That again."

–That's right. What kind of boss personally picks up a drunken subordinate?

Keep calling late into the night. Even on weekends.

"No, that's all because…he had urgent business at the embassy, so I left out an important document and didn't upload it…."

He shyly made excuses. He didn't even know what he was talking about. He was confused as he rolled his dull head. He couldn't remember the number of sharp points, so he struggled painfully.

Zenya, who watched the bizarre action, frowned and crossed his arms.

–Do you have anything to do with that boss?

"What is there! Have you been drinking?"

–No, it's because the guy's eyes are very unusual. Be careful if you don't intend to.

"Hey, if you're going to talk weird, stop talking."

–It's sensible. Even if it's not you, your boss doesn't know, so take note when giving advice.

"Stop talking nonsense. Good going."

–Don't forget to come to my wedding?

He just says what he has to say until the end and hangs up the phone. Soon the room calmed down. He looked at Zenya as he removed his phone from his ear.

The guy withdrew his gaze and was busy organizing things. Anyway, when he was told to stop buying ramen, he always bought and carried it.

He noticed it for no reason and lingered around it. In any case, it was true that he had lied to him, so he felt like he had to make an excuse or apologize.

"Hey, yesterday….."

"You made fun of me."

"No, that's… ."

"Did you enjoy it? Enough to completely forget about me."

"I was going to come after reporting survival for a while."

"You even got drunk on things like that. I can't even get a call. Oh, did you not get it on purpose?"

He is twisted and sarcastic as it is. For whom did yoy drink that much? He felt resentment, but it was forever. It wasn't a mistake to lie to Zenya.

"I already said I was going, so I couldn't stop. It's been 10 years, so I wanted to see them at least once."

"Who missed you so much? Is that the girl you just talked to?"

"What are you imagining? It's not like that."

"No, why did you lie?"

"That's right, you'll misunderstand it strangely like now...."

He actively explained, but the guy shook his head abruptly. He seemed unwilling to listen. It seemed that there was no need to explain every phrase.

"Taek-ju. Don't be mistaken. You are free only because I did it. That I let you go, now."

People say that people don't change easily, but they still make threats like that.

He pretended to be extremely considerate of what he ought to be between lovers. He needed effort, patience, and concession like never before, even with such a natural attitude.

"It means that even if you don't try to fool me, I'm ready to accept even a slight complaint."

For some reason, the words that followed felt like coaxing Kwon Taek-ju himself.

"Where am I, who am I meeting, what am I doing. If you want to be obsessed and restrained, do so."

"...What?"

"Whether it's an engagement or marriage you don't like. If you don't like that, go ahead and screw it up. I'll look at you cutely."

"What kind of bullshit is this all of a sudden?"

"It's okay. Did you say you would kill me if I disappeared?"

"Ha, me?"

"You threatened me colorfully in all kinds of languages."

Both ears went up. His heart started beating fast. What kind of bullshit did I do?

The pupils lost their way and wandered. In an instant, heat spread to the nape of his neck. It was a sign that he was uncommonly flustered.

Zenya revealed more of the atrocities of the night before, wondering if that was all in a slow tone.

"You cried and clung to me all night.

"Ooh, don't be funny! It couldn't have been."

"No, you did. Taek-ju."

With certainty, he suddenly approaches one step at a time. He did not want to show his face, which must have been recalled. He couldn't even bear to look at Zenya's staring eyes. When he pushed him while avoiding his gaze, he instead wrapped around his waist and pulled him. He grabbed his chin and turned his head back to the front. Their eyes met so close that the boats

collided. He looked into Kwon Taek-ju's eyes as if he were about to lick him.

"Don't fret. I don't disappear. The only time I'm not by your side is when I'm dead."

Both hands that were holding Kwon Taek-ju went into strength. It hurt, but he didn't know that his bondage would be released.

"So, unless you want me to kill you with my own hands, don't even think about it."

Perhaps a romantic confession is just as bleak as his. He laughed because it was absurd. He must have thought that he was laughing, and Zenya's face became disapproving. He pulled both of his ears and kissed his mouth. The disgruntled man's face widens. When he kissed his lips in succession, his blue eyes filled with wonder. If he give him skinship first, he always reacts so innocently. That's why everyone else is a monster, but to him it's bound to be a heavenly child.

"You…."

Are you okay though? Aren't you lonely being by my side? Have you ever been tired?

As he was about to ask, his phone rang. It wasn't Kwon Taek-ju's own phone call. He gestured to Zenya on the cell phone that kept ringing. However, he sat down with Kwon Taek-ju at the table and waited patiently and eagerly for the next attack of love. It seemed that he had no intention of answering the phone.

Without hesitation, he checked his cell phone instead. An unfamiliar number appeared on the screen. It didn't seem like a domestic call either. While hesitating to answer, the call hangs up.

It was a call from him, but Zenya didn't care at all. It was just Taek-ju, while putting his lips on Kwon Taek-ju's neck. He tilted his head slightly and grabbed his head. He ran his long fingers through his soft ivory hair and

lazily caressed his scalp. Zenya's breathing deepened. The guy, who had been rubbing the sharp tip of his nose against his neck and ears and enjoying his body odor, suddenly stuck his tongue on the raised neck. Sensitive places were wet and his mood immediately moved. He rubbed Zenya's ears as if to crush them, and rather encouraged him as if to soothe him.

At that moment, the vibration sounded again. At a glance, it was that number.

He didn't know who it was, but it seemed like he had something to contact urgently. He was about to press the call button, but Zenya suddenly bit his lip and drooped. It was like a silent protest not to accept it. He smiled and tilted his head slightly. Then, he covered the mouth of the guy who was about to run into it again and picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

–….Huh? Who?

It was a young Russian-speaking woman who asked who it was. He felt a deep sense of déjà vu. Surprised, she asks if the other person did the same.

–Taek-ju?

The voice was undoubtedly Olga.

"Taek-ju! Long time no see."

Olga smiled broadly and opened the door. She passed Zenya and went inside first. Olga didn't even pay attention to her brother.

"When did you come?"

"It was last night. Doesn't that guy say anything?"

"Not at all."

"I knew it. You know, he dumped me here last night and then he just walked away by himself? Ignore all calls."

She grumbled a lot and he had nothing to say. There was an unfounded conviction that the reason Zenya left Olga alone was to get Kwon Taek-ju himself. Moreover, they had sex from dawn until the sun rose, so there was no time to listen to Olga's news.

He coughed for some reason and changed the subject.

"Why did you come all of a sudden?"

"Why? Still, we are blood relatives, but I came to see how he is doing alone in a faraway country."

"Is he a child? He has no conscience. If I had sent him, I shouldn't have been worried about him, but about this country."

"Is that what I mean? What, did it sound different? At home, I'm concerned that that person will cause another accident and cause diplomatic friction. Nothing special yet, right?"

She also sent it. It was clear that she sent it on purpose. At this point, it seemed that shamelessness was in the family.

"It would be nice to see Taek-ju and see what kind of place Korea is."

Somehow, the real purpose seemed to lie in the latter.

Belatedly entered the palace. The first thing that caught his eye was a suitcase spread out randomly on the parlor floor. There were three of them in the largest size. He didn't know how many days she was going to stay. He felt like he had one more troublesome lump on top of him.

"You, what about lunch?"

"I'm waiting now."

"What did you order?

"Hmm."

"How?"

"I can just do it, is there another way?"

Olga looked like she didn't know why he was asking that question. Zenya also mastered in one day what he barely learned after living in Korea for a year. Or are they surprisingly fluent in Korean?

"Sit down for now. Would you like some fruit?"

She rustled a large convenience store bag and took out the fruit. Small packaged oranges, melons, pineapples, grapes, etc. She bought a lot while she was alone. There were three or four more bags like that. A convenience store is not a convenience store for nothing, but the two siblings were the same in that they shopped for several days.

"Korea is a warm country, so I thought fruit would be more delicious, but I guess that's not it?"

"It's because they buy it at a convenience store. No matter what, you have to see and buy fruits at the traditional market."

"Is it so? Then I will go there too."

It's 'there' too. The nuance was strange. Make his position clear before needlessly misunderstanding and disappointment.

"I'm not saying I'll go with you. I don't have time to play with you."

"Are you pretending to be busy? I heard you met your friends and had a drink yesterday. You're still playing like this."

"Yesterday and today are weekends."

"So. Do you think it will take away your working hours? I heard Korean civil servants get off work at 6pm? I heard that you can flexibly adjust the time if you are exempt from commuting like a taxi owner."

Who taught you that? At least it didn't seem like Zenya. Because he was staring at his sister disapprovingly with his arms crossed all the time.

"To be honest, I didn't have high expectations when I came. Korea should be a small country. Even looking at the map, it looks like a bean, but even that is said to be cut in half. But has it developed a lot? Hygiene and service are good, and the people are sophisticated. I think the road is more blocked than in Moscow."

"If it's easy, beans. Whoever sees it will know that it is a giant. Are you arrogant about your nation itself, or is your personality that way?"

"I say small things are small, what do I say? Anyway, it was amazing because it didn't seem like a country at war."

"That's because it's not the same as before. Now, as usual, we are in a state of military tension."

"Hmm. It's difficult. One side just needs to be swept away, why is it so slow."

Olga shrugged nonchalantly. Even though it seems normal compared to Zenya, she reminds him that she is a member of the Bogdanov family once in a while.

"Ah, the food was really good too, right? As soon as I arrived, I ate Korean BBQ to my heart's content. I wanted to see an old palace in a foreign country at least once, but it was open at night, so I went there right away yesterday.

She wanted to make the most of her short time. On the other hand, he wondered who would have accompanied her. There was no way Zenya would have done something so kind. The bastard was still continuing his silent sit-in against Olga.

"Oh, I took a picture. Wanna see?"

Olga also held out her phone, ignoring Zenya's gaze. It seemed that even if the photos taken in the palace were not good enough, it would be enough. In the eyes of Kwon Taek-ju, the background, composition, and character were all the same. It's definitely not a selfie, but did she hire a photographer? He wondered who would have worked so hard to take someone else's picture if it wasn't for work.

In the middle of listening to Olga's impressions, the intercom rang. Olga came, and jumped up from her seat. It seemed that the lunch she had ordered ahead of time had arrived. Followed her without questioning her.

The front door opened and the person who entered was none other than Yoon Jong-woo. He smiled and said hello like an idiot, but as soon as he met Kwon Taek-ju, he was taken aback.

"Stop, senior. Are you here?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Uh, that….."

He rolls his eyes and looks for excuses. Just in time, Olga came out.

"Welcome. What did I ask for yesterday?"

"Ah, here. I didn't know what you would like, so I bought all the famous ones."

"Wow, so kind. Come on in."

She gladly invites Jong-woo Yoon into the house. Yoon Jong-woo looked around the official residence in an unfamiliar way and followed Olga to the table. Soon he finds Zenya sitting there and he recoils.

"Haha, Mr. Yevgeny is also here…"

He tries to laugh, but his voice sinks.

What Yoon Jong-woo bought was gimbap. The kimbap, which is famous for being filled with certain ingredients such as cucumbers and eggs, grilled with egg water on the outside, and eaten with mustard sauce, seemed to have been scrapped.

"Yoon Jong-woo."

".....Yes?"

"Explain. How do you know the two?"

"We became friends. Yesterday, she said it was her first time in Korea. So I took her with me."

Then all the puzzles fit together. He understood that Olga ate Korean BBQ as soon as she arrived, that she went to see the palace at night, and even the hundreds of photos. While entrusting Zenya to Yoon Jong-woo, he was worried about how the two would spend their time, but it seems to have been overshadowed. Seeing Yoon Jong-woo smiling at Olga all the time, he felt guilty towards him.

"I told you to be friends with this bastard, I didn't say to be friends with this bastard's younger sister."

Let's be sarcastic, he swallowed his lips as if he had nothing to say. But suddenly, Zenya, who was next to him, raised his chin subtly. His chest is also wide open, and he suddenly feels proud. He couldn't understand English.

Seeing this, Yoon Jong-woo became restless and looked at Kwon Taek-ju. He seemed to know something.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

"Why can't you make eye contact?"

"I, I, when."

"Just now, are you doing that?"

"Oh, don't make fun of me!"

"Do you know why I am doing this?"

"Ha, I don't know!"

"You know?"

"Because I don't know!"

"You know."

"....Baby, indeed. Mr. Yevgeny likes it that way, just do it like that."

"If you know what it is, do it like that. It's embarrassing… ."

"Ha! This is really delicious. You two should try it too."

After arguing for a while, Olga fed them kimbap without warning. She has big hands, so she doesn't know how much food she's pushing at a time. While chewing the food in his mouth, he watched Yoon Jong-woo closely. Yoon Jong-woo lowered his eyes and only twitched. It's delicious even if he's dying from the stinging glare. He nodded eagerly to Olga. His face was sloppy, and his muscles were clearly relaxed.

How long has it been? The silent cell phone rang. It was his mother's phone call.

He just hit the call button.

"Yes, mother. I want to go in now. Anything to buy?"

His mother said she was about to prepare dinner, and asked if he wanted anything to eat. His stomach felt less relieved from his hangover, so he drank the cool soup. While thinking about a suitable menu, Yoon Jong-woo suddenly interrupted.

"Mother, how are you? I'm hungry."

–Oh, are you Yoon Jong-woo? Are you with Yoon Jong-woo?

"....Yes, what."

He pushed Yoon Jong-woo, who was clinging to his phone. Only at times like these, he is friendly and bothers him. His mother was very happy to hear his voice for the first time in her life.

–Don't do that, Jong-woo comes with you. It's been a while since he's eaten a meal.

"No way. It's the weekend. He probably wants to rest too, but would he like to go to his boss's house?"

"No, Mother! I'm free today!"

He raises his voice without even knowing how to fall. He tried to wink his eyes and give him a silent warning, but to no avail. Even his mother heard Yoon Jong-woo's voice.

–That's right. Please bring him. I'm going to cook Jong-woo's favorite short ribs.

"Thank you, Mother. See you soon!"

–Okay, see you soon. Oh, when the time comes, the ambassador will come too.

We spoke on the phone earlier during the day, but I'm not sure if he got it right.

Ah. A sigh erupted from deep within. When did she talk to Zenya again? Was it when I was stretched out on his bed? Didn't he say obscenities that shouldn't be

spoken again? He glanced at Zenya. He had an innocent look on his face as if he was asking why he looked like that. He doesn't know why they work

so hard on calls that they don't even understand each other.

He sighed and said, "I know."

"Who is calling?"

Olga reminded him of her presence just as he had just finished talking on the phone. "Whose voice changes so drastically?", revealing vigorous curiosity.

Oh, and she was there too.

He stared at Zenya again. The guy seemed to have no idea. He was the guy who put his younger sister in the official residence that even he hadn't been to a few times, and he didn't seem to take care of her today. He wanted to leave everything behind and go alone. But he already said he would take them, and his mother would prepare food for the number of people, so he couldn't. He couldn't leave someone from far away because they were annoying, and they had a chronic illness.

He suddenly got tired. He sighed until the ground went out.

A shopping bag flew out of nowhere. Caught on ice. If not, the gears would have hit the body. He doesn't know how many already. He stopped Olga with a tired look.

"Hey, let's just go."

"Oh my, I was invited, but how can I go empty-handed? People are shameless."

"You're not invited, you're just joining in."

"That's pretty. Please show me that too."

When the core is stabbed, they openly ignore it and focus only on shopping. I thought I knew why Zenya said that if he was going to take 'that girl', I would go first.

It took two hours just to decide on the clothes and accessories to wear. I waited an hour and a half at the shop for my hair and makeup. When you go to get a meal, you know that you are attending some kind of party.

How many luxury stores have you visited? Yoon Jong-woo, who claimed to be a porter, gave up all ten fingers early on. If he was left alone, I would wash his mouth with water, and I lifted them one by one, but my hand couldn't afford it anymore.

"Let's stop buying and go. Neither of these is anywhere."

"Hmm. There are not too many brands. Inventory runs out."

They don't listen to what others have to say, and they make absurd lamentations. aristocratic bastards. Boa was tight and muttered to himself.

Yoon Jong-woo, who was next to me, split apart, saying that it sounds like a compliment or an insult. This bitch has no speed.

"Well, I don't know what her skin tone is, so please give me this and this and that."

Ultimately, Olga tried to buy all the scarves in different colors. She couldn't watch anymore, so she snatched the card she was handing her.

"No. This is done. I saw things well."

"Why not….I mean, I haven't seen the shoes yet."

Olga looked back sadly at the scarf she hadn't bought yet. She was going to buy shoes, so she almost didn't even eat dinner. She dismissed her request for a gift of wine, and she headed home.

When I arrived at the underground parking lot, I saw Zenya's Bugatti, which had arrived first. Today, without fail, all three spaces were occupied. Olga, recognizing her brother, clicked her tongue furiously.

"I couldn't get it dirty. Need to put a chainsaw or something on the parking line?

Cut off anything that crosses the line immediately. That way I can't do it like that."

That's how you prove that you are a member of the Bogdanov family. It seemed fortunate that Yoon Jong-woo did not know Russian.

I barely got on the elevator because I had a lot of luggage. I unlocked the door with my little finger and opened the front door with a whimper. Olga exclaimed.

"Is this Taek-ju's house? I expected that, but it's really small."

The modest house was 48 pyeong.

"Your house must be unnecessarily large."

While grumbling, his mother opened the middle door and came out. She was cooking, and she was wearing a lace apron. It seemed brand new. He hadn't even seen the home dress worn under it. If only Yoon Jong-woo had been brought, she wouldn't have dressed up like that.

Olga took notice and handed the first bouquet she had bought to his mother.

She was so huge that his mother was hidden in the flowers.

"Hello? Nice to meet you. Thank you for the invitation."

"Welcome. Ahh, thank you for just coming, but why? Taek-ju, is this the ambassador's younger sister? She is as pretty as a fairy."

His mother was happy with her eyes twinkling. She says Zenya is an angel, but Olga is a fairy. Would she think so even if she knew what kind of family they were born and raised in?

Yoon Jong-woo, who was almost crushed by his luggage, stuck his head out.

"Mother, I am here too."

"Oh, come on Jong-woo too. Long time no see? Why has it been so hard to see your face? If you want to eat, come anytime. Your face is completely cut in half."

"I always wanted to come. If someone doesn't notice….."

The whispers are so low that they can barely hear them. Even that was not completely finished due to Kwon Taek-ju's attention.

"Come in. The ambassador has been waiting for a long time."

He followed his excited mother into the living room. Zenya was sitting at his table enjoying refreshments as usual. She must have been busy preparing the food, but in the meantime, she carefully cut the belly to feed it again.

Sometimes it seems that she values him more than her own son. She didn't seem to be able to do that to her son.

"It's coming soon."

Zenya snorted while chewing on a sweet pear. His teeth gnashed at the sight of his unconcerned face.

"If you knew it was like this, you should have stopped, bastard."

"It's dried."

"I should have tried harder and desperately."

"He is strangely angry again."

He is stunned and slaps his stomach. He grabbed the guy's hand and grabbed his stomach and ate it. It was good to chew because it was cut into bite-sized pieces. The flesh is crunchy, and the coolness melts in his mouth. The energy that had been lost due to the long wait and shopping seemed to spring up again. It's delicious, "Haja." They said in silence, taking the remaining pears in front of his mouth. Rather than an act of affection, it seemed to be enjoying an interesting and mysterious game. How are they?

He was enjoying the soft air flow and eating what he gave him, but his mother passing by slapped him on the back.

"This guy keeps stealing things from the ambassador."

"No, he gave….."

"Don't just stand there, but help set the table."

"....I was going to."

It was unfair, but it was true that he stole it. He was thinking of getting an award right away, but in the situation where he heard it first, it was just a lame excuse.

With Yoon Jong-woo, he set the spoon, cooked rice, and diligently carried the food that his mother had prepared for him. He asked for a quick bite to eat, but the table quickly filled up.

In the meantime, Olga looked around the house on her own. When she found young Kwon Taek-ju in a picture frame her mother had displayed, she openly giggled. She didn't even hesitate to point her finger. His mother praised her, saying that she seems to have a cheerful personality.

They prepared all the prepared food and sat down at the table for 6 people.

Yeonpotang was boiling on the portable induction stove. When his mother ate with Zenya, she always served clear soup with fish or seafood on the table. She said it was because Zenya likes a Russian-style fish soup called 'uha'.

"Now, I don't have much, but yoy eat a lot."

"And…When did you prepare all of this, Mother? I thought today was Chuseok."

Yoon Jong-woo trembled. Olga was busy looking at the colorful food with her eyes wide open. It's not that it wasn't, there wasn't anything that was made roughly. It was also decorated with red pepper and crown daisy, and

the fish dish was topped with colored paper. Even the chestnuts, radishes, and carrots

in braised ribs were shaped into round shapes. No matter how he looked at it, he thought it had come with three jars.

He'll eat well, and he was just about to have a drink. Suddenly, his mother got up from her seat. She seemed to be missing something. She returned quickly and placed a fork in front of Zenya. There was only a fruit fork in the house. It was because they didn't enjoy food, and Kwon Taek-ju and his older brother had been using chopsticks since they were young. The fork was brand new. It seems that she bought it separately for Zenya. Zenya smiled silently. His mother also laughed happily.

Yoon Jong-woo and Olga watched the situation strangely. It was a sight that even Kwon Taek-ju was not accustomed to, and the two of them wondered.

His mother, who was about to recommend braised ribs to Olga, said, Oops.

"Look at you. The younger sister must be clumsy with chopsticks too, but I didn't think of that. What to do?"

She feels embarrassed as if she made a big mistake. Olga noticed the situation and dispelled her mother's concerns.

"Ah, I could do it like this."

Proudly, she dips one rib with two chopsticks. But she couldn't transfer it to her bowl. The greasy flesh slid along the chopsticks, fell back into the bowl, and landed on the table and rolled randomly. Whenever that happened, Yoon Jong-woo and his mother would say, "Oops," and feel sorry for her. On the other hand, Zenya was just laughing at his sister's fierce challenge and failure. She punched the guy's arm.

"Hey, give me that fork."

"Why me."

"Is that why you want to eat properly?"

"That's also not my business."

"If you leave it alone, my mother will go buy a fork right away. Let's not bother each other."

"Yeah," they said, picking up the round polka dots and placing them on top of Zenya's rice. He can do it if he gives it like this, like he did. He did it without much thought, but there was a strange silence. When he raised his head, everyone was watching Kwon Taek-ju himself. Zenya also stared at the round polka dots placed on his rice as if something strange had happened.

".....Why? What?"

"No. Then I can use this."

Olga smiled strangely and quickly took the fork. Let his mother eat too, with her satisfied face.

Between meals, he picked out only the dishes that Zenya could eat and put them on. The guy who always talked a lot was strangely quiet. Wondering if the arrangement would be okay, he silently put the stir-fried anchovies with gochujang paste in his mouth. His face quickly turned red and he drank the water, but as usual, he didn't argue that he did it on purpose.

Olga picked up and ate unusual foods. Unlike Zenya, she knew how to enjoy spicy food easily. Yoon Jong-woo explained the main ingredients of the food, alternative flavors, and nutritional components in his spare time. On the table, Korean, Russian, and English were naturally mixed.

"Uh!"

Olga found something during the meal and openly pointed her finger at it. It was kimchi. He told other people who were curious about her situation that she tried to throw away his kimchi when she first saw it, saying it was rotten. As laughter erupts, the seat becomes more plentiful. Although the language they communicated was different, there was no problem in sharing the moment.

His mother satisfactorily watched the four of them, constantly distributing food and encouraging them.

"I don't know how long it's been since you've been messing around like this."

"If you call me, I can come every day, mother."

Yoon Jong-woo rustled as he cooked more rice by hand. His mother was delighted to say so, and opened again.

"Then you really don't want to come?"

Yoon Jong-woo, who had been responding pleasantly, was suddenly taken aback. It was because, aside from Kwon Taek-ju, who constantly kept an eye on him, even Zenya glared at him coldly. Did he do something wrong? Even if he did, there was no way that Zenya, who did not know Korean, would understand.

After placing the bowl of soup in front of Yoon Jong-woo, his mother asked if he would like some more for Zenya. The forged guy's eyes unravel like a lie. Yoon Jong-woo's fisheye was dumbfounded.

"It's not empty words, so come often. I'm also not good at eating alone, so you're always welcome. It's okay to come without Taek-ju knowing. Huh?"

"Yes, mother."

"Ambassador too. Please stop by often in the future and even after your term of office ends."

The mother expressed her early regret and begged him again and again. Kwon Taek-ju's hand, which was absorbed in the meal, stopped.

Usually, the term of office for an ambassador is about two years. According to the standard, there was a little less than a year left. But he never thought about what would happen after that. One more year from now, will Zenya stay here, with Kwon Taek-ju, as he is now? Maybe he wants to go back to where he came from sometimes.

"Don't fret. I won't disappear. The only time I'm not by your side is when I'm dead."

He couldn't be more certain than that, but strangely he didn't feel relieved.

Again, he had a lot of thoughts.

The uninvited guests even drank tea after the meal and got up. The time was getting closer to midnight. His mother, who would normally go to bed early, came out the front door to see everyone off.

"Be careful and come again. Jong-woo, be careful driving at night."

"Yes, mother. Eat well and play well."

Inside, say goodbye and goodbye, and then exchange a lively greeting. As Olga held her mother's hand, she brought up the uneasy word that they would see each other soon. He took her away from his mother and shoved her into the elevator. His mother escorted her to the parking lot and told her to come back, subtly pushing her on the back. She's not a child, and she's terribly annoying, but she gets into the elevator without any hesitation.

Olga and Yoon Jong-woo were busy talking among themselves. Most of the time, Yoon Jong-woo explained what Olga was curious about. At first glance, he was talking about the electronic display board installed in the elevator.

Keep his eyes fixed on the instrument panel. He felt a stare on his back, but it was difficult to react in any way. Yoon Jong-woo, of course, was embarrassed to reveal his relationship with Zenya even in front of Olga, who knew everything about the situation. The distance between him and him was less than a span. He became conscious of the situation that seemed almost impossible to touch, so it was awkward. The time to reach the parking lot felt longer than ever before.

When they got off the elevator, he saw Yoon Jong-woo's car first. Yoon Jong-woo, the world's most individualist, who was the first to leave out

whenever he happened to attend a dinner party, didn't go quickly and kept messing around.

"Today was fun. Thanks to you, I also had a delicious dinner."

"What are you talking about? I came because of you."

She had colic because she didn't want to be flirting all the time. Yoon Jong-woo refuted with enthusiasm.

"Olga first said that she wanted to try kimbap, right? If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't have been able to go to the official residence, and I wouldn't have been invited by mother."

"Use it. If so, please thank me. If my mother hadn't given birth to me, would you have talked to her?"

"Are you at this time?"

"You're just doing a little bit and getting lost."

He pretended to kick the ass. Yoon Jong-woo greeted Olga cordially even as he reluctantly stepped back into the driver's seat.

"Olga, good bye."

Olga smiled and waved her hand. He was caught there, and it took him a long time to find the doorknob. If Yoon Jong-woo had been born in the Joseon Dynasty, he would have taken his liver off either the Byeoljubu or the Gumiho.

"Then see you tomorrow, Taek-ju."

He was clicking his tongue at a junior he didn't like, when Olga unexpectedly greeted me. He was so blatant that for a moment he thought he heard something wrong.

"Hey, why see you tomorrow? Don't you have work?"

Although he denied it with his voice, he did not pretend to hear and boarded the Bugatti. What kind of genes do they have, so they can be all alone? The blood was so thick and scary.

He glanced back at Zenya. But he was also glaring at his Bugatti. It seemed that Kwon Taek-ju was not the only one dissatisfied with today's situation.

"Nothing to worry about, Taek-ju. I'll send it back right away, even tonight."

He shows naked hostility towards his sister. It didn't sound like empty words at all, so he stopped it again.

"Until it's too late….But she said she came because she was worried about you."

"Who?"

"....I hope he just came to play."

While defending Olga, he wasn't sure either. Zenya let out a low snort. He nodded at his Bugatti, telling him to stop riding.

"Go."

"Go?"

Ask questions while repeating what others say. The pronunciation was weird. He frowned because he thought he was being teased.

"Why."

"I usually want to say go."

What did I do? His unique way of speaking that avoids the core only multiplied his curiosity.

"Go quickly. I'm tired."

He urged with an annoying tone. Nevertheless, after staring at Kwon Taek-ju for a while, he abruptly reached out his hand. He pulled his head away from the man trying to grab his chin. He also gently pushed his arm away.

"....You see."

"Tricky."

After all, he said, he turned around first. By the time we reached the elevator, the Bugatti also started. Then, the two cars side by side exited the underground parking lot. He waited until the light went out completely and got into the elevator.

At home, his mother was tidying up the kitchen. Even though she washed the dishes in advance, she had a lot of work to do, starting with tidying up the dishes. He forcefully sends her in, telling her to stop, and finishes cleaning up instead.

It was past midnight when he returned to his room after taking a shower. He threw himself onto the bed without hesitation. He didn't know when he was moving, but only then did the intense fatigue come. It seems that he had a lot of work throughout the weekend to the extent that he was bored for a while. Even that is thanks to the leisure he enjoyed after a long time.

What he regretted not being able to do was because he couldn't properly spend time with Zenya. He even heard a strange nervousness, wondering if he would have to be dragged out again in an emergency. Did he arrive home well? Shall I make a phone call? It was the moment he thought about and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, a vibration rang out.

"Open the door."

It was a message from Zenya. He checked the transmission time just in case, but it was correct that it came right before.

"....What."

He raised his body while singing long games. The only door to the apartment was the front door. He couldn't throw away his doubts until the end, and he walked slowly to the front while trying to make a phone call. Every now and then there was a slight vibration coming from outside the door. Reluctantly, he

unlocked the door and opened the door. He could see Zenya standing tall through the crack in the door. His mother was sleeping, so he lowered his voice to not wake her up.

"What's going on? What did you leave behind?"

"I told you not to look at me like a dog left behind."

Zenya, who was talking in incomprehensible words, suddenly reached out both hands and held Kwon Taek-ju's face. Then he just pushes in and kisses him. The touch of his cool lips came first, followed by a lukewarm breath. He patted him and whispered softly.

"Go to my room for now."

He grabbed Zenya's arm and made his way through the dark passageways and living rooms. Not even for a moment did he lose his breath. The distance to his room felt infinitely far. He doesn't think any infiltration operation has ever made him so anxious.

He takes a deep breath after quietly closing the door. He bruised Zenya, who had been kept quiet up until then.

"I was surprised, kid. Why are you suddenly doing something you didn't do?"

"Taek-ju, because you told me not to go."

"When did I?"

"If you tell me to go with such a sad face and dripping with regret, does that mean go?"

"I didn't."

"It's like this every time."

He booed in a fishy tone. He didn't know what Kwon Taek-ju himself was up to.

He is the one who always blames others, blaming others for the reasons.

He suddenly twisted his arm and took Kwon Taek-ju's hand. Then he brought it close to his lips and tickled the spine of his embossed hand.

"You made a face like you couldn't sleep alone. Shouldn't I put warm milk on you, who became my lover, and put you to sleep?"

"What? Not….."

Their lips parted again and he murmured. The tongue that was tense and stiff was mixed roughly with the warm and soft tongue. Squeeze it down as if it would clog his throat, then suck it in so fast that the root of his tongue feels sore. Even if he twisted his head and suffered damage, he quickly followed and kissed him.

When they did it, he was lying on the bed. The bed, which was perfect for sleeping alone, was cramped. He struggled and bumped his elbow against the wall and the head of the bed. The kiss was so intense that he didn't know it would stop. He held on fiercely, but at one point he let go of his strength. Even if he kept refusing, it only stimulated his needless desire to conquer. It would have been better to calm him down by fitting him in moderation.

He gently caressed the back of Zenya's hand, which was holding his face with his thumb, and mixed his tongue sweetly. The guy who used to push with force gradually becomes docile. He naturally turned his body over. Then he licks Zenya's tongue a little more leisurely. He even gently brushed his thick upper body while pulling the guy's upper lip. Then he started to let out a pleasant breath.

He sucked on Zenya's lower lip until it made a clicking sound and let it go. Then, along the sharp chin, the dotted lips lowered. As he kissed him on the inside of his neck, his body fluttered lightly. His extension stroked his neck and lifted the hem of his coat little by little. He sweeps up the tightly packed abdomen and chest in reverse. Zenya lifted his head and helped him undress. He let go of his

warm ears while disturbing the rare tousled hair that caught on his collar. He took a slow breath and gripped Kwon Taek-ju's ass tightly with both his hands.

He grabbed his hand and gently pulled it away. Then lower the lips along the lips, chin, ulna, sternum, and abdomen. By the time he kissed him below his belly button, his penis was subtly pressed under his chin. He rubbed the flesh wriggling with the tip of his nose in anticipation. The corners of Zenya's mouth curled up.

"Why are you doing something extraordinary?"

"You told me to feed you warm milk."

While staring at him, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his thick penis.

During the kiss, a solid piece of erect flesh came out and slapped his cheek. His eyes widened at the heavy mass. Looking at the smirk on his face, it was clear that he did it on purpose.

"I will only eat. I can't beat it."

He gave a clear warning and opened his mouth to answer from the bottom. With that alone, the entire mass of flesh fluttered like a raw fish. While tightening the side of the penis with his lips, he slowly ascended to the tip. On the way, stimulate the raised areas such as veins and tendons by chewing them with the tip of the tongue. Zenya's breathing became very rough. His belly was also noticeably bulky. His blushing body restlessly covered his urethra with his tongue, holding the pillar with his entire mouth. Zenya's head tilted slightly at his intense pleasure. His chin also slowly sharpens.

The inside of the mouth was completely filled. He swallowed his genitals until his uvula was compressed, then slowly spat it out. When only his glans remained, he inhaled the broken side. He even poked the urethra with the tip of his tongue. Soon, the tongue became slippery and the fishy taste spread. He didn't care, and he held the guy's genitals again. He bit on one cheek so that it became convex and slowly moved his head. Sensitive flesh is rubbed between

hard teeth and soft mucous membranes and stimulated in various ways. Soon, his genitals became shiny, as if they were covered in syrup. The two cheeks of the guy who glanced at it were also flushed with peach color.

Zenya reached out and touched Kwon Taek-ju's thick hair. He just comes down and crushes his ears gently. His little goose bumps. Even the hairs on the back of his ear stood up when the guy squeezed his ear lobe with great pleasure.

"Haa, Taek-ju. Quite…"

The guy who was about to say something while licking his lips suddenly bit his molars. At the same time, the sound of his excited breathing was mixed with a soft moan. The pure white skin was dyed beautifully.

He watched his changes one by one and rubbed his genitals slowly. Even just watching the sick guy was enough stimulation. His genitals quickly tingled.

The whole time, he only cracked the middle part of the levator muscle, and then pushed it all the way to the back of his neck. His penis twitched as he savored the green constriction in his throat. Because of that, he was caught in the air and had a dry cough several times. Nausea welled up every time his uvula was bent.

Even so, she persevered and lowered his head far and sucked his entire genital organ. Every time his breath was blocked by his flesh, his lower stomach felt tight.

"Yes….."

Zenya's head tilted back little by little at the deep suction. The lower part of his body was also hot and attached to his chin. He tried squeezing the wriggling thighs, but to no avail. As soon as he spit out half of his genitals, he lifted them up and wrapped them in the mucous membrane again. He even stabbed the inside of his mouth so openly that his fingers that were pressing him were bent back. Saliva was seething on both cheeks. Some of it went down his throat with his genitals, and some leaked out along the genitals that were being pulled out.

His chin tingled slowly.

When Kwon Taek-ju's movements slowed down, Zenya grabbed his head. Then, he quickly lifted his lower body hook, hook. It slams his genitals against the rough roof of his mouth and drives without rest. He opened his mouth wide at the merciless insertion and grabbed the guy's thighs. He hit his uvula so hard that he felt sick, and his penis, which had been moving in and out of his neck, suddenly got stuck in the inside of his puck cheek. One after another, something soggy is splashed on. He swallowed it without spitting it out.

The guy, who had been watching the scene with pangs of breath, stretched out his hands.

"Come on."

Put his hand under Kwon Taek-ju's armpit and pull him up as if holding a child.

Then, he licked his entire lips wet with saliva and semen.

"I will break up."

"I don't know what to do," he muttered. He didn't care, and he shook Kwon Taek-ju's head and naturally carried him into one arm. Then, he wrapped his arms around his penis, which had not yet ejaculated. He lightly moved his fingers and stroked him, but Kwon Taek-ju's mouth fell shut.

Gently sweeping his genitals to stir up excitement, he puts his lips on his forehead. Before long, Kwon Taek-ju started shaking his body.

"Is this room well soundproofed? I don't think the door was locked."

Zenya whispered while squeezing Kwon Taek-ju's genitals. Kwon Taek-ju hesitates at the unexpected fact. Then he broke his glans and rubbed his glans to give more stimulation. He belatedly tried to grab the guy's arm, but couldn't stop it. He buried his head in Zenya's neck and groaned. He couldn't stand the moaning at all, so he bit the guy's neck. He said, don't provoke him in a precarious tone. Then, he lifts Kwon Taek-ju's chin with his fingers and kisses him.

He rubs his nipples over his clothes and kneads his genitals. A muffled exhalation and moan escaped from the mouth. The desire for the moment to pass quickly and the desire to enjoy it more collided. All Kwon Taek-ju could do was cling to Zenya with his whole body and suffer.

Eventually, Kwon Taek-ju's body, which had been flinching little by little, stiffened for a moment.

"Ugh...Ahh.."

"Shh."

He ejaculated in Zenya's hand. Zenya gently stroked his lower belly and continued to comfort him. The excruciating exhaustion made his limbs sag. The eyelids also became heavy.

He has to send Zenya. When his mother sees him, she must be amazed.

He fell asleep while worrying about that.

"Taek-ju. Boy! Aren't you awake?"

He woke up to the sound of waking him up. His mother's face filled his wide field of vision. His heart thumped. He looked around his room.

"Mother, this, this... ."

He tried to explain why Zenya was sleeping next to him, half naked. But he didn't see him.

"... Where have you been?"

"Huh? Who?"

"You came yesterday."

"What are you talking about?"

He looked at himself bewildered. He was dressed properly, and his body felt quite refreshed, probably because he slept soundly all night. Was it all a dream?

"You have to go to work. I'll prepare the food for you, so prepare it quickly and come out."

His mother went outside and looked around the room bewildered. There was no sign that Zenya had come or gone anywhere. But it was too vivid to be a dream.

He pulled the pillow and sniffed it. He could smell Zenya's body without fail.

"Taek-ju, my Zainka."

The voice that whispered all night long. It was not a dream.

***

He stopped by the headquarters and left work early. He still had nothing to do, and it was to visit the National Cemetery ahead of the holiday.

Just as he was leaving the office, he ran into Yoon Jong-woo in the hallway. Just as he was on his way to find Kwon Taek-ju, he came running in a month.

"Senior? Where are you going?"

"Uh, home."

"Where are you at home?"

"A home is a home, where is a home.

"It's a holiday soon," he said.

"Ah, should we go to the grave? Still, I'm glad you spent this holiday in Korea.

"I know. This time, I won't be eating songpyeon in the middle of the desert."

"Songpyeon in the desert?"

"There is such a thing."

"Uh, wait... ."

He was about to say goodbye, but Yoon Jong-woo grabbed him again. He seemed to have something to say. Come to think of it, he was holding something in his hand.

"Why."

"Hey, aren't you meeting Yevgeny today?"

"Why am I meeting him?"

"Are you his best friend?"

"Who is my best friend?"

"He seems to see your mother often, and you seem to be much closer than I thought."

It must have been quite loose enough for the dull Yoon Jong-woo to notice. He might have heard something from him the day he took Zenya. Unlike

Kwon Taek-ju, he doesn't try to hide their relationship. Of course, even if he did, he wouldn't even think of it as a lover.

He stood arm in arm.

"So what."

"Give this to Yevgeny….If you ever meet Olga, you can tell her directly."

Put out what he's been holding all along. It was like a cookie. Certainly, there seemed to be no way for Yoon Jong-woo to deliver it directly, unless he exchanged contact information with Olga.

"It's nothing special, because Olga is curious about Korean desserts. I bought some popular sweets in a hurry.

"Try, try."

"I'm saying this because it's between us, but doesn't Olga look like an elf incarnate?"

Are there elves who wear guns on their legs? He was stunned.

"You too. Don't work hard on the baby who came to play for a while, man."

"What am I?"

"It's obvious, but pretend not to know."

"Isn't it? I just want to let people know about Korea."

"You are a great patriot. Aren't you going to reward these civil servants?"

He snatched the envelope from Yoon Jong-woo's hand with a sarcastic expression. He has to eat them all as if they were listening, and sometimes they do.

"You don't do anything."

"Listen when you give advice. Except for their faces, they are corpses."

"Then, are you meeting Yevgeny-ssi, too?"

"....."

Suddenly there is nothing to say. Not really, but he couldn't confirm it either.

"For the baby to climb. Move."

He put Yoon Jong-woo aside and walked away. Yoon Jong-woo, who had been following him for some time, said, "I'll ask you again." He listened and went to the parking lot. Put the package of snacks he got in the car under the passenger seat.

He stopped by the house first because he had to take his mother. As he parked and got off, the elevator came down just in time. As soon as the door opened, he ran into a person who was getting on and off. The reason he exclaimed was because he was none other than Zenya.

"When did you come?"

"Just now."

"But are you leaving already?"

"The aide is making a fuss that I must come out today. It's a holiday, so I'm going to show condescension."

He wasn't trying to be condescending, but he was really busy. This is because there are many official events at the embassy during the holiday season. No matter how playful the ambassador was, he had to attend at least the event to strengthen the peaceful cooperation between the two countries. Unless he really wants to look bad and be forced to return home.

He was about to get on the elevator, but Zenya blocked his way. Grab the safety bar of the door that was about to close and open it again. One hand was on Kwon Taek-ju's waist.

"Shall we not go?"

"What are you talking about? Hurry up and come."

"You made a sad face again."

"I didn't."

He removed her hand from his waist. He rubbed the tip of his nose against Kwon Taek-ju's ear and cheek.

"Taek-ju. The smell has since disappeared."

"That's because I took a shower. Go quickly."

He pushes Zenya's back and sends him out. The moment the door was about to close, he put his arms in his hands without hesitation and grabbed Kwon Taekju's face. He was startled and tried to press the open button, but his face pushed in and kissed him first.

"Ah….Hey, it, your arm... ."

He pulled out his head and tried to dissuade him, but he didn't care and rubbed his lips. He presses the tongue of Kwon Taek-ju, who keeps saying something, and licks his own tongue. He was helpless and managed to stop the door from closing by pressing the open button. When he fell off after kissing him as much as he wanted, he gave him a slap.

"I'm hurt, bastard."

"Hurt? Only about this? That's why I'm so affectionate."

Struggling and tearing apart. Anyway, even if he worries about it, it looks like that. Go, he pushed him away and pressed the close button. He didn't leave until both doors were fully abutted. It didn't seem like it would be okay to send the five-year-old child alone. Who cares more about who? His stomach was itching for no reason, so he scratched his chest.

While going up, he straightened the newly tangled clothes. He also wiped his wet lips with the back of his hand.

"Mother. I'm here."

As he entered the house, he raised his voice. His mother's voice came from the kitchen. Is she on the phone? He headed there without a doubt, but he saw the back of her head, which he didn't like.

"Taek-ju. Are you here early?"

Olga raised her teacup and looked back. She goes to other people's houses for granted, whether it's Zenya or she.

"Anyway, I guess you really are siblings."

"Oh? What do you mean? Are you talking about me and that guy? Excuse me."

"No, you guys really look alike."

Let's conclude, he puts on an unpleasant look on his face. It was as if he had suffered a great insult. He didn't know, but it seemed like Zenya would react the same way. Even that point is similar.

However, Olga's hot outfit was unusual. She always preferred colorful outfits like her eight-color bird, but today she was wearing a black dress and a black hat with a mesh net.

"You….Why are you dressed like that?"

"Why? It is polite to have a dress code when going to a memorial service. I bought it in a hurry, is it okay?"

He looked at his mother with a look of hope. His mother smiled incredulously.

"They said they wanted to say hello to your father and older brother. The young lady has a lot of affection like the ambassador."

No way. She probably wants to wear a mourning-like dress and be drenched in melancholy.

Let's see it disapprovingly, pretending not to know.

"Prepare quickly. You said we shouldn't go there too late."

The main guest was completely evangelized. His head hurts.

"There are many delicious snacks in Korea, right? I didn't expect it because it's a country where rice is the staple food."

Olga nibbled and tasted the sweets without stopping. She also recommends it to his mother in her spare time. Some even put it in their mouths. The two of them sat side by side in the back seat and continued a conversation that didn't work. They were so cordial that there was no room for Kwon Taek-ju to intervene. He was just acting as a driver for two people.

He quietly opened the window. It was to remove the unique smell of sweets. It's not that he's particularly mysophobic, but he couldn't help but pay attention to

the crumbs flying around. Olga doesn't pay attention even if she pays close attention. It blows her hair, and even closes the road windows. It was a problem for nobles.

"So, nothing special happened for a year? I checked overseas topics in my spare time just in case."

Olga asked as she opened the last cookie. It was a family without any unusual corner to look for the safety of blood relatives in overseas topics.

"Huh. He had never hurt anyone since he came to Korea, and even though he sometimes act like an idiot, he listen pretty well."

"....Is it time for that person to die?"

He muttered in an insignificant tone. When she handed the freshly opened cookies to his mother, she smiled the most innocently. He wondered if that

was also a characteristic of the Bogdanov lineage.

"Otherwise, he must have met a great trainer, right?"

Olga smiled sinisterly as she looked into the room mirror.

"What does a baby know….."

"Do you know where the guy who went out without a word last night came from until dawn? Strangely, the same scent emanated from him and your bedroom."

He tilts his head forward and sniffs. Soon there was the sound of wind blowing in his ears. A mischievous smile spread across Olga's face as well.

"Now this smell."

"....Is it also a family history?"

"I am sensitive to smells. When we met at Ajinoki, Kwon Taek-ju smelled like that man. I already knew that the two of you were stuck."

"Stuck…."

"But if you're going to be unable to leave for the night with such a suspicious smell, why don't you just live together?"

There's nothing he can't say in front of his mother. He doesn't know if there is no concept of courtesy or respect in Russia, or if the Bogdanov siblings are unique.

They arrived at the parking lot just in time and parked the car.

"Get down because you're all here."

"Oh? Unexpectedly, I am very shy."

Olga laughed openly. His mother laughed along, not knowing why. He felt like he wasn't on her side.

After parking, he took a flower basket and alcohol and headed to the graveyard.

Olga followed slowly, taking in the surrounding landscape.

"Is this a cemetery?"

"Similar. It is a place where innocent people are buried."

"Aha. The father of the Taek-ju was a soldier, right? As well as his brother. He must have died an honorable death."

"There is no such thing as an honorable death."

He just said and his face had hardened. Olga tilted her head and said "Is that so?".

"I thought Taek-ju was also doing it to live honorably and die honorably?"

"I'm just doing it. Somehow it happened, and now I don't know what else to do."

"Hmm…What is a vocation? It's like destiny, sometimes like a bond you can't escape from."

Is it? Even if they ask him why he does such a dangerous thing, he can't answer.

Because he had never really thought about the reason. It's something he had taken for granted so far, and now it's become a routine like eating and sleeping.

Just as he couldn't live without eating and sleeping, it seemed that he wouldn't be able to live if he stopped working.

While talking, they arrived at his father's grave. He poured a glass of wine in front of the tombstone and put down a basket of flowers. His mother spoke loudly to his father as she kept scrubbing the clean tombstone. After watching her for a while, Olga opened her mouth.

"Still, Taek-ju's parents must have been good friends before they were alive?"

"Well, it must be normal?"

"Isn't it normal to miss someone like that even though they're already dead? I thought it was something out of a novel. It's unacceptable in our house."

Olga nodded and brought up an unexpected story.

"The man came to Russia recently. It's Mother's Day."

"Yes... uh?"

It was the first time. Zenya said he would visit Russia because he had business, but he didn't say anything about his mother's death. Even when he came back, he just said that there was talk of an engagement.

"I did not know? But. That person tends not to talk about himself."

"When did your mother die?"

"My mother?"

Olga put on a puzzled expression, as if she had been asked a strange question.

Then, retracing the conversation, he exclaimed in realization.

"Ah, Taek-ju doesn't know anything? My brothers and I have different mothers.

My brother's mother died before I was born, and my mother remarried after that. That's why I have a big distance with my older brothers."

"So, did his mother die when he was young?"

"Yes."

"So that….."

He wondered if that deficiency raised Zenya into a 'Psyche'.

"What do you mean?"

"When he was young, he must have had a great desire for motherhood. He would have hated being separated."

"Hmm….is it? None of my older brothers have ever felt a mother's touch. My brother's mother was not a strong maternal love. As Taek-ju knows, our family has had arranged marriages for generations. My brother's mother did the same.

Because he was a subjective person, he had no attachment to a marriage without love or a family built without affection. Maybe that's why he wasn't home all the time and preferred to be alone than to spend time with her family. I heard that his mother and father made a vow that if she had three sons, he would fulfill his marital obligations.

"Indeed, she died shortly after he was born. On the sea during a yacht trip. They said they couldn't even make a grave because they couldn't even get a body.

Shortly thereafter, my father remarried my mother. There was a lot of talk around. Didn't my father kill my brothers' mother in order to marry my mother?

Another arranged marriage has won enormous wealth and power."

She shrugs his shoulders as if such rumors are worth spreading. Both Zenya and Olga talked nonchalantly about it, as if it were someone else's business.

"I'm not going to brag about it anywhere, but my father is also a great man.

Even so, he was strict about parentage, so every time we were born, we did a

paternity test every time. Apart from his two official wives, he never saw children with any other women. Because of that, there are no illegitimate siblings."

The more he listened, the more amazed he was. Did he grow up that way to have no attachment to family, a promiscuous sex life, and a preference for being alone? Not all siblings are like that, so it's true that his personality is innate to some extent. If he had grown up in a normal family, he might not have had a chance to be called "Psyche".

It reminded him of Zenya teasing Kwon Taek-ju for calling him a mama boy. He was amazed at the sense of responsibility, duty, and guilt Kwon Taek-ju had for his mother. It was also unfamiliar for his mother to live with only Kwon Taek-ju.

Just as Zenya's family life was unfamiliar to Kwon Taek-ju himself, he must have been the same.

"I didn't know, he didn't talk about it at all."

"Well, that's not a good thing. My father doesn't take care of his obituary. I don't know what the other brothers do. Around that time every year, the man put down his work and stayed in Ajinoki. I don't know if he's honoring his mother who died in her own way, or if he's doing it because his mind has become restless."

Even Kwon Taek-ju couldn't guess Zenya's thoughts. However, on the anniversary of his birth mother, he was as good as the confusion he must have suffered. He just felt sorry for the guy who didn't even know the name of that feeling.

"I think my father only thinks of us as racehorses. Even on this date, I knew that the man would come back somehow, so he pushed ahead with the engagement.

Did he not even talk about that?"

"I heard it roughly."

Olga shook her head and elaborated.

"As Kwon Taek-ju knows, that man is notorious. Where else would you be sober to try to marry an in-law? So for a while, there was no talk of an engagement or marriage. But this time, it seems that he has found a suitable marriage partner.

I'm saying this because it's between you, but our family isn't easy either. The person who is mentioned as a fiance is not an easy-going personality."

It's not easy, what kind of person is it? Since it's marriage, it must be a woman.

Is she about the same age as Zenya?

He had a lot of questions, but he didn't ask. He didn't want to show concern. No, he didn't even want to admit it to himself. Childish, but it was.

"Aren't you curious about what he is doing and how he reacted?"

"What…."

"Hmm…It is not easy to hear that it's father's word. No matter what my brothers try to do, he never moves with his bare mouth. So, I thought he would rebel, of course, but surprisingly, he said he would accept it? Why did he humbly accept the will of the family? It wasn't. Gears worked."

"Ha? What…."

"They hurriedly prepared an engagement ceremony so that he wouldn't change his mind. However, the parties do not appear. In the end, while he was talking about a fight, it became noisy outside. When I went out, two people had come, but they looked like they were engaged in hand-to-hand combat. The cars are all dented, wondering how they rolled, and the traffic police showed up with them in a row, right? Later, I checked the CCTV on the road, and they almost played bumper cars. To be honest, the two of us have known each other since we were kids because we often interacted with each other in our families. We got along really badly because our

personalities were exactly the same. To the extent that it's almost like an enemy."

He became even more curious about his betrothed partner. A woman with Zenya. Just imagining it made his head throb.

"It didn't end there. They said he brought dynamite, saying that the madman should have a celebration at least on a good day. The faces of the adults were spectacular. It's a pity, I couldn't show you."

It was a very sad look. He called Zenya a madman without hesitation, and seemed to like his behavior very much.

"He warned them that the next time they try to pamper themselves, they'll make fireworks first, right? That little guy has the personality to do whatever he wants. He might already have a missile ready to launch somewhere. It was so blurry, well."

He listened silently and covered his eyes. There was no evidence that Zenya caused the riot because of Kwon Taek-ju himself. He just hated being tied down somewhere, so he was just showing a good example to the family who tried to force a betrothal while ignoring the will.

It must have been, but for some reason his ears were burning. He found a place to hide, as if he had been there with him.

He didn't even know that, and he was thinking in his heart. He brought up the story of her engagement, which Zenya did not think much of, and he knew it was because he came late without contacting him because of it.

"Where am I, who am I meeting, what am I doing. If you want to be obsessed and restrained, do so."

"Whether it's an engagement or marriage you don't like. If you don't like that, go ahead and screw it up. I'll look at you cutely."

The face of the guy who was secretly willing came to mind. He was just embarrassed and ashamed.

"Taek-ju, I came all the way here, please take one picture for me."

Then Olga held out her cell phone. Before he knew it, she was holding a lace parasol.

"Do you want to take a picture in front of the grave?"

"I am a patient. I don't know what will happen tomorrow, but I have to capture every moment and remember it."

It instills a strange feeling of guilt. He had no choice but to press the shutter button a couple of times and toss his phone away. He didn't shake, and his features came out perfectly. Even so, Olga scolded him to retake it with all his heart.

In the end, he had to take dozens of pictures in one spot. He tried his best to help, but there's nothing to be saved, they say. If it wasn't for a woman, he wanted to hit one.

"Well, since you worked hard, I'll give you this."

In return, she takes something out of his bag and hands it over. It was a picture of a boy. He looked at it carelessly and let out a low exclamation.

"Uh? This guy….."

The kid in the picture looked just like the kid he had often dreamed of. He vaguely assumed it was Zenya, but he had never seen a picture of him as a kid, so he wasn't sure.

"Is this him?"

"Yes. Have you ever seen it?"

"....No."

"Pretty, right?

"What…"

"I've never seen such a pretty man in my life. That's why I carry it, it doesn't mean anything."

She draws a line by saying, "Don't think strangely." Then, she arbitrarily stuffed the photo into Kwon Taek-ju's jacket pocket.

"I only have one precious thing for you."

"It's okay."

"Well, take it when I give it. If that person makes you angry, calm down by watching this at least. Yes, it is quite effective."

Thumbs up to guarantee efficacy. He was dumbfounded, so he laughed.

Olga soon looked back at the closely-lined tombstones.

"He didn't live longer than Taek-ju, but I knew it because he was always on the edge of death. People always want to be happy and only want good things to happen, but in fact, what's the fun in life if it's just that? Sometimes you have to experience sadness, depression, pain, and suffering to know how valuable the next ordinary luck and happiness are."

It's pitiful in that way, he continues.

"That guy is a person who lacks emotion. In the world, there are only things that a person is interested in and trivial, but there is nothing fun, happy, sad, or painful. To be honest, this is the first time he had been paying attention to one subject for such a long time. I thought he would die living like that all his life, but I thought that maybe it would change."

"What's so grand?"

"It's such a surprising twist. The hero who went to rescue the beauty was caught by Koschei. But I like this ending. I know this is an unreasonable request, but please take care of him. Even Kwon Taek-ju should sympathize with the monster."

After completing the request, Olga followed his mother to his brother's grave.

He stood alone and looked at the photo from under his jacket. In his younger days, Zenya had no expression to speak of. He looked just like the one he had seen in his dream. He pats the stubborn-looking cheek.

Even without a separate request, they are already mourning to the point of being staggering. There is something else to worry about and feel sorry for, and even he couldn't understand himself like that.

Suddenly, he thought of Zenya. He pulled out his cellphone, hoping to make a call. Just in time, a vibration rang. It was Zenya.

The sun began to set. The wind has also become quite chilly. After sending back his mother and Olga first, he remained alone and waited for Zenya. As soon as he finished work, he was about to notify the caller to come this way.

Before long, the characteristic engine noise came from the back of the parking lot. Turning his head, he saw Zenya walking away, flapping his long hem. Except for his face, everything from his neck to his toes was black. As he smiled, the guy who came right in front of him made a questionable expression.

"Why are you laughing?"

"You're like the 'Grim Reaper'."

"What is that?"

"Something that resembles you."

He still makes faces he doesn't know. He didn't bother to elaborate. He just gestured at the two lilies he was holding and said something.

"It is said that it is a place to commemorate the dead. The place where your flesh and blood is buried."

"Aha. But what? I can't go in now because it's late."

Zenya shrugged indifferently. He tipped the lily he was holding to Kwon Taek-ju.

"I can't help it. Kwon Taek-ju, I will give it to you."

"It's creepy and romantic. The first flower I received was a wreath."

He grumbles and buries his nose in a lily. It smelled fragrant. Flowers were never given as gifts except during entrance ceremonies and graduation ceremonies. It was passed on by chance, but it didn't feel too bad.

He got lucky by tinkering with unpackaged flowers.

"There, my father and brother are asleep. They both asked me to be with my mother. Like they knew they couldn't. Now there is only me for my mother."

"What do you do when you know everything?"

"Because I think I'm too mean. You can't always be number one to me. I can't just throw everything away like you and only see you. Might be an excuse.

Because while worrying about my mother, I won't stop doing things she hates. I can't give up on my job, my mother, or you. I am like this."

He reached out and grabbed Zenya's sleeve. He had a rare expression of surprise. He wasn't looking at the face, so he couldn't be sure.

"If you stay by my side, your lack of patience will be constantly tested. Still, I hope you, you, don't get tired as much as you and keep waiting. I don't want to give up on you. Ironically, yes."

He raised his head and looked at Zenya. He was a bit taken aback by the unexpected situation.

"....Taek-ju?"

"You're complaining, now. You said that it would be okay."

Zenya's somewhat dazed face softens at once. It's a monster with no countermeasures, but it's also pretty. He kissed him recklessly as if he was about to run into him. Even though it was an open-air parking lot, there was no

hesitation. Their lips are pressed together and slowly released. A sigh-like exhalation leaked out.

In the next moment, both arms were grabbed. Then, before he could back off, he was dragged back to Zenya. A desperate kiss followed as if his lover whom he had met after a long time had resolved his regrets. Even after taking each other's breath, they unfortunately fall apart.

"Taek-ju. You do what you want. I will do that too. I came all the way here to catch you, and I'm still chasing you every moment of every day. It will be like that in the future. It's annoying at times, but one thing is clear. There has never been greater entertainment in my life."

He quietly looked into his dark eyes. Inside, only Kwon Taek-ju himself was projected. The situation of his pupils would not have been different.

He was fiddling with Zenya's chin and was about to kiss him again. His cell phone, which had been silent all along, rang. He had a bad feeling. He checked the caller first. It was flawless. He let out a heavy sigh and touched the call button.

"Yes, it is recommended."

Silently, he listened to the other person's story. The call ended quickly. It was because it was a call from headquarters to come out immediately. It was quiet for a while.

He scratched his ear embarrassingly.

"Hey, you know…."

"The little woman must be worried again."

The guy muttered to himself and held his hand. Then he bites his fingers pretending to kiss the back of his hand. It was quite sad, and his eyebrows furrowed. He lets go of the gripped hand, leaving clear teeth marks on the joint.

"I don't have any hobbies, but I'll look around.

He asks for help for some reason and nods to go. In doubt, he slowly backed away.

"Coming?"

"See you soon."

Leaving the slicing Zenya behind, he climbed into the car. But even after he started the engine and turned his car's headlight, he didn't start right away. As if to say hello again,he blinks his taillight a couple of times and rushes off. It was a cute farewell from a blunt man. A deep laugh broke out from Zenya, who was watching him.

Another ordinary, but by no means ordinary day was passing by.

<End>

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